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OF

SELECT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

VOLUME V.

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1815

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New York, September 30, 1880.

INDEX.

PAGE

Afghan War, 1839-1842.....103, 296
Afghans and their History. By Prof. E. Sachau 92
Allen, Grant; Growth of Sculpture.....106
American Colonies—Why they Separated from Great Britain. By John Fiske. 1
Andersen, Hans Christian. Letters to and from. By E. W. G..... 49
Architecture in Athens..... 203
Arctic Voyages, Recent and Future (Quarterly Review)..... 17
Argonauts of 1849, The..... 237
Astronomy:—How the Planets Travel. By S. B. J. Skertchly.....282
——— Moon and its Folk-lore. By T. F. T. Dyer..... 60
Athens, A Week in (Blackwood's Mag.).....199
Authorship, Adversities of.....376
Bathing Rooms..... 227
Bayard of the East, The (Blackwood's Mag.).....288
Belgian Nobility.....339
Bentinck Brothers..... 332
Biography:—Andersen, Hans Christian... 49
——— Bentinck Brothers..... 332
——— Elizabeth, Queen..... 266
——— Milton, John.....356
——— Nordenskiöld, Adolf Erik..... 17
——— Outram, Sir James..... 288
——— Shere Ali. 102
——— Winthrop, John..... 70
——— Wordsworth, William..... .. 356
California. By R. H. Patterson.....232
Cistern-closet and Water-tank..... 224
Church and State in England..... 45
Creed of the Early Christians. By Dean Stanley..... 82
Disinfecting by Iodine and Spray..... 22
Dressing and Bathing Rooms..... 227
Dyer, T. F. Thiselton; Moon and its Folk-lore..... 60
Education in Iceland..... 317
Egyptian Art..... 114
Elizabeth, Queen, Youth of..... 266
England and the American Colonies. By John Fiske..... 1
———, New Renaissance in. By Harry Quilter.....363
———, Sonnet in, The. By James A. Noble..... 127
Englishman's Protest. By Cardinal Manning..... 45
Ethnology:—Afghans, The..... 92
——— Aryans and Negroids..... 112
Fine Arts:—Growth of Sculpture. By G. Allen..... 106
Fiske, John; Why the American Colonies Separated from Great Britain..... 1
Foreign Titles (Cornhill Mag.)..... 331
French Orders of Nobility..... 334
Froude, James Anthony; Ireland..... 172

PAGE
G., E. W.; Letters to and from Hans Christian Andersen. 49
Galton, Francis; Mental Imagery 253
Geography of the Polar Seas..... 24
Gospel of Intensity, or the New Renaissance. By Harry Quilter.....363
Greece—A week in Athens..... 199
——— and Iceland compared..... 312
Greek Sculpture..... 126
Growth of Sculpture. By Grant Allen.....106
Health at Home—V. By B. W. Richardson.....222
History:—Afghans, The. By E. Sachau..... 92
——— American Colonies and Great Britain..... 1
——— California. By R. H. Patterson.....232
——— Founders of New England. By W. F. Rae..... 70
——— Ireland By J. Anthony Froude..... 172
Homeric Age, Life in the (Temple Bar)..... 155
How the Planets Travel. By S. B. J. Skertchly..... 282
Hygiene:—Health at Home—V.....222
Iceland. By Sir David Wedderburn..... 312
India, Sir James Outram in..... 292
Ireland. By James Anthony Froude.....172
Jelly-Fishes. By Andrew Wilson.....340
Kolonos, Trip to. 214
Letters, The Seamy side of (Cornhill Mag.).....376
——— to and from Hans Christian Andersen. By E. W. G..... 49
Life in the Homeric Age (Temple Bar)..... 155
Literary Discovery, Romance of (Temple Bar.)..... 393
——— Men, Hardships of.....376
Manning, Cardinal; Englishman's Protest..... 45
Manuscripts—Romance of their Discovery.....393
Marathon, Trip to..... 215
Markham's Threshold of the Unknown Region..... 17
Mental Imagery. By Francis Galton..... 253
Milton and Wordsworth (Temple Bar)..... 356
Moon and its Folk-lore. By T. F. T. Dyer..... 60
New England, The Founders of. By W. F. Rae..... 70
New Renaissance or Gospel of Intensity. By Harry Quilter..... .363
Noble, James Ashcroft; Sonnet in England..... 127
Nordenskiöld's Arctic Voyages..... 17
Odyssey, Translations of the..... 155
Orders of Nobility..... 331
Outram, Sir James—the Bayard of the East.....288
Parthenon, The 203
Patterson, R. H.; California..... 232
Polar Exploration, Recent and Future..... 17
Psychology:—Mental Imagery..... 253
Quilter, Harry; New Renaissance, The, or Gospel of Intensity 363
Rae, W. Fraser; Founders of New England, The..... 70
Recent and Future Arctic Voyages (Quarterly Review.)..... 17
Religions:—Creed of the Early Christians..... 82
Richardson, B. W.; Health at Home—V.....222
Romance of Literary Discovery (Temple Bar).....393
Sachau, Edward; Afghans and their History..... 92
San Francisco, California. 234
Sculpture, Growth of. By Grant Allen..... 106
Seamy Side of Letters, The (Cornhill Mag.).....376
Sepoy Rebellion, The..... 308
Skertchly, S. B. J.; How the Planets travel..... 282
Sonnet in England, The. By James A. Noble.....127
Spanish Nobility.....336
Stanley, Dean A. P.; Creed of the Early Christians..... 82

PAGE
Superstitions about the Moon..... 60
Themistocles, The Tomb of..... 317
Titles of Nobility (Cornhill Mag)..... 33
Travels :—Athens, A Week in..... 199
——— Iceland. By Sir D. Wedderburn..... 312
Visualizing Faculty..... 253
Wedderburn, Sir David ; Iceland..... 312
Week in Athens, A (Blackwood's Mag.)..... 199
Wilson, Andrew ; Jelly-Fishes..... 340
Winthrop, John. By W. F. Rae..... 70
Wordsworth and Milton (Temple Bar)..... 356
Youth of Queen Bess (Temple Bar)..... 266
Zeno Brothers. Voyages of the..... 21
Zoology :—Jelly-Fishes. By A. Wilson..... 340

THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME 5, SEPTEMBER, 1880.

WHY THE AMERICAN COLONIES SEPARATED FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

WHEN James I. gave his royal assent to the colonisation of Virginia and New England, he did so in the belief that the colonies could be governed by the Crown, for its own use and behoof, without fear of hindrance from Parliament. In point of fact the colonies themselves generally maintained that Parliament had no authority over them because they were not represented in it; but at the same time their relations to the Crown were extremely ill-defined and vacillating, and as a general thing they doled out their allegiance with as scanty and grudging a hand as they possibly could. It was seldom that anything was declared concerning their rights so explicitly as in the proprietary grant of Maryland, which declares that the English Government shall have no authority to raise taxes within the colony. In general, the colonists showed no inclination to press the question of the definition of their rights, preferring to do as they liked so long as they were uninterfered with, while making as few emphatic declarations as possible. It is peculiarly true of the English race that the most independent spirit often takes this quiet method of asserting itself. In this way the object is as likely to be attained as in any other, while there is much less waste of breath in argumentative wrangling than there would be if it were felt to be necessary to settle every doubtful question by a solemn and dogmatic *pronunciamiento*. In this way, though there were occasional and local disputes between the Crown and the colonies, even in the seventeenth century, yet anything like a general issue was avoided until the colonies had grown strong enough to maintain their own position successfully. As early as 1638 some of the disorderly people whom the puritanical government of Massachusetts would not allow to remain in the colony returned to England with their complaints, and so worked

upon the King's mind that a very stringent royal order was sent over, positively demanding that the charter should be surrendered. In reply to this order Massachusetts sent back, not the charter which was demanded, but an energetic protest against the injustice of the demand. How far this dispute might have been carried we cannot tell, for in the course of the following year the Presbyterians of Scotland began the revolt which cost the King his throne and his life, and for the next ten years very little attention was paid in England to American affairs. Down to this time the Parliament had not assumed any control over colonial affairs. In 1624 they had grumbled at James I.'s high-handed suppression of the Virginia Company, but they had not gone so far as to call in question the King's supreme authority over the colonies. In 1628, in a petition to Charles I. relating to the Bermudas, they had fully admitted this royal authority. But after the execution of the King in 1649 a new and somewhat anomalous state of things arose. There was now no King, and all the royal powers devolved upon Parliament, among other things the prerogative of superintending the affairs of the colonies. Such, at least, was the theory held in England, and it is difficult to see how any other theory could logically have been held; but the Americans never formally admitted it, and in practice they continued to behave towards Parliament very much as they had behaved towards the Crown, yielding just as little obedience as possible. Virginia submitted gracefully to the parliamentary commissioners; but when these same commissioners seized upon a Royalist vessel in Boston harbour, the colonial legislature of Massachusetts debated the question whether it was compatible with the dignity of the colony to permit such an act of sovereignty on the part of the Home Government. It was finally decided to wink at the proceeding, partly because the Puritans of New England were on general principles friendly to the Puritan Parliament and hostile to the Royalists, partly because the Parliament, reciprocating this friendly feeling, was inclined to favour New England in its commercial legislation, and it was thought to be impolitic to quarrel with one's bread and butter. At the same time the question of the constitutional supremacy of Parliament over the colonies was not pressed to a direct issue. In 1651 Parliament ordered Massachusetts to surrender its charter and take out a new one, in which the relations of the colony to the Home Government should be made the subject of fresh and more precise definition. To this request the colony for something like a year vouchsafed no answer; and finally, when it became necessary to do something, instead of sending back the charter, the legislature sent back a memorial, setting forth that the people of Massachusetts were quite contented with their form of government, and hoped that no change would be made in it. At about the same time Massachusetts ventured upon an act such as in nearly all ages

and countries has been supposed to involve an assertion of independent sovereignty. A mint was established, and shillings and sixpenny and threepenny pieces were coined, bearing on the one side a tree with the inscription *Massachusetts*, and on the other side the inscription *New England*, with the date of issue. There was no recognition of England upon this coinage, which was kept up for more than thirty years. Though favourably disposed towards Cromwell, Massachusetts carefully avoided recognising his authority. When asked to contribute a military contingent for the conquest of the Dutch settlements on the Hudson, she courteously informed his Highness that he might enlist five hundred volunteers within her territory if he could find so many willing to serve. The death of the Lord Protector is not even alluded to in the colonial records.

After the restoration of the Stuart monarchy, Massachusetts persevered as long as possible in maintaining this independent attitude. The cruel and ill-advised persecution of the Quakers in Boston called forth an order from Charles II., forbidding the Colonial Government to inflict bodily punishment upon the Quakers, and directing it hereafter to send them home to England for trial. But it was a fundamental principle with the New England settlers that all offences against the laws of the colony should be tried in the courts of the colony; and accordingly the King's message was not only disregarded, but in direct defiance of it the law threatening Quakers with flogging was expressly re-enacted. At the same time the colonists thought it worth while to send commissioners to England to confer with the King and avoid a direct quarrel. The good-natured though faithless Charles promised to respect their charter, but insisted that in return they must take an oath of allegiance to the Crown, must administer justice in the King's name, and must repeal their laws restricting the right of suffrage to church members and prohibiting the Episcopal form of worship. When the people of Massachusetts received this message they consented to administer justice in the King's name, but all the other matters were referred for consideration to a committee, and so they dropped out of sight. Two years afterwards, in 1664, the King sent over four commissioners to adjust various troubles in New England, and in particular to ascertain whether Massachusetts had complied with his demands; but upon this point the legislature stubbornly withheld any definite answer, while it frittered away the time in trivial altercations with the royal commissioners. It might seem strange that such an independent attitude on the part of the colony could be maintained without provoking the active hostility of the Crown. But the war with Holland and the turbulent state of English politics throughout the reign of Charles II. operated in favour of the colonists. It was not until 1679 that the easy-going King got his mind sufficiently free from complications at home to begin to re-

alise that it was not compatible with his royal dignity to allow a little colony like Massachusetts to go on bearding and defying him with impunity. In 1679 the King sent out a letter commanding the Government of Massachusetts to surrender the province of Maine (which it had lately purchased of the heirs of Sir Ferdinando Gorges for £1,200) on repayment of this sum of £1,200. In the same letter the colony was enjoined to put in force the royal orders of seventeen years before. To this positive injunction the Massachusetts Government replied in vague and unsatisfactory terms that the royal orders of 1662 either had been carried out already or would be in good time, while to the demand concerning Maine no reply whatever was made. With such obstinacy as this it was impossible that the conflict could be much longer postponed. In 1684 the charter of Massachusetts was at last rescinded. In 1786 Charles II. having died, the charter of Connecticut also was annulled by James II., and Sir Edmund Andros was appointed governor of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Maine. In 1687 the charter of Rhode Island was rescinded, and in 1688 Andros was made governor of New York also, so that all the northern colonies were thus brought under the arbitrary rule of one man, who was responsible to the King only. These measures were quite in keeping with the general tyrannical policy of the new King, and the governor he selected for the American colonies seems to have been a thoroughly odious creature, like himself. If James had remained long upon the throne it is very probable that New England would have revolted rather than submit to the misgovernment of Andros. But Old England by this time had come to repent the fresh lease of life which she had granted to the Stuart dynasty after the death of Cromwell. Tired of the disgraceful subservience of her kings to the villainous policy of Louis XIV., tired of Popish plots and Rye House plots, and judicial murders like those of Russell and Sidney, tired of bloody assizes and declarations of indulgence, and all the strange devices of Stuart tyranny, England endured the arrogance of James but three years, and then drove him across the Channel, to get such consolation as he might from his French paymaster and patron. No sooner did the news of the Revolution of 1688 reach New England than the people of Boston rose in insurrection, seized Andros and put him in prison, and proceeded to organize a provisional government. So eager were the people, indeed, that all this was done as soon as it was known that the Prince of Orange had landed in England, and before it was perfectly clear that his cause would prevail against that of the tyrant. It marks the importance which the American colonies had already attained, that, before the Prince of Orange had fully secured the throne, he sent over a message to Boston instructing the people to preserve decorum and acquiesce yet a little longer in the government of Andros, until some more

satisfactory arrangement could be made. But the indignant zeal of the people had already outstripped the cautious policy of the new sovereign, and Increase Mather, the president of Harvard College, judiciously prevented this letter of instructions from being made public. Affairs reverted to their old position before the repeal of the charter, until 1692, when the new charter granted by King William was promulgated. By this charter (which incidentally united Plymouth with Massachusetts) the principal changes were that no qualification of church-membership, but only a property qualification, was henceforth to be required of voters; the governor was to be appointed by the Crown instead of being elected by the people; and all laws passed by the legislature were to be sent to England for royal approval. To this charter, involving such a curtailment of their liberties, the people with some grumbling consented; and the rest of the constitutional history of Massachusetts, like that of most of the other colonies, down to the period of the Revolution, is simply a dreary and monotonous record of irrepressible bickerings between the governor appointed by the Crown and the legislature elected by the people.

From incidents like these, which I have cited by preference from the history of Massachusetts, because in the pre-revolutionary period Massachusetts was the largest and most powerful of all the colonies, and because, owing to the peculiar conditions under which she was founded, she was, on the whole, the most haughty and intractable in asserting her independence—from incidents like these we may see that the attitude of the colonists, whether toward the Crown or toward Parliament, was dictated not so much by any nice theories of constitutional law as by the great underlying principle of English political life that an Englishman's house is his castle, and that this house can best be managed without interference from the house across the way. So far as the colonists entertained any general theory of the subject, however, they agreed with the royal rather than with the parliamentary interpretation of their connection with the mother country. They did not deny the paramount sovereignty of the King, but as Parliament conducted the government only in virtue of being a representative body, they denied that it could legally conduct the government of the colonies, inasmuch as it in no way represented them. By the year 1770 this attitude of the colonies had become clearly defined, so as to admit of distinct expression in a general theory. The political arguments of the Adamses, of Hancock, and others, were based on the theory that the British Empire was made up of various provinces, or departments, equal to each other in political value, and each legislatively independent of all the others, while all alike owned allegiance to the King. The people of Great Britain were represented by the British Parliament, which could, therefore, make laws for Great Britain and impose taxes within its

limits. In like manner the people of Pennsylvania were represented by the Pennsylvania legislature, which could, therefore, make laws for Pennsylvania and impose taxes within its limits. The Pennsylvania legislature could not make laws for Connecticut, because it in no way represented the people of Connecticut; and for precisely the same kind of reason the British Parliament could not make laws for either Pennsylvania or Connecticut, or for any other American colony. If the King wanted money from his subjects in Great Britain, he must ask his Parliament for it; if he wanted money from his subjects in Connecticut, he must ask the colonial legislature for it. For Connecticut to allow the Pennsylvania legislature to impose taxes within its limits would be to make of Connecticut a tributary state, to deprive its citizens of the birthright of Englishmen, and reduce them to the political condition of Frenchmen or Spaniards. No less obviously would it destroy the freedom of Connecticut to allow the British Parliament to take the money of its citizens for public purposes.

This very lucid theory simply gave expression to the principles of personal and local independence, for which Englishmen have in all ages contended. It was impossible to deny its validity without undermining the whole structure of English liberties. There was nothing in it which implied hostility to the mother country or disloyalty to the King; and if George III. had been willing to listen to such wise statesmen as Pitt and Fox and Burke, no seeds of political revolution need ever have taken root in the soil of such a doctrine. But George III., like all perverse and obstinate rulers, had an instinctive dislike for men of large and flexible minds and independent characters. Not great political thinkers like Pitt and Fox and Burke, but narrow-minded schemers or subservient tools like Bute and Townshend and North, were the advisers to whom he preferred to listen. The doctrine that taxes are voluntary contributions from the people to the government was one which he would no doubt have been glad to overthrow in England itself if he had only been able; he was at least determined that it should not be acknowledged in the case of the colonies. But the loyalty of the American colonists towards their King was loyalty of the English sort, and would not bear too great a strain. As long as English Kings respect the liberties of the people the people profess to a great fondness for them; and since the Revolution of 1688, when the claws of the royal lion were pared and his teeth drawn, the English people have manifested profound loyalty towards the Crown, which represents, in a symbolic way, their continuous national existence. Yet during the five centuries ending in 1688 the people of England had risen in rebellion against John and against Henry III., had deposed and put to death Edward II., Richard II., and Charles I., and had driven James II. into exile—so little did their loyalty count after all when it came into collision

with their sense of personal independence. So the loyalty of the American colonists at once gave way when it became apparent that the King was inexorably bent upon carrying his point. Some began boldly to inquire what title the King had, after all, to supremacy over this country, since our forefathers came over here in great measure because the Crown could not or would not afford them sufficient protection in England, and since they came in pursuance of their own ends and not in furtherance of any intentions of the Crown? Some went so far as to deny that the discoveries of Cabot and Raleigh and Smith could properly give the British Government any right to control the territory of North America. The original title, they said, was in the Indians, the English settlers had acquired the title by purchase or conquest, and the King had nothing to do with the matter in any way. These extreme positions were hardly defensible, however, either from the standpoint of history or from that of customary international law, and when the Americans actually came to break with the King they planted themselves on much firmer ground. They accused the King of entering into a conspiracy to deprive them of their liberties. "He has combined," says the Declaration of Independence, "he has combined with *others* to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions and unacknowledged by our law; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation for imposing taxes upon us without our consent." The "others" with whom the King is thus said to have "combined" were, of course, the British Parliament, the existence of which as a legally constituted body possessing authority over them the Americans thus refused even by implication to recognise. In rigorous consistency with their theory that the Crown was the only power in England to which they had ever owed allegiance, the Declaration of Independence lays all the grievances of the colonists to the charge of the King. It nowhere alludes directly to the Parliament, but by means of such indirect allusions as the one just cited it contrives very neatly to point to the parliamentary majority as to an irresponsible pack of conspirators engaged in a nefarious plot against the liberties of a portion of the King's subjects. By wickedly conniving at this plot the King had forfeited his claim to the allegiance of this portion of his subjects, and they now proceeded to depose him, so far as America was concerned, on grounds quite similar to those on which in the preceding century the English had deposed James II. Nothing could well be more ingenious or plausible, and from the American point of view nothing could be more unanswerably convincing.

But while we admire the legal and dialectical skill with which the colonists laid all the burden of their grievances upon the Crown, we must not forget that after all it was the parliamentary majority rather than the King that was the actively guilty party. Except for these "others," with whom the King "combined,"

his own tyrannical disposition would have been harmless enough. The King of England has never possessed the right of levying a tax upon the meanest of his subjects, and it was not George III. who imposed upon the colonies the Stamp Act and the tea-tax. If the parliamentary majority had gone with Pitt and Burke, the King might have stormed as much as he liked—he could have effected nothing. In point of fact the Parliament did claim the right of legislating for the colonies, though there were grave differences of opinion as to how far it was considerate or expedient to assert this right. In point of fact, moreover, Parliament actually had, at various times, passed laws affecting the commerce of the colonies, and these laws had not been actively resisted, for reasons which we shall presently discover, but partly, no doubt, because they had never been very actively enforced. Moreover, although under the Stuarts the claims of Parliament to legislate for the colonies were not admitted by the Crown, yet after the Revolution of 1688 the case was different. The Stuarts had pretended to occupy the throne by Divine right; the Houses of Orange and Hanover confessedly occupied it by Act of Parliament. And as no stream can rise higher than its source, it would have been ridiculous for William III. or any of the Georges to have laid claim in any part of the empire to an authority independent of Parliament. They did not lay any such claim; and accordingly, after 1688, the doctrine that the King in Council was the sole director of colonial affairs was quite exploded. From the British point of view, colonial affairs, like all others, were henceforth under the direction of Parliament; and this supreme authority of Parliament was never questioned either by people or by Crown.

In this way there arose a complete antagonism between British and American opinion as to the constitutional relations between the colonies and the mother country. With such divergent views, and with such an independent and intractable spirit on both sides, there was sure to be an outbreak as soon as any fundamental question of sovereignty, such as the question of taxation, was put to a practical test. Through the reluctance of the English temperament to push such delicate questions to an irrevocable issue, and through many incidental favouring circumstances, the outbreak was deferred for a long time. It was deferred until the colonies had grown so strong that the task of coercing them was really hopeless. But this immense growth of the colonies itself introduced a new complication into the case, for it was a fact of a kind which the original European theory of colonisation had not contemplated, and to which it was not prepared to adjust itself. It was a fact which profoundly affected the whole question of the relations between the colonies and the mother country, and it was owing to their utter failure to appreciate its importance that the King and his majority in Parliament persisted with such fatuity in their attempt to force their own constitutional theory upon the Americans.

According to the theory of colonisation in vogue from the time of the discovery of America down to the general overthrow of the European colonial system which marks the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, a colony was a community which existed for the purpose of enriching the country which had founded it. Interpreted in accordance with the barbaric notions of political economy which prevailed until the time of Adam Smith, this doctrine was fruitful in many curious results. At the outset, indeed, the Spanish notion of a colony was that of a military station, which might plunder the heathen for the benefit of the hungry treasury of the most Catholic monarch. But this theory was short-lived, like the enjoyment of the plunder which it succeeded in extorting. According to the principles and practice of France and England—and of Spain also, after the first romantic fury of buccaneering had spent itself—the great object in founding a colony, besides increasing one's general importance in the world and the area of one's dominions on the map, was to create a small community for the purpose of trading with it. And the great purpose in trading was to get gold and silver, for national wealth was supposed to consist solely in the possession of these precious metals. It was not understood that the exchange value or purchasing power of these metals must diminish with their relative abundance, as is the case with any other commodity; and it was accordingly supposed that the more gold and silver any nation could get and keep, the richer it must be, irrespective of all other considerations. The trade between the European nations and their colonies was arranged as far as possible, by dint of countless legislative devices, in accordance with this grotesque theory. On these principles the American colonies must buy more from England than they sell to it, so that after squaring up the accounts the cash balance may always be received by England. To attain this object more completely, and to prevent any other country from sharing in these benefits, the colonies were required to confine their trade entirely to England. No American colony could send its tobacco, or its cotton, or its iron to France or to Holland, or to any other country than England; nor could it buy a yard of French silk or a pound of Chinese tea except from English merchants. Thus the English merchants secured for themselves a double monopoly, a monopoly of purchases and a monopoly of sales. By a further provision, although American ships might bring goods to England, the carrying-trade between the different colonies was strictly confined to British ships. Next, in order to protect British manufacturers, it was thought necessary to prohibit the colonists from manufacturing. They might grow wool, but it must be carried to England to be woven into cloth; they might smelt iron, but it must be carried to England to be made into ploughshares. Finally, in order to protect British agricultural interests, corn-laws were enacted, putting a pro-

hibitory tariff on all kinds of grain and other farm produce shipped from the colonies to ports in Great Britain.

Regulations of this sort were of course very tyrannical as well as very absurd, but it was a long time before the colonists felt them to be so. In point of fact they were seldom strictly enforced; but one might suppose that, quite apart from the question of strict enforcement, the colonists, who were so sensitive about their liberties, would have resented the imposition of such commercial restrictions quite as promptly and energetically as they resented the imposition of a direct tax. But there was really a marked difference between the two cases. The dulness of the human imagination is such that ten dollars extorted from a man through legislative interference with the natural course of trade, or through a debasement of the circulating medium, does not begin to affect his mind so much as one dollar extorted by a direct legislative demand for it. There is no subject, moreover, on which correct and enlightened ideas are so slow in penetrating the masses of the people as political economy. This is partly because the phenomena of production and trade, though familiar in some small degree to every one, are seldom comprehended on a truly great scale, and when so comprehended they are found to be really very complicated. And it is partly because almost every man has a selfish interest in some particular monopoly, the maintenance of which is not compatible with the highest degree of public prosperity, and his interest in this particular monopoly will warp his judgment on every economical question that may come up. Even the axioms of geometry would be disputed, said Hobbes, if men's interests were peculiarly affected by them. For these reasons men's ideas on questions of commerce and finance are very apt to be in a hopelessly complicated muddle; and there are, perhaps, no other subjects about which so much nonsense is talked, in which so many transparent fallacies can acquire such sudden prevalence, or in which barbaric prejudices inherited from a predatory state of society survive from age to age with such obstinate vitality. Horace Greeley's argument that the burning of Chicago was a "blessing in disguise," because it made work for so many poor people, may serve as an example of the dire confusion of ideas which still prevails. If we read over the speeches that were made by the inflationists in the American Congress in 1874, or by the "silver men" in 1877; or if we contemplate the marvellous patchwork of tariff legislation under which American industries have suffered since 1861, we need not wonder that two hundred years ago the British Government should have thought it right and expedient to impose the Navigation Act upon its colonies, or that the colonists should have failed to perceive anything wrong in principle in the commercial restrictions which it contained. The theory of personal freedom was in those days—among Englishmen at least—very far advanced; but the theory of commercial freedom had not even begun to dawn in men's minds.

There was still another reason why the colonists did not resent the commercial legislation of Parliament, as they afterwards resented its attempts to tax them. We have seen that the colonists always admitted in theory the authority of the King ; and down to the Revolution of 1688 the regulation of commerce had always been one of the royal prerogatives. In the time of the Great Rebellion the Parliament had seized upon this along with other royal prerogatives ; and in 1688 it became an established principle that the regulation of commerce should be henceforth in the hands of Parliament. The colonists would appear to have witnessed this change without any great concern, and probably they troubled themselves very little about it. It mattered little to them how King and Parliament composed their differences so long as colonial interests were not conspicuously affected. The right to make rules of trade for the whole empire simply passed from one British source of authority to another. It was a very different thing when Parliament claimed the right to impose direct taxes on the colonies ; for this was not invading the rights of the Crown, it was invading the rights of the colonial legislatures. It did not involve the mere transfer of power from one British source of authority to another ; it involved the transfer of power from the colonies to the Home Government—from America to England. By attentively considering this fundamental difference between the legal aspect of the two cases, I think we shall thoroughly comprehend why it was that the colonists allowed Parliament to pass twenty-nine acts in regulation of their commerce, but instantly rose with unanimous and indignant protest at the passage of the Stamp Act. The one kind of legislation they might regard as oppressive, but they were not quite prepared to stigmatise it as illegal—and so they submitted. The other kind they regarded as not only oppressive, but unquestionably illegal—and so they rebelled. Their behaviour was that of a people no less regardful of established legal precedent than determined in the assertion of their liberties ; and the contrast finely illustrates the combination of intractable independence with patient decorum which is such a very marked feature of the American character.

But while the attitude which the Americans assumed on these great constitutional questions is thus perfectly clear, consistent, and intelligible, we cannot be surprised at the incapacity of the British Government to comprehend their attitude. As we have seen, the right to regulate the affairs of the colonies had been seized, along with other royal prerogatives, by the Parliament on the occasion of the expulsion of the House of Stuart ; this right had been exercised in various acts restrictive of colonial commerce without any constitutional protest on the part of the Americans ; and why should it not continue to be exercised in other acts for the raising of revenue, especially if such acts (like the Stamp Act, for example) were not

necessarily oppressive in character, and were intended to operate for the advantage of the whole empire in discharging a war debt which had been incurred for the common benefit of both British and Americans? This reasoning seemed perfectly sound to the average member of Parliament in the fifth year of George III., and I have even heard it urged in England within the past ten years. It was not, however, considered valid by Pitt, or by the other great statesmen who belonged to the parliamentary minority at the time when the taxation of the colonies came up for discussion. For plausible as it may have appeared as a legal argument, its plausibility after all rested only upon that old European theory of the nature and purposes of a colony which the enormous increase of the English in America had rendered quite antiquated, which prescient statesmen like Pitt fully perceived to be antiquated, but which George III. and the Squire Westerns who made up his parliamentary majority still clung to as firmly as to the Gospel. As long as a colony was held to be merely a little commercial station created by the mother country for commercial purposes, it might have seemed well enough that its affairs should be subject to minute parliamentary supervision, and it might hardly have been thought worth while to grant it a separate representation, though men like Winthrop and Penn, and the other leaders of American colonisation, never took so low a view of their work as this. In fact, the ample political privileges which had been conceded to the colonists at the outset were hardly compatible with this narrow view. But, however this might be, the prodigious growth of the American colonies had now rendered the application of the old colonial theory quite preposterous. The thirteen colonies in the year 1770 could in nowise be regarded as so many trading stations. They had become a great continuous segment of the English nation, including a population of three millions, or more than one-fourth of the whole English race, for the population of Great Britain at that time did not exceed eight millions. To seek to apply the old colonial theory to so considerable a portion of the English world was as absurd as the attempt of John Willet, the innkeeper in *Barnaby Rudge*, to recover his grown-up runaway son by advertising him as a child of tender years. This surprising development of the colonies essentially modified the legal aspects of the case, and gave to the Stamp Act the appearance of an attempt to disfranchise three millions of English subjects in a body. Commenting on James Otis's position that "taxation without representation is tyranny," the Tories in Parliament observed that to concede it would be to admit the necessity of parliamentary reform, since many large and important boroughs in England were unrepresented, but were not therefore considered exempt from taxation. This was very true; so true that the victory of the Americans was one of the things which soon afterwards began to make Liberal statesmen in England look upon

parliamentary reform as a necessity. But the Tories who urged this argument quite misconceived the dimensions of the problem. The Americans, they said, even if they paid their tax, were no worse off than the people of Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, or Manchester—large towns of modern growth which had not yet secured a representation in Parliament. These friends of the King would have shown a much more just appreciation of the case if they had asked themselves what would be likely to happen, and what ought to happen, if Parliament were to shut the doors upon its Scotch members, and then proceed to pass a Stamp Act for Scotland.

The contest over the right of Great Britain to tax the colonies began at a most auspicious moment for American independence. According to Mr. Green, in his *Short History of the English People*, the history of the United States as a nation begins with the triumph of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham. In 1755 John Adams, then teacher of a village school at Worcester, predicted that "if we can remove these turbulent Gallics," our people will in another century outnumber the British, and all Europe will not be able to subdue us.* In two ways the American Revolution was a direct and immediate consequence of the French war. In the first place, the total overthrow of the French removed the formidable enemy which for nearly a century had so severely annoyed the northern colonies, and which had lately begun to threaten the south also. With the removal of this aggressive enemy, which had openly avowed its intention of keeping them for ever cooped up between the Atlantic and the Alleghanies, the English colonies had now no foes or rivals east of the Mississippi. And after the collapse of Pontiac's schemes in 1765 the power of the Indians also was felt to be broken. In the event of a conflict with England the colonies had now no cause to dread an attack in the rear. Nay, more, so far as the French were concerned, they might now, in such an event, be counted on for sympathy rather than opposition. For in revenge for the terrible humiliation they had just suffered, it was clear that the French would enjoy nothing so much as seeing England also stripped of her colonial empire in the New World. Indeed, even while he signed his name to the Treaty of Paris, the Duc de Choiseul exclaimed that it would be England's turn next. So that in entering upon their great struggle the Americans could now reasonably hope for the sympathy and, as the event proved, even for the active and valuable aid of the French Government.

In the second place, it was the French War which directly originated the quarrels that led to the revolt of the colonies. The French War had been incurred in the interests of the colonies as

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* Bancroft, *Hist. U. S.* iii, 143.

much as in the interests of England: it had saddled the British Government with an enormous debt; and it was thought to be no more than fair that the Americans, who had reaped such advantages from the war, should contribute their quota towards the payment of the debt. People in England, whose relatives had died on the Mononogahela and the St. Lawrence, and who were now burdened with taxes on account of this American War, no doubt thought it ineffably mean in the Americans to be so obstinately unwilling to put a threepenny stamp on their legal and commercial papers in order to help defray the war debt. Not so, however, thought the wisest English statesmen, who understood the nature of the constitutional admission involved in the use of the stamp. If the colonial legislators had been asked to contribute voluntarily to the defrayal of the war debt, they would very likely have cheerfully consented. As in Hampden's case, it was not the money but the principle that they cared for.

In the intensity of their opposition to the claims of Parliament to impose a direct tax upon them, the colonists now proceeded so far as to deny the constitutional right of Parliament to legislate for them in any case, and they made up their minds to endure no further commercial restrictions. As early as 1761, two years before the close of the French War, the British Government endeavoured to enforce the Navigation Act; and it was then that the eloquent plea of James Otis against "writs of assistance" first told the Government what it might expect if it were to persist in such a policy. Here, cradled as it were in the French War, began the Revolution of the colonies. Four years later came Grenville's Stamp Act, answered by Patrick Henry's famous "Virginia Resolutions," and by a general attitude of rebellion so menacing that in the following year the obnoxious measure was repealed. In the next year, 1767, it occurred to Charles Townshend that he might accomplish, by a duty upon tea and a few other articles, what Grenville had failed to accomplish with his scheme of direct taxation. In 1770, so unpopular was this measure, that all the duties except that on tea were repealed. The tea-tax was retained, not so much because the Ministry cared for the revenue from it as in defence of the principle that Parliament could legislate for the colonies. Thus, as in Mrs. Gamp's case, a tea-pot (or rather a tea-chest) became the cause or occasion of a division between friends. None of the colonies would take tea on such terms. New York sent it back to England; South Carolina let it mould in a damp cellar; Maryland made a bonfire of it; and Massachusetts threw it into the sea. Thus, in December, 1773, the glove was thrown down, and in the following April Lord North took it up with his bills for closing the port of Boston, and remodelling the government of Massachusetts. This, as the subsequent events showed, was virtually the declaration of war.

Into the discussion of the military events of the Revolution it is not my purpose to enter, though in many respects this was an extremely interesting war, besides being full of romantic incidents. The attempt of England to coerce the colonies was plainly impracticable, both on account of their great extent and because of the omnipresence of their political life. To capture Paris or Vienna would be to lay France or Austria at the feet of the invader; but the capture of New York or Philadelphia helped the British very little, because the machinery of political life could be directed in America as well from one centre as another. Permanently to disconcert a people with the "town-meeting principle" so deeply wrought into their political fibre, it would have been necessary to occupy the whole country; and this would have exceeded the ability of Great Britain or any other power. The true military policy of the British commanders was to aim at the American armies, and seek to disperse or capture them rather than to take possession of political centres or military posts. But this was no easy task for the men who had it in charge. None of the British commanders gave evidence of much ability, except Lord Cornwallis; nor do they, as a general rule, seem to have been very zealous in their work. Sir William Howe, in particular, though his military honour was unimpeachable, does not seem greatly to have relished the work of fighting against men who were still regarded as Englishmen. On the other hand, these mediocre commanders, despite the superiority of their troops in discipline and equipment, were opposed by one of the most consummately bold and vigilant generals the world has ever seen.

In the survey which we have taken of the relations between the colonies and the Imperial Government, which terminated with the Revolution, I have sought to exhibit in a clear light the very considerable share of independence which the colonies possessed from the very outset. It may be said with truth that the War for Independence was undertaken not so much for the acquisition of new liberties as for the protection and maintenance of old ones. With regard to its liberties the English has been the most grandly conservative race in the world. Its political petitions and its bills of rights have been the declaration of principles of self-government hoary with honourable antiquity. Its Magna Charta refers us back to the liberties of Edward the Confessor, and the liberties of Edward but carry us back to the assemblies of freemen described by Tacitus. English self-government dates from prehistoric times: but what other peoples have in the turmoil of ages partially surrendered, the English, by unremitting vigilance, have kept unimpaired, while continually surrounding it with fresh guarantees of permanence. Whatever power, be it that of lord, or bishop, or king, has sought to infringe upon this liberty of the people, has swiftly paid the penalty of its rashness in disastrous ruin. The

American War of Independence belonged to the same series of struggles with the Barons' War of the thirteenth century and the Great Rebellion of the seventeenth. It was the struggle of a portion of the English people in defence of a great constitutional principle, and its victorious issue was a victory of English political ideas. It was in no sense of the words a struggle between one people and another, as the Seven Years' War had been a struggle between the France of the Old Régime and England—two nations representing totally different theories as to how the work of life ought to be conducted. It was a war, indeed, in which, under somewhat different circumstances, the end might have been attained and the colonists have carried their point without the necessity of a political separation from the mother country.

The question has sometimes been asked, What would have been the probable effect upon the material development of the United States if the ties of political union with England had not been severed, as might easily have been the case had Lord Chatham been Prime Minister, with a strong majority in the House of Commons? It has been suggested that in that case we should have become but a second-rate sort of nation, such as we are accustomed —rightly or wrongly—to consider Canada. It should not be forgotten, however, that the differences between Canada and the United States were far more strongly marked a century ago than they are to-day; and that, even had Canada joined us in our successful War of Independence, these differences, which date from the times of Champlain and Winthrop, could hardly as yet have been quite obliterated. It should also be remembered that the growth of the American colonies before the establishment of independence was quite as rapid as the growth of the United States has been since that event. And it is difficult to see what circumstances consistent with the preservation of peace and political freedom could have availed seriously to check our rate of growth, whether our vague connection with England had been retained or not.

However this might have been, it is easy to point to at least one political advantage, of quite incalculable importance, which grew out of our separation from England. The difficult problem of framing a federal union would no doubt have had its solution much longer postponed had it not been for the War of Independence, which made some kind of confederation an immediate necessity. The solution of the problem, moreover, would have been needlessly complicated and encumbered by an attempt to include in the scheme our peculiar relations to a British sovereign and a British parliament. The experiment of federalism was one which it was in every way desirable that the American people should try for themselves, in accordance with the peculiar circumstances of their civilisation, and without the least possibility of outside interference. The experiment of federalism, if we may so term it, as thus far illustrated in

the history of the United States, is one of the most interesting and wonderful phenomena in the whole history of mankind; for it is an experiment whose results shall determine whether it is practicable for fifty or sixty powerful states to exist side by side without custom-houses, or standing armies, or frontier fortresses, settling all their differences by law, and not by wager of battle. It is an experiment which, on a very small scale, Switzerland long ago succeeded in solving in spite of profound differences of language, race, and creed. The problem could hardly be approached for the first time on a great scale, as in America, save by groups of people speaking the same language and inheriting similar social and political traditions. Among the great countries of Europe, moreover, it was only England that could send forth groups of people politically capable of dealing with such a problem. Obviously the experiment of federalism could never be tried successfully except by a people of long political experience, and among whom the principal of local self-government had remained intact.

Such considerations lend thrilling interest to the remarkable series of events which resulted in the acquisition of the North American continent by men of English race. A crowd of new suggestions come up, throwing light upon America's place in history. We may begin to regard the settlement of this great country by Englishmen as equivalent to the planting of some of the noblest and most beneficent of political ideas on a fruitful soil so vast in area that their powerful influence shall grow until it sways the actions of men in all parts of the earth. To have established the federal system over one great continent is to have made a fair beginning towards establishing it over the world. And whatever may be the case with peoples less advanced politically, perhaps it may not be too much to look forward to a time when all the communities of English race and speech may be united in a bond which allows perfect local freedom to each community, but shall require all questions of international concern to be adjusted peaceably, in accordance with general principles, respected by all alike.

JOHN FISKE, *in The Nineteenth Century.*

RECENT AND FUTURE ARCTIC VOYAGES.

1. *The Arctic Voyages of Adolf Erik Nordenskiöld* 1858–1879. By Alex. Leslie.
2. *The Threshold of the Unknown Region.* By Clements R. Markham, C.B. Fourth Edition. London, 1876.
3. *Mémoire sur la Possibilité de la Navigation Commerciale dans la Mer Glaciale de Sibérie.* Par A. E. Nordenskiöld. Stockholm, 1879.

4. *Expédition Polaire Suédoise de* 1878—*Passage du Nord-Est. A. E. Nordenskiöld. Traduit du Suédois.* Par F. Schultess. Upsala, 1876.

THE leader of a Swedish exploring expedition has lately performed the feat, hitherto unaccomplished, of sailing from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through the Circumpolar Seas. The North-West passage, so long the dream of navigators, has baffled us, and baffles us still. The still earlier enterprise of the sixteenth century in search of Cathay by a North East passage has at length been accomplished at a single effort. The voyage is unprecedented, and Sweden, in the person of her explorer, scores the honours.

It is natural that we should look with curiosity for the earliest account of this great success, and welcome the earliest opportunity which presents itself of offering our congratulations to Professor Nordenskiöld, who has achieved it. The appearance of Mr. Leslie's volume gives us the required opportunity, but the book itself is disappointing. The North-East passage occupies but a single chapter, and that chapter contains no material particulars which have not already been given to the world in the pages of magazines or in the proceedings of Geographical Societies. Mr. Leslie says in his preface :—

"With Professor Nordenskiöld's kind permission, I had undertaken to prepare from the abundant materials that were available, a popular account of his Arctic voyages, before the North-East Passage Expedition was planned; and not to leave my work incomplete I have added a sketch of the history, as far as it is yet known, of this memorable voyage, by which when it is finished the *Vega* will, for the first time, have circumnavigated the twin continents of Europe and Asia. The slight outline here given will I trust increase the reader's appetite for the fuller details of the narrative which the illustrious explorer will write on his return home."

After so modest a disclaimer it may seem harsh to be too critical, but a slight outline, as Mr. Leslie calls it, of Professor Nordenskiöld's explorations is hardly up to the requirements of the time. Several accounts of them already exist, and if any fresh narrative at all is given, it should at least be distinguished by completeness and accuracy from those which have heretofore been written. This is by no means the case as regards the book before us.

Nordenskiöld's Arctic expeditions of 1858 and 1864; his attempt to reach the Pole in 1868; and his expedition to the interior of Greenland in 1872, are already well known to those who care about Arctic affairs. They have been read both in the original reports of Professor Nordenskiöld himself, and in an English dress in Mr. Clements R. Markham's "Threshold of the Unknown Region."

The latter work is, indeed, such a magazine of useful information as regards the history of Polar discovery, that to readers who

have not the time or inclination to go to the fountain-head and peruse the original narratives of the explorers themselves, it contains almost everything that can be desired.

Even to those who have from circumstances become familiar with the voluminous literature of Arctic exploration, Mr. Markham's book is an invaluable companion. It treats Arctic exploration in a way such a subject should be treated, as a whole. It is not a mere record of adventures—the interest of such a record would soon fade—but it keeps the main objects of polar exploration steadily in view. Without them, voyages in the dismal ice-fields of the North would be a useless, not to say an unjustifiable, risk of life. With them, sufferings endured become not the mere reward of folly, but the heroism of perils encountered for duty's sake. We cordially acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Markham. The dates of voyages and the names of innumerable ships and explorers cannot easily be retained in the memory, and when referring for them to Mr. Markham's book, for the purpose of this review, we found ourselves impelled by the interest of the narrative to read on by no means for the first time. We closed the book with fresh admiration of the skill which had extracted the very pith and marrow of the narratives of the old sea-dogs whose writings Mr. Markham has epitomized. One of the greatest pleasures that a reader can enjoy is the consciousness that he may give himself up to the interest of the subject-matter, secure in the conscientious accuracy of his author; and the reader of Mr. Markham's work feels at every turn the guiding-hand of the Scientific geographer, willing and anxious to prevent him from falling into the pitfalls of false names, distorted maps, and asserted priorities of discovery. Of such the geographical student learns betimes to be wary, for he knows by bitter experience how difficult it always is to unravel the tangled skein. Too often the map accompanying a volume of travel or exploration is a mere sketch for the purpose of roughly laying down on its surface the main direction of the traveller's route. But to a true geographer such a map is *anathema*. To adopt (with variation) an old saying, "It is worse than a fault, it is a crime." Mr. Markham's maps are not only well executed, but are a real commentary on the text.

To Mr Leslie we cannot with truth pay similar compliments. His book, dealing with well-known matter, had no legitimate *raison d'être*, unless it gave, not a mere detail of adventurous or even of scientific achievement, but the means of forming what the French call a *tableau d'assemblage*, a general view of the subject of which the particular voyage or scientific investigation is one of the features. Four-fifths of the book are occupied with Nordenskiöld's examinations of Spitzbergen; the voyages extend over twenty years, and have been often published; there is therefore absolutely no excuse for a new account unless the narrative were exceptionally complete

and accurate, and the illustrations well executed. But the narrative fails in both particulars, and the maps are an encumbrance rather than a help—they are inaccurate and incomplete to a surprising extent. Harbours into which the ships are driven by stress of weather, or even those in which exploring parties winter, are not entered. And when, as was usually the case, a number of exploring parties went forth from some central depot, mapping, geologizing, and botanizing, giving names to every unnamed headland or prominent hill, the reader at last becomes somewhat indignant at finding all these details, without which the book is of no interest whatever, unnoticed on the map. If the book should ever attain to the dignity of a second edition, we strongly advise Mr. Leslie to tear up his map of Spitzbergen, and adopt the spirit, if not the words, of the late Mr. Poole, who, when a customer justly complained of the misfit of a garment, handed the offending article to his foreman, with the remark, "Take this thing away, and make Mr. So-and-so a coat."

Inaccuracy in maps which are designed to illustrate Exploring Expeditions, and to give the latest information regarding coasts not finally surveyed, is not inconvenient only: it is often the means of perpetrating injustice. We do not speak only of injustice inflicted on the reader, by putting him out of temper and wasting his time: these are minor evils. But when the face of a map is used for the purpose of taking sides in a keenly-contested dispute without due notice of the fact, it becomes more than mere carelessness, and is distinctly unfair. To give an instance in point; the reader will find on Mr. Leslie's map, in latitude 78° 50′, and longitude 26° 30′ E., a coast marked Giles land. Mr. Leslie, though he marks Giles land on his map, does not know what Giles land is or where it is. It is not for want of warning, for he has himself transcribed a page of Professer Nordenskiöld's journal, in which the professor assigns his reasons for assigning the name of Giles land to the large island which English geographers know as Wiche's Island, after a worthy citizen of London. Mr. Leslie also transcribes in another part of his book a passage from Nordenskiöld's journal, in which he retracts his name "Giles land," and adopts a different appellation. But though Mr. Leslie calls the island Giles land, he does not remember in his text where he has stationed Giles land in his map. On page 150 he says that Nordenskiöld in one of his voyages "intended to make for the Seven Islands,* and thence to undertake excursions to the north and east to the alluring Giles land 'das sagenhafte Land im Osten,' as it is called by the Germans." Now Nordenskiöld never intended anything of the kind. The land north-east of the Seven Islands, if it exists at all, which, as Nordenskiöld tells us, is uncertain, is not the place which Mr. Leslie has called Giles land in his map. Mr.

* Islands to the N. E. of Spitzbergen.

Leslie has made a mistake of some 200 miles in latitude, if he supposes "das sagenhafte Land im Osten" to be his Giles land. But let that pass; the matter we complain of is much more serious. Mr. Leslie in giving (on his map) the name Giles land to the land we English call Wiches land, has sided with foreign geographers against even his own author, and decided a question of priority of discovery without (as is usual in cases where names of semi-explored countries are in dispute) giving the two rival names till one or other is adopted by the general consent of geographers. It is probable that Mr. Leslie only blundered. But then, as we shall show, Nordenskiöld himself warned him not to blunder.

The story is this. In the opening years of the seventeenth century, the English and Dutch, then active rivals at sea, sent a succession of expeditions to the Spitzbergen waters. The edge of the ice which stretches in an unbroken line from Greenland to Spitzbergen became the resort of a large whaling fleet. Amongst other adventurers, the Muscovy and East Indian Companies sent in 1617, "fourteen sayle of ships," as old Purchas tells us, to kill whales in the Spitzbergen seas. Amongst them was one "of sixtie tons, with 20 men in her who discovered to the eastward of Greenland,* and as far north as seventie-nine degrees, an island which he called Wiches land, and divers other islands as by the map appeareth. They killed store of sea-horses there," &c. Richard Wiche or Wyche was a merchant of London, and a member of the Skinners' Company. He had been one of the promoters of the first East India voyage, in 1599, on which occasion he had subscribed 200*l.*, and undertaken the contract for beans and mustard. When the India Company received its charter, Wiche was one of the 215 knights, aldermen, and merchants, who were incorporated by it, and he was one of the first directors. When, therefore, Captain Edge gave the name of Wiches land to his island, he commemorated a name which the English have every reason to be proud of, and to wish to see retained. The whole of the north-west and north sides of Spitzbergen, with their fiords and off-lying islands, were delineated and named as the English mariners of the seventeenth century delineated and named them, till about 1870. Nordenskiöld in his various voyages, though he corrected and added to the old maps, confirmed their general accuracy. But Wiche's Island not having been again revisited, dropped into the category of doubtful lands, and occupied a similar position of questionable authenticity to that now held by Gilies or Giles land, which is said to lie to the north of it. Cornelis Gilies† was a Dutch skipper, who sailed north of the Seven Islands, and afterwards turned to the south. In this southerly journey he saw

* Greenland was the name then given to the Spitzbergen group.

† We should mention that the old mariner Cornelis Gilies spelt his name, or had it spelt for him, in many way, e. g., Geiles, Giles, Gillis, as well as Gilies, under which he figures in the list of whaling captains by Gerret van Saute.

to the north-east of Spitzbergen a land which has not yet been verified, but which lay, according to him, some hundred miles to the north of the northern part of Wiches land.* These two discoveries, Gilies land and Wiches land, became, in the maps of geographers who saw neither of them, confused together, and finally disappeared, or only appeared with a query in the maps. Thus when, in the latter half of the present century, Norwegian walrus-hunters again discovered Wiches land, "the position of which is more southerly," says Nodenskiöld,† "than that given in the Dutch chart.‡ the Norwegians called the land Giles land." Thus Wiche dropped altogether out of the map. In 1864 Nordenskiöld himself saw Wiches land, and, following the Norwegian walrus-hunters, and perhaps knowing nothing of Captain Edge and his Wiches land, Nordenskiöld called the land Giles land. But a new complication arose. Dr. Petermann, the great German geographer, about 1870, incited his compatriots to join in the army of Arctic explorers. One of the expeditions, under the command of Baron von Heuglin and Count Zeil, in an exploration of the east coast of Spitzbergen, sighted the Wiches land of the English, the Giles land of Nordenskiöld; the account they gave of it was such that Petermann decided that it was part of a great continent, and ignoring all previous discoverers called it Carl's land.§

Nordenskiöld was not disposed to submit to this disregard of his observations. He marked the land Giles land on his map. The result was a dispute, which is thus referred to by Nordenskiöld:

"We were violently attacked on the subject by Petermann, who expressly declared that our remarks originated in envy and other discreditable motives. The great extension which Von Heuglin gave the land to the south led the English also to wish to identify it with that marked Wiches land in Purchas's map to the east of Spitzbergen, and to claim it accordingly as an English discovery. This claim, however, was also resisted in the most positive manner by Petermann.‖ Finally the question of the extent of the new ground land was completely settled in 1872, when three Norwegian whalers, Altman, Johnsen, and Nilsen, sailed round it and determined its extent The observations of the Norwegians were arranged by Professor Mohr of Christiania, who, to put an end to the dispute about the name, proposed to call the land after the King of Sweden, King Carl's land; a settlement of the name question against which people in Sweden at least have no remark to make."¶

Here we have, then, Professor Nordenskiöld expressly assenting

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* He saw the land "from lat. 80° E. of the Seven Islands."

† Leslie, p. 244.

‡ The chart made on Gilies's and Rep's observations.

§ See "Reisen nach dem Nordpolarmeer in den Jahren 1870–71, von M. Th. von Heuglin." Braunschweig: G. Wettermann, 1872

‖ Petermann disposed, as he thought, of the English claim by saying that Edge sighted his land due east from Stone Foreland, and that there is no land in that direction. The quotation from Purchas given above, and the latitude 79° given by Edge, prove that this objection is futile.

¶ Leslie, "Nordenskiöld's Arctic Expedition," pp. 245, 246.

to the name King Carl's land, and yet, in defiance of the warning contained in his own text, Mr. Leslie must needs in his map perpetuate the old error of calling the land Giles land. If he has finally determined to decide against the English claim, he might at least have given us the grounds for his opinion; but instead of this, he has decided against the English without reason given, and has assumed the rather ridiculous position of disregarding, without comment, the opinion of the man whose voyage he was describing.

The blunders of map-makers are a constant source of disturbance to geographers, and endless stories could be told of the damage that can be inflicted by inaccuracy or carelessness. One instance occurs to our recollection, which, as it concerns these very seas, we will mention. Niccolò Zeno, a member of a noble Venetian family, went in the fourteenth century on a voyage of discovery into the Northern Seas. He was wrecked on the Faroe Island, and took service with Sinclair, the then powerful Earl of Orkney and Caithness. He was afterwards joined by his brother Antonio Zeno; and from the letters of the two brothers to a third brother, Carlo Zeno, a man well known in Venetian history, a narrative of the voyages of the two explorers was compiled and published in Venice in 1558. It seems that Niccolò Zeno, the writer of this compilation, when a boy, and ignorant of the value of his family archives, had torn up the full account which Antonio Zeno had written of his adventures, and in the account which he afterwards published Niccolò had to rely only on the letters to his ancestor Carlo, which fortunately had escaped destruction. While Niccolò's literary labours were in progress, there was found in the palace of the Zeni an old map, rotten with age, illustrative of Antonio Zeno's voyages. Niccolò Zeno took the unfortunate resolution of supplying from his own reading the details of the ancient map, and by this means threw into inextricable confusion the very clear text he attempted to illustrate. The consequence was that he caused to be lost, for nearly three centuries, all traces of the actual situation of a colony which had been planted on the shores of Greenland. The patient investigations of modern scientific criticism have only lately succeeded in distinguishing between the sophisticated and unsophisticated portions of Antonio Zeno's map, and the site of the lost colony is now known. But the story remains as a lasting warning to careless and ignorant map-makers.

It is perhaps unreasonable to complain of an author that he adheres too closely to the subject-matter of his work, but the absence of anything like a general sketch of Arctic exploration undoubtedly prevents the reader from appreciating the peculiar part which Professor Nordenskiöld has played in it. A dozen pages, passing in rapid review the various objects which former Arctic explorers had proposed to themselves, and pointing out where they

had succeeded and where they had failed, would have enabled any one who takes Mr. Leslie's book in hand to follow Nordenskiöld with intelligent interest, as one successful in a particular direction amidst many failures.

It is true that in the second chapter Mr. Leslie prefaces the account of the Swedish Arctic Expeditions of 1858 and 1861 with a short notice of what had been done up to that time on the coast of Spitzbergen, but he leaves unnoticed the rest of the Arctic regions. Those whose main interest lies in seeing how the real problems of Arctic explorations have been solved by successive explorers, wish rather to see Nordenskiöld's place as an Arctic voyager defined, and his success compared with that of others, than to have another account of his already sufficiently known adventures.

Injustice is done to the reputation of Nordenskiöld himself by this fragmentary way of dealing with his labours. He has been an Arctic explorer for years. As geologist, mineralogist, botanist, astronomer, surveyor, naturalist, he knows all the points of difficulty that are offered to an inquirer, and he has done much to throw light upon them all. But he has never lost sight of the fact that his own labours were but contributions to a general stock, and that it is only by the endeavours of a number of observers, working concurrently at different points, that the whole Arctic mystery will eventually be resolved. We learn this from his journals, and from the elaborate memoirs in which he sketched, for the Government he served, his plans for each successive expedition.

No accurate idea of Arctic exploration taken as a whole can be formed, without a knowledge of the geographical peculiarities which mark the theatre of operations. The Polar Seas are a vast lake, of which the Pole is the centre. Land surrounds it at the average distance of twelve hundred miles. One part of the shore is formed by the northern coasts of America; farther to the west comes the long and dreary coast-line of the two Siberias, then the northern shores of European Russia and Lapland. Greenland completes the circle. The shore of this great basin is continuous round the circle, except for three outlets. First, there are narrow sounds leading into Baffin Bay, between the west coast of Greenland and America; secondly, there is Behring Strait, between America and Siberia; and thirdly, a wide opening, partially closed by Spitzbergen and Franz Josef land, between Lapland and the eastern coast of Greenland.

The mainland round two-thirds of the polar basin terminates about 1,000 or 1,200 miles from the Pole; that is, speaking generally, along the seventieth parallel of latitude. But in many places the continental land is continued by islands lying closely packed together, which run up a great deal farther towards the north. To the north of Hudson's Bay, and to the north of Greenland, land stretches polewards at least as far as 848 north latitude, and possi

bly (this is one of the problems of polar exploration) to the Pole itself. Greenland may be part of a polar continent, but it is more probably a gigantic island. The neighbouring land, from which it is separated only by a narrow sound some few miles wide, covers a large expanse of surface, but is broken up by narrow channels into a perfect labyrinth of islands. This cut-up continent, or cluster of crowded islands—either name is equally appropriate—plays a great part in Arctic history. It has formed a trap into which many have sailed and not returned. But until comparatively recent times it was considered the most hopeful field for polar exploration. It is called, indifferently, the Parry Islands, or the Arctic Archipelago.

It is a curious fact, ascertained by the concurrent testimony of a crowd of explorers, that through each of the three outlets we have mentioned—namely, through Smith Sound into Baffin Bay, through Behring Strait into the Pacific Ocean, and through the East Greenland Sea into the Atlantic—a current sets constantly southwards from the Pole. The Gulf Stream, after warming the shores of the British Islands, and running upwards north-east along the coasts of Norway, enters the polar basin and runs towards the east. Drift-wood from the Mexican Gulf, and seeds and fruits from the Caribbean Seas, are found in Spitzbergen, as Nordenskiöld mentions in many of his journals. What then becomes of it? A little consideration will show that, entering the polar basin as a warm current, it must become gradually cold by contact with the ice, and, after passing eastward along the coasts of the two Siberias, part of it must flow southward through Behring Strait, and part must continue the circle along the shores of Alaska and North America, till it reaches the Parry Islands. There part must flow into Melville Sound, and finally reach Baffin Bay. Part must flow through Smith Sound into Baffin Bay, and what becomes of the remainder? That depends upon the answer to the question, is Greenland an island? If it is, the downward current which runs along Greenland's eastern shore is part of the gulf current which has, when it reaches the Greenland seas, performed the whole circuit of the polar basin. Of course long before it has completed the circuit it has ceased to be a warm current; it has sent branches in various directions; it has been diverted by counter-currents due to other causes in various localities; and, as some pretend, it has dived beneath opposing currents, and run as an under-current in its own course, while its temporary opponent runs as a surface-current in the opposite direction. If Greenland be not an island, the south-going current of East Greenland must be a branch of the Gulf Stream, which, split by the Spitzbergen Islands, impinges on land near the Pole, and is turned by it southwards along the East Greenland shore. This unsolved problem is one of great interest; geographers quarrel about it as fiercely as if they had more conclusive data to go upon than they actually possess. It was hoped

that Commander Beaumont would set the matter at rest in 1876; and but for the breakdown of the health of his party he would probably have done so.

The whole of the polar basin, so far as it is known, is thickly studded with islands. Some of them, such as the Spitzbergen group and Novaya Zemlya, are of great extent. The Austrian expeditions of 1872–4 tend to show that Franz Josef Land, which is nearer the Pole than either, is also of important size.

Now, putting together the testimony of explorers of all nations and all times, it appears that from whatever direction the Pole is approached a field of ice is reached, at the distance of some 400 miles from the Pole, which differs entirely in character from any ice seen elsewhere. It would seem, though this too is an unsolved polar problem, that this vast ice-field is a solid floating cap on the axis rotation of the world. It does not split up, as other ice-fields do, into lanes and channels, and so admit the passage of a ship. It offers a solid barrier, along the edges of which the mariner might sail round and round the Pole for ever if he were not stopped by lateral obstacles; but through the impassable ice-cap he would never force his way. Sir George Nares gave it the distinctive name, which has since been adopted by acclamation, of "Palæocrystic ice." This ice-field appears to sway to and fro within very narrow limits. It is very thick, and for that reason it floats deep and grounds at some distance from land. A channel is thus usually formed in which a ship can sail between the pack and the land. Sometimes when the wind is off-shore, the pack floats away for a few miles, and the navigable channel between the edge of the pack and the land is broad and free from encumbrance. But a change of wind always brings it back. The channel, even while it exists, is not always navigable. It is closed by drift-ice, or detached pack-ice, or even ice that forms round the ship itself. But these latter kinds of ice are not permanent: they shift, and eventually give the mariner a chance of advance or escape. But the impassable polar pack gives him no chance for his ship, and is too rough for his sledges. This it is which forms the true difficulty—we will not say the impossibility—of reaching the Pole.

It may be remarked that the history of Arctic exploration divides itself into periods, in each of which the attainment of a different object was proposed. As one set of questions became decided, generally after years of patient and persistent endeavour, explorers by general consent turned their attention to another. For 200 years the attention of adventurers was directed to the Spitzbergen seas: thenceforward up to the time of Franklin, or rather of Maclure and the other brave commanders who searched for Franklin, the accomplishment of a North-West passage was the general aim of all. After Franklin's disaster, the North-West passage was tacitly abandoned as impracticable; and the third phase of Arctic explo-

ration began. In it successive expeditions were equipped for the purpose of local and systematic exploration of limited areas of the Arctic Circle.

This third period, too, has been succeeded by a fourth, in which, principally under Erik Nordenskiöld, attempts have been made at a passage North-East, instead of North-West, through the Arctic seas. We think that we shall best perform the task we have set before ourselves, namely, that of assigning to Erik Nordenskiöld his true place among Arctic explorers, by giving a rapid sketch of the way in which these periods succeeded each other, and the reasons which led the maritime nations of the world to successive modifications of their plans.

The Hakluyt Society have collected for us the voyages of early adventurers to the unknown region. Barents, the great Dutch pioneer of Arctic travel, discovered Novaya Zemlya in 1594, and the Spitzbergen group in 1596. Dr. Beke gave, in the Hakluyt Society's publication for 1853, an account of that great mariner's life and work. It is astonishing how accurately, with only the rude appliances of cross-staff and astrolabe, the old sailor fixed the positions of the places he discovered. Barents passed the winter of 1596 on the shores of Novaya Zemlya, and we believe he was the first civilized European who is ever recorded to have endured a winter within the Arctic Circle. Perhaps, indeed,

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona,"

but of them we have no record. Barents was more fortunate. The "Vates sacer" appeared for him in the person of honest old Gerrit de Veer, from whom we learn the details of the voyage. It is remarkable for one very curious incident. Barents, as we said, wintered on Novaya Zemlya. He built a house there, partly of drift-wood and partly of planks from the deck and forecastle of his ship. A chimney was fixed in the centre of the roof, a Dutch clock was set up and made to strike the hours bed-places were made along the walls, and a wine cask was converted into a bath. There "they made merrie on twelfth night with a little sack and wo pounds of meal." Gerrit de Veer gives a woodcut representing "the exact manner of the house wherein we wintered." This it will be remembered, was in 1596. Spring came, and the early summer of 1597 Suddenly the ice broke up, the gallant Dutchmen left their house standing, left their ship immovably frozen in, and took to their boats ; and after many adventures reached home.

No one ever sailed to the desolate shore for two hundred and seventy-eight years. Then, in 1871, a Norwegian captain, Elling Carlsen, sailed for the first time as he believed into the bay Barents's house was standing as the builders had left it. The clock, silent for near three centuries, was in its place, the bath in

its corner, the bed-places against the wall. The halberd and muskets were in their old places, and strewed about were the carpenter's tools, the drinking-vessels, the instruments, the books, and a pair of little boots that had belonged to the ship's boy, who formed one of the company, and who died during the winter. The relics are all carefully preserved in the Naval Museum at the Hague, where a house, open in front, in exact imitation of Gerrit de Veer's engraving, has been built to receive them.

On Henry Hudson, an English sailor, descended the mantle of Barents. He followed the polar ice from Greenland to Spitzbergen. His voyages were commercially of vast importance, for they opened out the whale fishery in the Spitzbergen seas.

Discovery and enterprise were mainly confined to the Greenland and Spitzbergen seas for 200 years after the time of Hudson. Whalers and sealers went every year along the edge of the polar pack. Experience, as time went on, taught them the best position for pursuing their fishery at different times of the year. But though hundreds of vessels, making in all probably thousands of voyages, pressed up to the edge, not one ever penetrated far beyond the edge. The floating mass sometimes pushed a few leagues to the south, in some years it retreated a little to the north. But in 1827 it occurred to Sir Edward Parry to use his ship merely as a base of operations, and to start across the Palæocrystic ice in sledges. Sledge-travelling, which has since been reduced to a science, was then comparatively unknown. Sir Edward Parry was its pioneer. He started, leaving his ship, the "Hecla," in lat. 81° 5′ on the north coast of Spitzbergen. He attained a very high latitude: nearer the Pole than any man has ever since attained, till Markham beat it in his wonderful sledge journey from the "Alert," in Sir George Nares's expedition of 1875. Parry would have gone much farther, had it not been for the circumstance that at the time of their journey the whole ice-field on which his sledges were travelling drifted towards the south, so that in proportion as, with incredible toil, they advanced towards the north, the very ground beneath their feet, so to speak, carried them south at the rate of four miles a day. When they turned homewards, they had travelled over 292 miles of ground, but were only 172 miles from their ship.

Foiled in this attempt, discoverers accepted the defeat of Parry, and turned their attention in another direction.

Then began what we have called the second period of Arctic exploration. It was thought that sooner or later a practicable way would be discovered among the straits and islands of the Arctic Archipelago, by which a passage north-west from the Atlantic waters to the Pacific might be accomplished. A glance at the globe was enough to show that if a channel could be found, by means of which a ship could pass from the Atlantic across or near

the Pole to the Pacific, an enormous saving of distance, amounting to near two-thirds of the whole, would be effected. Already in 1819 Parry had led the way along this route as far as Melville Islands, where he was stopped by the Palæocrystic ice.

Many geographers believed, some indeed still believe, that there is open water at the Pole ; and whether there is open water or not, communication of some kind certainly exists. Of this there was ample proof : whales struck by harpooners in the Greenland seas had been more than once killed, with the harpoon still sticking in them, in the Pacific, under circumstances and at dates which rendered it certain that the animals could not have pursued the known course round the Horn or the Cape of Good Hope. Some enthusiastic mariners still to this day declare that the North-West passage is practicable. Among them the name of Captain Sir Allen Young must be honourably mentioned. But be that as it may, and even granting that under exceptional circumstances of ice, in some especially favourable year, a single ship may make the passage, it is clear that it can never become one of general use. The investigations of the search vessels for the relief of Franklin settled that point. The cluster of islands near the magnetic pole, which was discovered by Sir James Ross in 1831, can be approached with comparative ease, either from the east, through Smith Sound, or from the west, through Behring Strait, but in the narrow passages between them lie heaped up miles of ice, which, in ordinary years at least, are impassable for ships. These islands, which lie northwest of Greenland, stretch up far to the north, and form by far the nearest land approach to the Pole which is known to geographers : but for that very reason they oppose a barrier to the east-going current which runs along the northern shores of America. The consequence is that broken ice from the west blocks them up, and the whole mass forms an ice-block which has never yet been known to open. But in the fourth decade of the present century this had not been proved, and the truth of the opinion which affirmed it was denied. After the return of Sir John Ross from the voyage made famous by the discovery of the north magnetic pole (1829–1833), the coast line of North America was traced by Deane and Simpson. Arctic exploration now languished, but a time was coming in which effort was destined to be stimulated by the spur of a great disaster. Sherard Osborn, the biographer of Sir John Franklin, and himself one of the most intrepid of Arctic officers, tells us that in 1844 Sir John Barrow, Beaufort, Parry, Sabine, Ross, and Sir John Franklin himself, expressed strong opinions in favour of another attempt. The Royal Society urged that any expedition that went forth should be under the direct authority of the Government and the Admiralty. Two ships, the "Erebus" and "Terror," were fitted out with all the appliances then known, and placed under the command of Sir John Franklin, who, if we remember

rightly, surrendered the post of Governor of Van Diemen's Land to take command of the party. Whether he actually resigned for the purpose or not, he had just returned from his government, and gladly sought in the resumption of the active duties of his profession relief from the uncongenial labour in which his life had lately been spent.

In May, 1845, the expedition set sail with its full complement of men and officers. In July it was seen by the crew of a whaler waiting for an opportunity to get through the ice in Baffin Bay. Not one soul of all the expedition was ever seen again alive.

It was not till 1847 that public opinion in England became seriously alarmed at their prolonged absence. From that time until 1854, when the fate of Franklin was finally ascertained, a succession of expeditions were sent forth, which, if they failed in the primary object of finding Sir John Franklin, at least added much to our knowledge of the geography of the unknown region; and Maclure's voyage from Behring Strait to Banks's land, in 1850, reached a point only severed from Parry's winter quarters in 1820 by an ice-blocked strait.

We now know that the commander of the expedition died in the second year of his absence, after being driven down, enclosed in the ice, from Barrow Strait to a position near the magnetic pole. In 1854 Dr. Rae, an official of the Hudson's Bay Company, brought home intelligence that when he was engaged in the survey of the Gulf of Boothia he had fallen in with natives, who told him that a party of Europeans, subsequently identified with the survivors of the Franklin expedition, had died of hunger near the mouth of the Great Fish River. M'Clure and Collinson sought him from the west by way of Behring Strait. Many, among whom Sir Leopold M'Clintock, in the little steam yacht "Fox," was pre-eminent for his discovery of the record of his fate, sought him from the waters of Baffin Bay. But though the tracks of the searchers often overlapped each other in respect of longitude, and though the two ends of the thread were twice joined, when Franklin from the east, and M'Clure from the west, reached points attained by other voyagers from the opposite side, and so virtually discovered the North-West passage, yet the ice piled up in land-locked channels has hitherto effectually prevented the passage of a ship.

It will be well understood that the information thus acquired, though it came too late to save Franklin, gave us a thorough knowledge of the Arctic Archipelago. All its turnings are now surveyed, and it is generally admitted that as a practicable passage the way through the Archipelago must be definitely abandoned as useless.

It is this conviction, now perfectly established, and received as proved by all interested in Arctic geography, that renders a proposal which has been lately started by retired Commander Cheyne, R.N., so utterly chimerical. It is not that he proposes to go, at least part

of the way to the Pole, in a balloon. That would not be a fair or complete description of his project. It is true that he proposes to use balloons, and that proposal gives at first sight a certain air of wildness to his plans ; but they need not be rejected peremptorily for that reason alone. It is quite possible that there may be a great future for ballooning, though probably not in the first instance at the Pole ; but the real reason why those who are best qualified to judge disapprove of Captain Cheyne's proposal is, that he ignores what is now the very A B C of Arctic exploration. Like all other tentative sciences, the method of ice navigation and ice sledging has advanced by slow degrees and by numerous failures. The man who rashly rejects the stored up wisdom of a host of predecessors is not properly described as adventurous, but as unwise. If there is one thing better established than another, it is that a man might as well try to sail to the Pole through the Isthmus of Panama as through the sounds of the Parry Islands. Yet this Commander Cheyne proposes to do. Again, it is known that if, owing to exceptional conditions of the ice, a ship is pushed too far into the fissures and channels of the polar pack, it will be cut off from retreat. It follows that no commander would risk his men in an attempt to push far into the polar pack unless he had a second ship established in some convenient spot to fall back upon. But Captain Cheyne expressly declares that he "intends to establish no depots in case of failure." This is not enterprise, but foolhardiness. If Captain Cheyne chooses to risk his own life, and if others who from education and reading are able to appreciate the chances against them choose to share the risk with him, let them do so ; only let all who have the opportunity tell the uneducated sailors who would form the rank and file of the expedition, that Captain Cheyne's is not one of the expeditions in which science has provided all that human foresight can do for attaining success, if success be possible, and in which provision is made against disaster in case retreat should be necessary. Let the poor sailors at least be told that the expedition is one in which, humanly speaking, success is almost impossible, and in which failure means certain and terrible death.

We should not perhaps think it worth while to say so much about so wild a project, were it not that Captain Cheyne seems to have enlisted in his project powerful advocates from whom one might naturally have expected more common sense. The Earl of Derby, of all people in the world, heads the subscription list. And as part of the plan is to induce the Government to lend a ship for the voyage, it is as well that men should know that the robust common sense for which the noble Earl's countrymen give him credit has on this occasion not been brought into play so freely as usual. Captain Cheyne's paper, issued on the authority of his Committee, says : "No expedition since that of Franklin has been lost, or has suffered any serious casualties." That is quite true. But it is

because, till now, no expedition has neglected ordinary precautions. Captain Cheyne's proposals have been circulated far and wide, and have formed the basis of discussion at scores of meetings, from Mansion-house meetings, with a Lord Mayor in the chair, to local gatherings of the "sixty Arctic Committees," which we learn "are formed in the chief towns of England."

There is one sentence of Captain Cheyne's paper which we cannot help commending to the particular attention of the sixty Arctic Committees, and of those to whom they apply for subscriptions: "By no means would it be desirable to return to England by the same route, even after the discovery of the Pole, which would be a barren result comparatively to what a lawful ambition would lead me to prosecute; therefore I should have left *no depots in view of retreat.*" Does Captain Cheyne think that the immunity from disaster which has distinguished Arctic exploration since the time of Franklin, would have been so complete if they had gone upon this plan of providing no depots in view of retreat? We commend this one sentence to the sixty committees. They need not ask their friends to read any more.

The prospect of being landed from a balloon at the Pole, alone, and with no depots to fall back upon, has such a tragic side to it, that we cannot avoid letting our imagination dwell upon it a little longer. "Whether three balloons will act in combination, or free of each other, will be determined by a Balloon Committee." So says Captain Cheyne. This sounds as if all the details of the scheme had hardly yet been worked out. And certainly they do not seem to advance very quickly towards maturity, for this sentence about referring the details of ballooning to a committee occurred in the first edition of Captain Cheyne's paper, which was sent to us last January, and the same sentence remains in the latest edition, which was forwarded to us a few days ago. Possibly the Balloon Committee is still what is vulgarly called *in nubibus*. Indeed, a Balloon Committee may well be more difficult to form than the existing sixty committees, "eight of which are ladies' committees." Suppose that the balloons reach the Pole, it is a liberal concession to assume that the ship of the expedition will reach the highest latitude ever yet attained, namely, 82° 24′ N.; if so, when the balloons reach the Pole, the ship will be 456 geographical miles away, and that way lies over the Palæocrystic ice. In the Expedition of 1875, under Sir George Nares, the "Alert" and "Discovery" were manned by the very pick of our sailors. They were provided with every appliance that could be imagined for the successful prosecution of their enterprise. Sledge-travelling, reduced by Osborn and M'Clintock to a science, and thought out in all its details, had been learned by them as a matter of naval drill. They knew all about it, and started with every advantage. As soon as the sledging season commenced, three of our smartest young officers

led parties from the ships in different directions. Beaumont led a party to the east ; Markham, one to the north ; and Aldrich, one to the west. A few miles of Palæocrystic ice broke down every party irrecoverably. One by one, the men succumbed to disease brought on by the severity of a labour that is literally killing. There is nothing in naval story more striking than the pertinacity with which those gallant men struggled on, with their sledges laden down with sick and dying men. When at last they came to the end of their powers and turned homewards towards the ships, it was only by timely aid from relief parties sent to meet them that they were able to get back alive. These men have relays of comrades ; ship behind ship to fall back upon. Commander Cheyne tells us that he will have no depots to fall back upon. Markham's men broke down after a few miles of advance. Cheyne would be hundreds of miles from succour, and with no depots ; the prospect before him would be some 500 miles of Palæocrystic ice to traverse, and a succourless ship jammed up among the Parry Islands to reach if he could. Sir George Nares and Stephenson had their men under the strictest naval discipline. Cheyne's would not be in that condition. However great might be the personal influence of the commander, and we willingly give a veteran companion of Sir James Ross credit for all seamanlike qualities, the men of a private expedition could not be under naval discipline. Grave was the warning which was addressed to Congress by the Secretary of the United States Navy, in his report on the fate of the "Polaris" in these very seas. Writing with that horrible tragedy in his mind, Mr. Robeson said, "experience has confirmed me in saying that there is little of either success or safety in any trying distant or dangerous enterprise which is not organized, prosecuted and controlled under the sanction of military discipline." It is for this reason, and because we believe that brave but ignorant men would be led to certain death, that we lift up our voice against a plan which is being persistently puffed into notoriety.

When, in 1850, the fate of Franklin was definitely decided, and the several expeditions sent to search for him had settled the practicability of a North-West passage, English Arctic expeditions were discontinued, and the third period of Arctic exploration began. Explorers of several maritime nations devoted themselves to the solution of problems nearer to their hands, which the increasing demands of science brought yearly into greater prominence. Scarcely a year has passed since 1850 without some carefully equipped scientific band going forth from one or other of the North European ports, but still many of these problems remain unsolved.

It is almost—we dare not say quite—proved that the opinion pertinaciously held by Dr. Petermann, the great German geographer, is erroneous, and that there is no open sea at the Pole itself. But it is not yet certain whether Greenland is or is not an island.

Nor is it known what land or island may exist to the north and north-east of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya. It is possible that a chain of islands or even a great continent may stretch away to the very Pole itself in that direction. But even setting aside these greater mysteries of the unknown region, which will doubtless some day yield to the united ardour of cosmopolitan searchers, there are magnetic observations to be made, the direction and nature of circumpolar currents to be established, mysteries of ice to be elucidated; for the Arctic regions may be looked upon as a survival of the glacial epoch which once covered all Europe with glaciers and ice-fields. And there are geological and astronomical problems to be worked out; for under the ice and in the very neighbourhood of the Pole, lie coal measures and other remains of tropical vegetation —do all these coal-fields belong to the tertiary formations of geology—as some of them certainly do, or are they evidences of tropical climate at the Pole in ages immeasurably more remote? The flowers and shrubs, the linchens and ferns, and the beasts and birds that live on them, are all strange, and afford a wide field for investigation and enquiry. And no one will require much proof that there is ample opportunity for the study of meteorology and climate in its condition of lowest temperature. These then were the problems attacked during the third period of which we have spoken. England rested on the laurels she had won, the Germans, the Swedes, and the Austro-Hungarians took up the task. Among the most remarkable efforts was that of the Germans in 1869. Two ships, the "Germania" and the "Hansa," were sent to explore the east coast of Greenland, and, if possible, reach a high latitude from that country. The expedition was commanded by Captain Koldewey, and among his scientific staff was Lieutenant Payer, who afterwards, as second in command of the Austro-Hungarian Expedition, assisted in the discovery of Franz Josef Land. Koldewey on his return from Greenland acknowledged that he had been carried away by Dr. Petermann's opinion, constantly and confidently affirmed in his "Geographische Mittheilungen," that it was possible by following a northerly line of coast to penetrate by ships far into the Arctic regions, and thence make way to the Pole. A winter among the Pendulum Islands, high up in East Greenland, and careful examination of the mighty masses of ice, their movements and formation, "radically cured me and all my companions of this idea." In this expedition the "Germania" became separated from her consort, the "Hansa," and those on board the latter vessel experienced one of the most extraordinary voyages on record. The "Hansa," was caught in the ice, which finally crushed her to pieces. The crew, left homeless, built with patent fuel and fragments of the wreck a house, in which they passed the winter on a floating island of ice. The wreck happened in October; by the end of December they had floated on their iceberg halfway between Green-

land and Iceland. Soon after Christmas the floe split and ruined their house, and they took to their boats; but they afterwards returned to the ice, and on it floated back again towards Greenland. On January 3rd, 1870, they were close to the coast. Spring and summer brought them no relief; by May they had drifted 1100 miles. It was not till the 14th of June that they arrived in their boats at the Moravian Mission Station of Fredriksthal, near Cape Farewell. This expedition added but little to geographical knowledge, for, with the exception of exploring a fiord which extends to an immense distance into the interior of Greenland, their whole energies were necessarily devoted to secure their own lives.

The voyage had, however, the effect of inoculating one of the voyagers with that passion for Arctic exploration which seems so strange to lookers-on. An "Old Arctic" is always ready to return and confront the old dangers once more. Cheerless winters, nights of many weeks in duration, cold, frost-bite, and hunger, have no effect in driving one from his pursuit who has once experienced the fascination of Arctic travelling.

Lieutenant Payer had no sooner got home than he began to organize a fresh expedition. Though Koldewey was "radically cured" of his idea of an open polar sea, Payer was not. His plan was to follow the Gulf Stream into the supposed polar basin, by going north to the eastward of Spitzbergen. He was joined in a preliminary voyage by Captain Weyprecht, and from it the two returned with proposals for an Austro-Hungarian expedition, having for its object to reach the Pole, or if that were found impracticable, to make the "North-East passage" along the shores of the two Siberias to Behring Strait. The command of the new expedition, which was speedily decided on and handsomely equipped, was conferred on Captain Weyprecht, and Payer was to have the lead in all exploring and sledge parties on shore. The intention was to round the north-eastern shore of Novaya Zemlya and press eastward to the most northern point of Siberia, where they would winter, continuing their journey to Behring Strait. This plan was actually executed by Professor Nordenskiöld last year, but Weyprecht and Payer were not destined to accomplish it. They, however, did something equally, if not more, remarkable. They were caught in the ice, and remained in it two whole years; and were drifted, still locked up in the ice, to the shores of an undiscovered land, where their vessel, the "Tegethoff," left her bones.

When, in January, 1877, we gave in the pages of this Review an account of the scientific results of Sir George Nares's expedition, which had then just returned, we received, as the sheets were going to the press, a copy of the book in which Lieutenant Payer gave an account of the adventures of his party.* We had just time to notice

* "Die Oesterreichisch-Ungarische Nordpol Expedition in den Jahren 1872–4." Wien, 1876.

a few more prominent incidents. We said then, as we say now, that to be floated, during a two years' voyage, on to the shores of a great undiscovered country (for Franz Josef Land is as large as, if not larger than, the whole Spitzbergen group), is a feat—or fate, if the reader pleases—absolutely unprecedented.

In this memorable voyage, which surpasses even the wonderful voyage of the "Hansa" which we have just described, the "Tegethoff" started from Trosmö on the 14th of July, 1872, and was at first accompanied by Count Wilczek in his yacht, the "Isbjörn;" but on the 23rd of August the "Tegethoff" was seen for the last time by Count Wilczek forcing her way through the ice by means of her steam power round the northern point of Novaya Zemlya. For two years Weyprecht and Payer were heard of no more. For many months they were in almost hourly danger. "We were exposed," says Payer, "to fearful pressure from the ice; many a time we were summoned to be ready to save ourselves in case of the vessel foundering; and all this in the midst of a polar night, and without knowing whither to turn for safety."

We are not writing a record of adventure, and therefore refrain from pursuing further the proceedings of the "Tegethoff" and her crew. It will be sufficient to say that they passed the winter in the ice, and the whole of the succeeding year. In August of the second year of their imprisonment—

"we were surprised at the sudden appearance of a mountainous country about 14 miles to the north which the mist had hitherto concealed from our view. At that moment all our past anxieties were forgotten; impulsively we rushed towards the land, though aware that we should not be able to get further than the edge of the floe. For months we were doomed to the torments of Tantalus. Close to us, in fact, almost within our reach, was a new polar land rich with the promises of discovery, yet drifting as we were at the mercy of the winds and surrounded by open fissures, we were unable to get any nearer to it."

It was not till the end of September that they were able for the first time to set foot on the land in lat. 79° 54′ N. Here they were overtaken by the winter, and here they passed a second polar night, 125 days in length. This was the winter of 1873. In March, 1874, they commenced their sledging expedition to examine the new land, which they called Franz Josef Land, in honour of the Emperor of Austria. The adventures encountered in these sledge journeys are well worth perusal. Payer had been specially instructed by Sir Leopold M'Clintock in the science of sledge travelling, a part of Arctic lore which M'Clintock had made peculiarly his own; and it is to the knowledge thus acquired that Payer attributed the success which was attained. With characteristic generosity, Payer telegraphed to M'Clintock immediately on his return that by following his advice he had reaped endless advantage, and had succeeded in discovering land 200 miles to the north of Novaya Zemlya.

The reader will see that now by slow degrees a general knowledge had been acquired of the Arctic area. Payer's journeys, first with Koldewey on the Greenland coast, and afterwards with Weyprecht to Franz Josef Land, disposed with almost absolute certainty of the belief long cherished, that open water would be found at the Pole. Each expedition, from whatever quarter they entered the unknown region, found at last the Palæocrystic ice, and each commander in succession avowed his belief that, by his route at least, nothing like an open polar sea was attainable, and that nothing like it existed. But some geographers were still unconvinced. They still urged the trial of some other route: it was always, "Peradventure thou shalt find it me from thence." Payer nearly put the finishing touch to the work. But a new element arose, which renewed the theoretical geographer's hopes. While Payer and Weyprecht were discovering Franz Josef Land, an American expedition was advancing towards the Pole on the other, the western, side of Greenland. Captain Hall, the leader of this party, had lived for years among the Esquimaux, and had become thoroughly acquainted with their manners and language, and had even adopted their customs. He obtained great influence with Mr. Robeson, the Secretary of the American Navy, and by his assistance was placed in command of a wooden gunboat, of 387 tons, called the "Periwinkle," which he rechristened the "Polaris." Captain Hall was not a seaman, and no naval officer accompanied the expedition. He had not the advantage of a liberal education, but he was a man of considerable intellectual ability, and, though not a sailor by profession, he was an expert navigator. His iron frame, and his readiness to adopt the customs and food of the Esquimaux, which he did with a completeness that would have been impossible to a man more delicately nurtured, made him in many respects an admirable leader for such an expedition. His weak point was that he was no disciplinarian. He died at the winter quarters of his ship, which he had taken up to the highest latitude ever attained till that time. But before his death his want of firmness had sown the seeds of dissension among his followers, which after his death bore bitter fruits. Poor Hall himself believed, it would seem, that he died of poison. The court of investigation which was held on the survivors emphatically rejected this view, and we note the circumstance only for the purpose of recording the acquittal of those implicated in so horrible a charge. We have, after the leader's death, a sad story of disorganization. The crew broke up into parties, without organization or cohesion, and after great privations were rescued from imminent starvation by an English whaler. Upon the records brought home by the survivors was founded a map, which has been the subject of much adverse comment. We ourselves had occasion in this Review to animadvert strongly upon it. As it left the hands of Hall, it would appear to have been

truthful, and remarkably accurate. Dr. Meyer, the scientific officer of the expedition, is likewise not open to blame. That officer's draft chart is prefixed to the official report, and bears no names north of Cape Union, which, though placed somewhat too far north, was actually seen by the "Polaris" expedition.

But the chart, when issued by American authorities, contained a series of names, of sounds, bays, and headlands, eighteen or twenty in number, stretching away far north of the northernmost point of the "Polaris," in the direction of the Pole. As we said at the time—

"it is as great a crime against the unwritten law of nations to publish false charts as it is to exhibit false lights to lure vessels to destruction. We know what was the claim put forth in the modest American chart when it left the hands of those who did the work and reported the results. To whose credulity, or imagination, does it owe its subsequently completed form?"

But though we now know that the chart of the "Polaris" was untrue, the world had before it, in 1875, nothing to disprove its authenticity. There were, moreover, statements made, with every appearance of truth, that there was an open sea to the north of lat. 84°. It was naturally said that if a mere river steamer could in a single season go so far to the north, a well-appointed expedition could probably go to the Pole. At any rate it behoved England to make the attempt.

It had been felt after the death of Franklin that when the penalty for non-success was so terrible, the most assured prospect of success alone would justify another attempt. It was felt, too, that to reach the Pole was an object hardly of sufficient importance to justify the loss of valuable lives. It would be a source of legitimate pride to any commander to plant his country's flag on the axis of rotation of the earth; but the certain cost, and equally certain suffering, would hardly be repaid by the honour and glory even of complete success. But the asserted success of the "Polaris" changed the tide of popular opinion; and moreover, in 1875, all the conditions of Arctic navigation had changed from what they were in the days of Franklin. Steam had replaced sails in the navies of the world, and diminished the dangers of Arctic voyaging, while it greatly increased the chances of success. It was now shown that a ship might penetrate in a single season far into the icy seas of the north, and return with certainty from waters which at the approach of the Arctic winter would have shut in the old sailing-ships for ever. Another change, too, had been gradually effected. The old explorers went forth into an unexplored desert of ice; where they saw open water they pressed on, often into a *cul-de-sac*, from which there was no retreat. But in course of time the Arctic regions themselves became less of an unknown region; maps and charts multiplied and increased in accuracy year by year,

as search vessels, explorers, and whaling-ships added, here a little and there a little, to the maps that already existed. Other nations, too, pressed forward to share the adventure which formerly had been almost monopolized by England. Swedes, Norwegians, Germans and Italians, all sent their flotillas, and all obtained a certain measure of success Each gallant band added to the general stock of knowledge, and threw their carefully obtained experience as a contribution on to the rapidly accumulating cairn. It was under these circumstances that the English expedition of 1875 set forth. The orders of Sir George Nares were to reach the Pole, and the expedition was more costly and complete than any which had ever previously been equipped. The adventurers returned, after an absence of sixteen months, with a hardly-earned reputation for heroism, and with the cordial applause of their countrymen. Though they failed to reach the Pole, they approached nearer to it than was ever done before, and the voyage of Nares and Stephenson seems to have set the practicability of reaching it at rest.

We have now given a rapid sketch of the field of Arctic exploration, in which Professor Nordenskiöld was destined to take so high a place. From very early youth Nordenskiöld threw himself with energy into the task of exploration. Mr. Leslie's book gives us the records of nine expeditions in which he was either the leader or occupied a prominent place. The first was as early as 1858, and the last of the series was the successful North-East passage of last year. His first expeditions, though aiming at results valuable to science, were not of a character to excite world-wide attention. For many years he devoted time and energy to the completion of the survey of Spitzbergen. Though the usual ice-perils had to be encountered, they were not usually of a character which proves fatal to well-appointed expeditions. He enriched geology, botany, and geodesy with numerous details ; he investigated with industry and success the inland glaciers of Greenland ; and though he made no new discoveries, he gradually amassed an experience of Arctic navigation which has rarely been surpassed. Three or four years ago Nordenskiöld became tired of the comparatively narrow limits of Spitzbergen and its islands. He determined to strike out a new line. An open North-West passage had been tried for in vain. He would search for and give to the world a North-East passage.

His idea was to coast the northern shores of Siberia, instead of losing his time, and possibly his ships, among the Parry Islands. No ship from the west had ever sailed eastward round Cape Chelyuskin. But Norsdenskiöld believed that it could be done, and he has carried his belief into execution.

A few words will not be out of place on the personal history of the man who has thus been crowned by success. An autobiographical sketch, published in Bejer's " Swedish Biographical Lexicon," is reprinted in Mr. Leslie's book, of which we find it by far

the most amusing part. Born at Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, in 1832, Nordenskiöld seems to have fitted in but indifferently with his surroundings. Proud of the ancient independence of his country, he appears to have grown up in a state of more or less active antagonism to the Russian dominion. We have no direct notice of politics in Professor Nordenskiöld's autobiographical sketch, except the record given in a half-amused tone of several boyish "scrapes," which, as we infer, were the real reasons of his ultimately taking service with Sweden. We can hardly wonder at this attitude of mind, when we remember the position of his native country on the cession of the Grand Duchy to Russia. The ancient constitution of Finland was preserved to her by the special grant of Alexander I. This reservation was confirmed by the late Emperor Nicholas and the present Sovereign. The right of legislation and of general taxation is nominally in the hands of a national parliament, but in reality it is exercised by a senate appointed by "the Emperor Grand Duke." In 1812 a Russian Governor-General of Finland was appointed by imperial ukase, and in him the whole executive power is vested as representing the Sovereign. It was therefore, not only probable, but certain, that the high spirited youths of a country formerly free, and intensely proud of their freedom, would feel the peculiar paternal supervision of a Governor-General accustomed to the iron system of Russia, as an intolerable grievance; nor can Englishmen fail to sympathize deeply with this attitude of mind. Read by the light of this explanation—for which, as usual, the reader is not indebted to Mr. Leslie—the autobiographical sketch of Professor Nordenskiöld is interesting, not only as a record of his own youth, but as an unconsciously vivid picture of the state of affairs in Finland in his college days. He came of a family devoted for generations to mineralogy and natural history. His father, Nils Gustaf, well known as a mineralogist, was a government inspector of mines in his native country, and at the time of his death, in 1866, was a Councillor of State, and head of the mining department. The childhood of Adolph Erik was passed at a country mansion called Frugord, situated in a forest-crowned valley in the department of Nyland in Finland. Life in his home is described as being modelled much on the old Norse type, and the Councillor impressed his own very strong character and individuality on all around him. Books and natural-history collections accumulated at Frugors, and Adolf when a boy was allowed to accompany his father on his tours as a mining inspector. This, and the office which was very early assigned to him, of curator of the large collections of minerals and insects belonging to his family, gave young Adolf from his earliest years that keen eye as a mineralogist which laid the foundation of his after success.

In 1849 Adolf Nordenskiöld entered the University of Helsingfors, where he devoted himself to the study of chemistry, natural history,

mathematics, and physics—above all, to mineralogy and geology. After taking his degree he remained at his University studying hard, and also, it would appear, mixing himself up with politics in a manner which somewhat embroiled him with the authorities. All his life, or at least the greater part of it, appears to have been affected by the events of that time. Nordenskiöld was in constant hot water. There is no indiscretion in thus discussing a man still living and flourishing among us, for he tells us all about it in his autobiography with most amusing *naïveté*. It is foreign to our present purpose to give an account of the various "scrapes" in which he was involved with the authorities. Suffice it to say that in consequence of a patriotic toast which he gave at a supper party in 1857, he was deprived by Count Von Berg, the Russian Governor-General, of a small post he held in the Museum, and likewise of the right of ever holding office in the University.

It is from the time of this supper party, 1857, that Nordenskiöld's Arctic exploration begins to date.

In our general sketch of Arctic Exploration, we omitted all mention of that part of the shores of the Arctic Ocean which lies northward of the two Siberias. It is along that coast that Nordenskiöld's great voyage has been made; and we felt that the proper place to look at the northern shores of Siberia as a whole would be when we came to Nordenskiöld's successful voyage along them. In doing so we do not propose to follow Mr. Leslie. We shall go rather to the narrative of Lieutenant Palander, the Naval Commander of the Expedition, and to the Memoir of Professor Nordenskiöld himself, which we use or paraphrase as occasion serves.

The expedition which sailed from Gottenburg on the 4th of July, 1878, achieved a success which has been attempted in vain during three centuries. For the first time a ship has sailed round Cape Chelyuskin, and emerged after coasting along the whole extent of the Siberian shores, by Behring Strait. The Kara Sea, which is reached immediately after passing Novaya Zemlya, has long been supposed to oppose an impassable barrier to the navigator. But the Norwegians have the credit of discovering that the sole secret of overcoming this difficult obstacle lay in choosing the right season of the year for the attempt. Carlsen, a Swedish whaling captain, sailed in 1869 across the Kara Sea to the mouth of the Obi River, and returned by way of the Matotschkin Shan,* a tortuous and landlocked channel, running east and west, which divides Novaya Zemlya in twain. Since that time the Kara Sea has annually been frequented by the Norwegian fishermen.

When in 1878 Nordenskiöld started for his successful exploration, he was already a past-master in Arctic navigation. He had served in six Arctic expeditions, besides sledging journeys and a land

* The name of this strait is spelt in a dozen different ways. We follow Professor Nordenskiöld.

exploration of Greenland. His two last voyages, namely, those to the Obi and Yenissei rivers in 1875 and 1876, clearly showed him that the attempt to pass the last remaining obstacle, Cape Chelyuskin, the northernmost point of the old world continents, could be successfully made. The success which attended the voyage of 1878 was therefore no mere lucky chance, but the result of well-considered and deeply thought-out plans.

Nordenskiöld tells us, in his Memoir to the King of Sweden, the degree of importance which he himself attaches to his exploit. As a generally available route for the commerce of the world, the North-East passage could never have any great importance, even if no obstacle was offered to its free navigation by ice. Before the opening of the Suez Canal it would have been important—since then it does not offer any great advantages to general commerce; its real and main importance lies in the outlet which it affords to the northern coasts of Europe and Asia.

The great Siberian rivers, as he points out, run north into the Arctic Sea. Their upper waters lie, in each instance, through forest lands and districts of great agricultural value. They form natural navigable canals, and place the interior of Asia and of Siberia in communication with the icy sea. The lands they drain have little access to the rest of the world. The routes thither are so difficult that no commerce with them has been possible. It is therefore difficult to overrate the importance of water communication between the gulfs at the mouths of the Obi and of the Yenissei, with the Atlantic on one side and the lower waters of the Lena with the Pacific on the other.

"Des relations maritimes utilisables," he writes, "entre les golfes d'embouchure de l'Obi-Jéniséj et l'Atlantique d'un côté, entre l'issue de la Léna et le Pacifique de l'autre, ouvrent la moitié d'une partie du monde au commerce, rendent possible l'exportation de produits agricoles, forestiers et de ferme, d'immenses régions remarquables par leur fertilité, et donnent par ce fait à leurs habitants les moyens d'échanger les productions de leur sol contre les produits industriels de l'Europe et de l'Amérique, ces conditions d'aisance et de bien-être actuellement nécessaires au plus pauvre individu de la race Européenne. Il sera toujours difficile d'introduire, sur une grande échelle par une autre voie, jusqu'au cœur de la Sibérie, les machines pesantes, engins agricoles, bateaux à vapeur, etc., qui constituent, de nos jours, les leviers de la civilisation d'un pays."

Before starting on his voyage, Nordenskiöld, in addition to the practical trial trips we have mentioned, made himself thoroughly acquainted with the history of previous attempts. He himself explored the route as far as the mouths of the Obi and Yenissei, and he tells us that a century and a half ago a few attempts had been made by the Russians. The northern extremity of Asia was discovered by a land-sledge journey by Lieutenant Chelyuskin in 1742, and the cape received his name. Though the Cape had never been doubled by a ship, Nordenskiöld found nothing in previous accounts to make him despair of accomplishing the task. He found

that to the east of Cape Chelyuskin the Russians had made several expeditions, starting from the Lena, on which river their vessels were built. In one of them, that of 1835, the leader, Lieutenant Prontschicheff, and his young wife who accompanied him, lost their lives in winter quarters from scurvy. Attempts to round Cape Chelyuskin had been as unsuccessful from the east as from the west.

It was different with regard to the country between the Lena and Behring Strait. Here numerous explorers had passed. The coast had been, in part at least, surveyed by land, and ships had visited the islands near the shores.

Nordenskiöld then came to the conclusion that where failure had occurred, it was owing rather to the imperfections of the vessels employed than to insuperable difficulties offered by the ice; and his final conclusion was that a well-found steamer would penetrate where sailing vessels had failed. It is not our intention to follow Professor Nordenskiöld at any length in his adventures. They were the usual incidents of an Arctic voyage, and as the autumn closed in there were the usual hopes and fears as to the possibility of reaching navigable water before the vessel should be finally frozen in. The "Lena," a small vessel destined for service on the river of that name, acted as tender, and was usually sent forward to explore and sound for a passage. The Kara Sea was passed without difficulty, and on the 19th of August the Old World's most northerly cape, Chelyuskin, was rounded, "the 'Vega,'" as Lieutenant Palander reminds us, "being the first vessel which has succeeded in so doing. At 6 P. M. we anchored in a creek on the eastern side of the above cape. The national flag was hoisted and a salute given; while on the shore stood a large Polar bear to bid us welcome. That night and the following forenoon were employed in deciding the position of the cape, which was found to be lat. 77° 36′, long. E. 103° 15′."

On the morning of the 28th September the task was almost accomplished; only 120 miles separated the "Vega" from Behring Strait. The four thousand miles which constitute the length of the Old World's northern shores had been performed with that exception. But though a change of weather might in a moment have released them, the cold increased, the new ice formed daily stronger around them, and they were compelled to defer the remainder of their journey till the following year.

It will be seen that, as a journey of Arctic adventure, the voyage was not particularly remarkable. Nordenskiöld himself had a hundred times faced greater difficulties. The main interest lies in the fact that he was a pioneer of a new route, and the performer of an enterprise hitherto unaccomplished.

The route round Cape Chelyuskin throws light on several scientific questions that were in debate. Before Nordenskiöld's voyage

we had no knowledge of the vegetable and animal life of the sea that lies north of Siberia. In the Siberian Polar Sea these consist mainly of survivals from the glacial period. This is not the case with other parts of the Arctic Ocean, where the Gulf Stream distributes its waters and carries with it types from more southerly regions. There was also much to be cleared up with regard to the Mammoth period of Siberia; and much was to be done in the investigation of the real geological significance of the so-called "Noah's wood," half petrified or carbonized vegetable remains from several geological periods. On all these points the scientific staff of the Swedish Exposition were employed with excellent results.

Perhaps, however, the most important service rendered by the Expedition is that connected with the Kara Sea. Professor Nordenskiöld himself tells us that this is the most valuable part of his voyage. He has established the fact that the Kara Sea is under certain conditions, which will every year be better understood, available for commerce. In winter it is covered by continuous ice. This ice breaks up early in the spring, and entirely disappears during the course of the summer: so that at the end of summer it would be entirely free, were it not that a north-east current, coming from the icy Pole, drifts fresh masses of ice along the coast of Novaya Zemlya. It is true that the polar current in the south of the Kara Sea is partly counter-balanced by warm streams from the west and south, due partly to the feeble branch of the Gulf Stream which penetrates to the Sea of Kara by the Matotschkin Strait, and partly to the enormous masses of water that flow across the Siberian tundras through the Obi and Yenissei channels.

It thus happens in most years that the autumn, the time when the feeble skiffs that have hitherto navigated this sea seek the refuge of ports for the winter, is just the time when the sea is freest, and most easily navigable.

The reader who has accompanied us thus far will see the exact position occupied by Professor Nordenskiöld as an explorer. The English and Americans have reached nearer to the Pole than he: mainly by English exertions the Archipelago west of Greenland has been explored. A thousand navigators have followed the edge of the same impenetrable pack from the east coast of Greenland to Spitzbergen. The Austro-Hungarians, under Weyprecht and Payer, have followed it to Franz Josef Land. It has fallen to the lot of Prof. Nordenskiöld to take up the missing link, and to sail from the North Cape of Norway to Japan.

Englishmen may well be proud of their share of Arctic exploration, and cordially welcome the success which has fallen to the lot of their friendly rivals in the Swedish Expedition of 1878.

Quarterly Review.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S PROTEST.

THREE months ago it was possible to write the following words :— "The best example of a commonwealth which has lost its Catholic perfection without losing its traditional but imperfect Christianity, and has at the same time returned in great part to the natural order—that is, to the truths of natural religion and to the four cardinal virtues—may be said to be the British Empire."

But this British Empire was not the primitive Catholic monarchy of Alfred, in which Church and State were inseparable, and councils and parliaments sat simultaneously.

It was not the English monarchy of Henry the Seventh, in which, at least in public law, the unity of our spiritual and civil life was as yet unbroken.

It was not the monarchy of Elizabeth, of which Hooker could still write in his pleasant dream that Church and State were coincident, and every member of the one was a member of the other.

It was not the monarchy of the Stuarts or of William the Third, in which whole classes of men were excluded from civil rights and from legislative powers because of nonconformity with the legalised form of Christianity.

Neither was it the British Empire of George the Fourth, when civil rights and legislative powers were thrown open to Catholics and Protestants, who for three centuries had endured proscription and persecution, to fine, imprisonment, and death, for their Christian conscience.

Nor, lastly, was it the Monarchy and Empire of Victoria, when civil rights and legislative powers were extended in full to all who, believing in the divine and imperishable Theism of the Hebrew Commonwealth, gave their allegiance, under the same divine sanctions, to the Christian Empire of Great Britain.

Hitherto the British Empire has rested upon a twofold divine base, both natural and supernatural. It was built up by our Saxon, Norman, and English forefathers, first upon the unity of Christendom : next even they who saw this unity wrecked, or had a hand in wrecking it, preserved of the Law Christian all that it was still possible to save. Our old jurists used to say that "Christianity was part and parcel of the law of England ;" and our feather-headed political doctors ridiculed as bigotry a dictum which has created Christendom. They no doubt had never studied the incorporation of the Christian into the Imperial law, and, to take one only instance, they were probably unconscious how the Christian law of marriage in its unity and indissolubility changed the face of the Roman world ; and equally unconscious how to thss day the same Christian and Catholic law is the law of England notwithstanding the legal dissolutions of the Divorce Court.

But lying deep below this Christian foundation of our Empire there are the lights and the laws of the natural order: the truths known to man by the light of reason and by the instincts of humanity. The whole civil society of men in all its ages, apart from the commonwealth of Israel, the monarchies of Assyria and Persia, the liberties of Greek civilisation, the imperial law and sway of old Rome, all alike rested upon the Theism of the natural order.

I may be asked what is this Theism of the natural order. I answer: that God exists; that He is good, wise, just, and almighty: that He is our Lawgiver and our Judge; that His law, both eternal and positive, is the rule of our life; that we have reason by which to know it in its dictates of truth and of morals; that this law binds us in duties to Him, to ourselves, and to all men; that this law is the sanction of all personal, domestic, social, civil, and political life: in a word, without God there is no society of man, political, social, or domestic. Society springs from God, and lives by His pervading will. Deny the existence of God, and nine thousand affirmations are no more than nineteen or ninety thousand words. Without God there is no lawgiver above the human will, and therefore no law; for no will by human authority can bind another. All authority of parents, husbands, masters, rulers, is of God. This is not all. If there be no God, there is no eternal distinction of right and wrong; and if not, then no morals: truth, purity, chastity, justice, temperance are names, conventions and impostures.

There are two conditions possible to men and empires. The one is the order of nature with its recognition of God, with its lights of reason and conscience, its laws and morality, its dictates of conscience and of duty, its oaths and sanctions of fidelity and truth. On this rested the great empires of the old world. It is the order of nature, but it is also divine. There is another condition possible to individual men, and therefore, though hardly, to multitudes—that is, the state in which God and morality have passed out of the life and soul of man. This condition is not divine, nor is it natural, nor is it human. I read its description in an inspired writer, and he says that such men are as the irrational creatures, the ἄλογα,* who in the things they know naturally in these they corrupt themselves.

But this is not the order of nature as God made it. In creating man He created human society from its first outlines of domestic life to its full imperial grandeur as the world has seen it in Rome, and we see it now in the Greater Britain. Where the lights and the laws of nature and conscience and morals are lost, men become herds or hords, but are civilised men no longer.

Sir William Blackstone, after quoting Sir Edward Coke as saying, "The power and jurisdiction of Parliament is so transcendent and

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* 2 S. Peter ii. 12; S. Jude 10.

absolute that it cannot be confined, either for causes or persons, within any bounds," goes on to say, "It can transcend the ordinary course of laws ; it can regulate the succession of the crown ; it can alter the established religion of the land ; it can change and create afresh the constitution of the kingdom." "So that it is a matter most essential to the liberties of this kingdom that such members be delegated to this important trust as are most eminent for their probity, their fortitude, and their knowledge ; for it was a known apophthegm of the great Lord Treasurer, Burghley, that England could never be ruined but by a Parliament." Judge Blackstone further quoted the President Montesquieu, who foretold that, "as Rome, Sparta, and Carthage have lost their liberty and perished, so the constitution of England will in time lose its liberty and will perish : it will perish whenever the legislative power shall become more corrupt than the executive."*

The purity of Parliament depends therefore upon the eminent probity, fortitude, and knowledge of its members. And these qualities are tested, so far as is in man, by the oath or solemn declaration of allegiance by which every man entrusted with a share in the supreme power of legislation binds himself by a sanction higher than that of any mere human authority to be faithful to the Commonwealth. The oath of the Catholic members of Ireland, and of the Christian members of England and Scotland, and the affiirmation of the members of the Hebrew religion, and the affirmation of the members for Birmingham and for Manchester, all alike bind their conscience by the highest sanctions of the divine law. So also, if there be any who, resting, as many in the last century did rest, on the Theism of the old world, and on the lights and laws of nature, affirm their probity and their allegiance under the sanctions which trained the *prisca virtus* of the Roman Commonwealth, of such men, under the obligations of the four cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude, enforced by the dictates of natural conscience and the eternal laws of morals, we feel sure. Their build and make is natural and human, in conformity with the common sense and patriotic traditions of the Christian civilisation of Europe, by which they were created, and by which they are sustained, in a higher moral life than a defective belief can account for.

And such, three months ago, was the mixed foundation of the British Empire, a mingled system of gold and silver, brass and iron, and the good honest clay of the order of human nature as God made it, with its rights and laws, like our English mother earth, in which our secular oaks root deep and outlive generations and dynasties, but not the monarchy of England.

Thus far I have heard from my forefathers, and understood the

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* Blackstone's *Commentaries*, by Robert Malcolm Kerr, vol. i. pp. 128, 129.

English Constitution. It has a basis of two strata, both divine: the one the Law Christian, the other the law of nature.

It knows nothing of a race of sophists who, professing to know nothing about God, and law, and right and wrong, and conscience, and judgment to come, are incapable of giving to Christian or to reasonable men the pledges which bind their moral nature with the obligations necessary for the command of fleets and armies, and legislatures and commonwealths. Men will not entrust to them the august and awful powers of Parliament described by Lord Coke. The dearest and tenderest and most vital interests of life and home and welfare depend upon legislation. Ten thousand times rather would I vote for an upright member of the Hebrew race, whose commonwealth stands in history as the noblest and most human, as well as the most divine, government of man, than for the young gentlemen who cannot make up their mind whether God exists or no, or whether in the body they adorn and pamper there be a soul which will have to answer for all they have culpably done, and all they have culpably failed to know.

When Parliament, to meet the scruples of those who so firmly believed in the Majesty of God that they doubted the lawfulness of adjuring Him by way of oath, relieved them by accepting a declaration, it rested its act on its profound belief of the reverence and fidelity of the Society of Friends to the Divine Lawgiver whom they feared to offend.

But let no man tell me that this respectful confidence is to be claimed by our Agnostics.

Much less by those, if such there be, who, sinking by the inevitable law of the human mind below the shallowness and timidity of Agnosticism, plunge into the great deep of human pride, where the light of reason goes out, and the outer darkness hides God, His perfections, and His laws.

No law of England has entrusted the powers of legislation to such men. Parliament has never yet weighed and voted the following resolution: "That the British Empire, having ceased to be Catholic, ceased to be Christian, and ceased even to be Theistic, has descended below the level of the order of nature and the political civilisation of the cultured and imperial races of the pagan world." We Englishmen still believe that it rests upon a level which the old world in all its demoralisation never reached. The French pantomime of the last century voted out and voted in the "Supreme Being." *Delicta majorum immeritus lues.* The French people of to-day have no tradition and no basis. It was one of their own wisest sons who said "*Sans Dieu point de société.*" Where God and the unity of His divine law cease to reign, there can be no commonwealth.

But Parliament has never yet made such a law. There still stands on our Statute-book a law which says that to undermine the

principles of moral obligation is punishable by forfeiture of all places of trust;* but there is no law which says that a man who publicly denies the existence of God is a fit and proper person to sit in Parliament, or a man who denies the first laws of morals is eligible to make laws for the homes and domestic life of England, Scotland, and Ireland. A by-vote like that which shut the door of the House of Commons against Horne Tooke because he was a clergyman has furtively opened the door to one whose notoriety relieves me of an odious duty. But Parliament has not yet confirmed that by-vote, and the moral sense of this great people has not yet been asked. And yet it has been heard; and I trust that there is still left in our statesmen at least the probity and the courage of Roman senators. One by-vote of a party majority, if not reversed, will lower for ever the basis of the British Empire. The evil it has wrought would be complete. It has laid down for ever that for the highest offices of man—namely, the making laws for man—it is no longer necessary for a man to be Catholic or Chistian, or Jew or Theist. He may publicly deny and profane all these things. He may deny the existence of God, and therefore of divine law, and therefore of all law except the human will and human passion. But as yet no statute of the Legislature has declared such men to be eligible to Parliament.

If, however, this by-vote be accepted, Lord Burghley's forecast will be on the horizon. England will begin to be destroyed by its Parliament. CARDINAL MANNING, *in The Nineteenth Century.*

LETTERS TO AND FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

WHEN Andersen died in 1875, it was found that he had left to his sole legatee, his oldest friend, Edward Collin, a vast and disorganised mass of papers of every kind. They consisted of letters, newspaper cuttings, reviews, play-bills, pamphlets, every conceivable species of written or printed matter. These collections were stored away in as many chests and trunks as those which the peripatetic De Quincey left behind him as he journeyed from lodging to lodging, but with this difference, that while De Quincey abandoned his treasures to the mercy of landladies, Andersen dragged his ever-increasing and Atlantean load jealously about with him wherever he went. During the last years of his life he ever and anon bethought him of this heap of material, the earliest fragments of which dated as far back as his childhood, and he made repeated efforts to put it into working order himself. But no sooner did he plunge into one of the vast and musty chests than he evoked so

* 9 & 10 Will. III. c. 32. Kerr's *Blackstone*, iv. 34, 35, note.

many ghosts of his past life, so many fascinating and bewildering memories, that he was fain to read scrap after scrap, letter after letter, with the tears gathering to his eyes; and when he was called away to other matters, the task lay as unattempted as ever. Once or twice he did seriously set himself to prepare the papers for his future biographer, but in each case the pressure of poetic inspiration, which was never long separated from him, forced him on its return to quit these labours for the more obvious duty of authorship. Hence, when Herr Collin came into possession of the MSS., and became desirous of using them, he found himself quite unable to cope alone with such a distracting mass. He called to his assistance two men of letters, intimate friends of the deceased, Herr C. S. A. Bille and the young companion of Andersen's later travels, Herr Nikolaj Bögh. But the three gentlemen soon found that they had no light labour before them. It was a peculiarity of Andersen to preserve every scrap of paper with something like the superstition of an Oriental, who will not destroy any fragment lest it should happen to contain the name of Allah. Even when the communication was one personally distressing or humiliating to him, Andersen scrupled to destroy it, and it was eventually hidden in the great common heap. But if the mass of papers so bequeathed was a tedious one to overhaul, it certainly gave opportunities for the compilation of an admirable biography of the poet. Such advantages, probably, no biographer has ever had before, for although many eminent persons have collected particulars of their own life as exact, or almost as exact, as these of Andersen's, yet no one but he, and perhaps Rousseau, have had the *naïveté* or the candour to preserve the dark with the bright, the ignominious incidents of their career no less truthfully than the honourable. In the pure and beautiful career of Andersen, to be sure, there was nothing to conceal except a few innocent *gaucheries*, a few amusing outbursts of temper and wounded vanity. As a first step towards the production of that exhaustive biography that we may sooner or later expect, Messrs. Bille and Bögh have selected what seemed to them most important and characteristic from the bulk of the correspondence. In 1877 they published the letters written to Andersen ("Breve til Hans Christian Andersen," Reitzel, Copenhagen), and in 1878 they supplemented this by two thick volumes of letters from Andersen ("Breve fra Hans Christian Andersen," Reitzel, Copenhagen). These collections deserve to be known outside the narrow circle of Danish readers, and we propose to give some extracts from them in the following pages.

Among the letters written to the poet, those addressed to him by his mother are of especial interest. They throw quite a new light upon her character. In later life Andersen was accustomed a little to depreciate his mother. The poetic temperament and early death of his father threw a sort of romantic halo around Andersen's

memory of him, while the coarse ways and rough, uneducated exterior of his mother wounded somewhat his vanity and susceptibility. In his own account of his childhood he quite unconsciously contrives to give us the impression that his mother was dull and shrewish. We are not attracted to her by his account of her. But in these letters she comes out in a new light. It must be recollected that she never learned to write, and that she dictated all her letters to one of those amanuenses who get a scanty livelihood by writing for the poor. Unfortunately none of her very earliest letters seem to have been preserved; the earliest is dated 1822, when her son was seventeen, and had already been some time in Copenhagen.

"Odense, 12th December, 1822.

"MY DEAR, GOOD SON—I thank you very much for your affectionate letter of Saturday; I don't know the date. But I am happy to see that you remember what year it is; and you write it plain enough for a half-blind person to see without spectacles. You reproach me about various things in your letter, that you cannot properly understand me, and you think that I complain of this and the other that I ought not, and I can't say that you are quite wrong about that; for the people that hitherto have written for me have not always quite understood me, and so have often written after their own devices what I in my simplicity have taken to be very good and reasonable, and so in my ignorance I have blamed my son, which I ought not to have done. No, son, I have nothing to reproach you with, and my highest and best wish is that God may lead you on the way you are now treading, and give you strength, happiness, hope and courage to pursue it to the end . . . You are now a beginner; that you will be industrious and deserve the kindness of your protectors, I do not doubt; but I will beg you this: do not lose your way in this great gulf of learning, but use your time sensibly, and think each thing out well for itself, and do not galop before you can walk—that is my motherly counsel to you; and when you have learned some one thing thoroughly, then it will be time enough to talk big about doing honour to literature and adorning public taste. You will feel this yourself, my son; if not now, in time you will . . . From your great patrons I have no message to send you; for I have not spoken with one of them, nor has Mr. Schou written any letter for me, as you suppose. Those grand gentlemen I am not going to visit; they may be good people enough in their way, but a poor woman like me, every body knows, is just sent away with a good-natured smile. My good Christian, learn to know men, and do not be so proud of your own little I, for it is not yet of much importance; but learn to be grateful and humble, and then everything will go well with you in the world."

This was good sense and good counsel; and it is noticeable that the shrewd old woman had already put her finger on her son's one grave fault, his inordinate vanity, and pride in what she calls his "own little I." She showed no less perspicacity in writing directly that she heard of Collin's kindness to her son: "You need now have no more anxiety for the present or the future, for he is a man who can and will do great things for you." One more extract will show the condition of the home at Odense, when Andersen was just beginning to be an author at Copenhagen. His mother writes:

"I have written to you by young Lohmann, and I cannot understand why you have not answered for so long. I am very much grieved about it, and almost think illness must be the cause of your forgetfulness, and it is very wrong of

you indeed to wound my tender, feeling, motherly heart with your long silence, for you know that I, if you will only think it over, never have denied you anything, however difficult it has been for me to procure it. And in those days you could be easily pleased, for you were contented with a few potatoes . . . Your 'Ghost at Palnatoke's Grave,' a tale, and 'Alfsol,' a tragedy, I have asked for at Hemfrel's shop, and wanted to borrow it, but he refused it to me, as it was so costly, namely, eight marks, which I could not afford to pay for it; but possibly you, as the author, could perhaps get a copy. If so, I should be very grateful to you."

As late as 1833, when Andersen was twenty-eight, and a tolerably successful author, his mother's letters reveal a curious thoughtlessness on his part. She says:

"You write, good Christian, that I must let you know if I have not been yet to see the comedy; but how could I do so? For without paying I could not go, and to give money to go I cannot possibly do, as a poor woman, for every farthing I get has to be spent on the necessities of life and not on its enjoyments. I hear every now and then that your books are praised in the newspapers, which delights me.

"That last Christmas you amused yourself so much, and received so many presents, cannot but please me too. As for myself, under the circumstances I am pretty well, thank God; I go now every day to Miss Lohmann's, where I am very comfortable; but I receive no money, but a little clothing, what can be spared, and now and then I get some washing to do. Dear Christian, as the market is now open, and I am extremely in want of a pair of shoes and a petticoat, that I may go decently to the Lord's table, I beg you, if possible, before the market closes to send me a little, and if possible rather more than usual, that I may buy myself a pair of shoes and a petticoat, for I need them very much . . . I have made a nice jacket out of the coat you sent me, so that now I hope to keep the cold out a little better."

A few weeks after this querulous letter reached him, Andersen started on his three years' tour in Europe, a journey which was to be absolutely critical in the history of his development. Although he was in his twenty-ninth year, he was still so inexperienced and childlike, that his friends stuffed the pockets of the ship's captain with letters to be delivered to him piecemeal upon the voyage. Here is one of these notes, dictated by a rare delicacy of sympathy:

"Dear Friend—I suddenly got the idea that it might please you to receive a letter from me before you reached Hamburg, and when you could not expect to get a letter. What have I to write to you about? Nothing! In this moment I cannot collect my thoughts; believe me, I am deeply dejected at your going away; I shall miss you dreadfully. I shall miss not seeing you as usual come jumping up to my room to chat with me, especially on Thursday I shall miss you from your place at dinner; yes, I know it, your feeling of loss must be greater still, because you are alone; but as truly as it is a consolation to know that there are friends at home thinking about one, so truly you have this consolation, for we are all constantly and lovingly remembering you. Good-by, my dear, dear friend! God grant that we may see one another again, happy and merry, in two years' time. Your

"E. Collin."

Turning to the other collection, that of letters from Andersen, we find one of the same period which forms an extraordinary com-

mentary upon his condition of mind and temperament. The first poetical result of his exile was the composition of "Agnete; or, the Merman," a poem which he wrote at Le Loch, a village in the Jura. He sent this work, which was in some respects an advance upon his previous works, but still very jejune in style, home to Copenhagen to be published, and it did not enjoy any success. When he commenced the following letter to his friend, Miss Henriette Wulff, he was not aware of this latter fact. In his biography he gives some account of the frenzy of depression into which his temporary failure plunged him, but he had forgotten how very angry he really was.

"Rome, New Year's Eve, 11 P.M., 1833.

"MY FAITHFUL SISTER JETTE—This is the last evening of the year, and my thoughts are all with you! I have torn myself away from my countrymen, of whom I always have enough, and I am in my little room, dreaming that I am with you: for at home it is winter, eternal winter, and I will not fancy myself there. This evening I ought to have dined with my countrymen; but I got away, went into the Church of the Jesuits, that blazed with lights; the Te Deum pealed from three organs, each in a corner of the church; the voices answered one another; it was a sea of melody that roared above me. The crowd knelt down and my heart knelt with them, for I was marvellously moved. How much this departing year has brought me! At its beginning it let me dream a passion that never will be satisfied for me. He who is neither handsome nor rich never wins a woman's heart. It let me fly out into the wide world to see the great crater, Paris, where the vine of freedom grows; let me cast a look at earnest Switzerland, and the bright blossoming Italy, where the gods stand chilled to stone, but as beautiful as when they were alive—where everything is more beautiful than Mignon has sung it for us. Oh, how happy I should be if I had you here! I would give a year of my life for it! Here is summer, eternal summer! The laurel-trees are green, the oranges glow, and new flowers shed their perfume through the leaves; at home lies the snow, at home hangs the fog, and human beings are so cold, so clever! . . . Do not misunderstand me; I love my friends, I hang upon my dear ones with my life and soul; even here in Paradise I should die if I knew I should never see them again; but I shudder to think of the eternal winter and the eternal twaddle which now will press upon me doubly, as I shall no longer feel myself at home among them. . . . Alas! it is certain that this is the last and only New Year's Eve that I shall ever spend on this side the Appenines; yet, God be thanked that I have been here once. I shall miss it; but my heart is used to missing, and perhaps I shall sing the sweeter for the loss. . . . Sleep well, and thank you for all the good consolation and sisterly thought you have given me in the past year. God reward you for it."

"Postscript (eight days later)

"A letter from home has utterly dejected me, but now I have tolerably well recovered my equilibrium. They tell me about the critique in the 'Monthly Magazine'; they have sent me every bitter utterance of the press; I know how 'Agnete' is condemned—'it is a mediocre production'—'smeared together'—'desperately misshapen'—'it would be a kindness if my friends had kept it back!' All seem to be enemies to my muse at home. All is over! But now I have drunk off the poison which my *friends* hold out to me! It is wonderful, within so few days, to hear that my mother is dead, my honour lost, my hopes false bubbles; my self-confidence, all the heart for fighting and working, is killed in me—I am dull to everything, there is now nothing more to lose. In old days I could weep for a lesser pain; now I am quite wonderfully strong, and yet, you say, I grieve you with my sorrow. No, no, let us talk of Italy, glorious Italy, which I now soon must leave. In September you are sure to see me; you will find a brother in me; never shall

I plague you again as I used to do; in thought we will fly togther over the Appenines, away from the fogs, and the clever, reasonable human beings whom I despise. O dear, dear Jette, what it is to be poor: I have lost my faith in myself and in mankind! *Every single friend, every one*—and so it must be the truth they tell me—declares 'Agnete,' and everything that I have written, to be—mediocre. You do not know *what* and *how* they have told me this! But away, away from all that! I am still in Italy. At home there are waiting for me months and years enough of sorrow.

"Thorwaldsen shows me great kindness, and so do my countrymen here; but I am longing to get away; it does me harm to associate with so many Danes, and so in a few weeks I shall go off to Naples, see Vesuvius, Salerno, and Pæstum that will be the most southerly point I shall reach; in May I must leave Italy for ever, and the thought of the rest of the journey gives me no pleasure: I shall be going towards the north, towards home, where only one fit place remains open for me, and that is a few feet of ground in the churchyard. Farewell!

"From your Brother.

"Speak to *no one* of my sorrow, or of the cruelty men show me!"

This queer letter, with all its childish egotism and womanly sensibility, is one of the most interesting documents which this correspondence reveals to us. This was the starting-point of a certain course of action which Andersen had long thought about, but which from the writing of this letter he definitely and consciously pursued—a kind of voluntary moral exile from his fatherland. It is wonderfully true that we have but to say a thing to begin to believe it, and Andersen had no sooner set down his anger against his countrymen in so many words, than the feeling which had hitherto been a mere ebullition of pique and disappointment, became a grave and settled conviction. For a quarter of a century, at least, he did not pretend to forgive Denmark for its cruelty to him, and he exerted himself, with marvellous success, to build up a reputation outside the limits of his own country, until at last he became more considered as a Danish writer in every part of Europe than just in Denmark itself, a very singular and paradoxical position for a writer to be in. The first foreign country that he conquered in his progress was Sweden, and his own account of the victory is very entertaining:—

[Lund], 23rd April, 1840.

"In the evening I was invited to tea by a widow lady, who had very handsome daughters, and is considered one of the most cultivated women in the town. When it was nearly eight o'clock, the poet Strandberg came and said that I must hurry to get ready, as in half an hour the students would come and give me a hurrah. I assure you I shivered with nervousness. I begged to have it put off, as I was still so young, and had done so little; but he said that it was all fixed. Oh! how I waited like a poor guilty sinner! When the clock struck eight—oh, I shall never forget that Good Friday evening!—the widow lady said 'Here comes the University.' I looked out, and the street was full of people; the students, some hundreds of them, came marching and singing; they made a circle round the house; I had to go out upon the steps, and as soon as I showed myself, the whole troop bared their heads; it made a very strong impression upon me; my knees almost gave way. A certain Magister Cronholm stepped up to me and said that they greeted me. I had by my novels drawn tighter the bond between the neighbour-countries, and taught the Swedes to know our habits and

customs ; I was the poet who had reached their hearts ; my 'Improvisatore' had brought the South to them, and in 'The Mulatto' I had expressed the great idea of the age, the victory of the spirit. 'So here we sons of the spirit come and kneel before our master.' Upon that they all shouted 'Hurrah!' three times. 'Gentlemen,' I answered, 'you show me an honour that I do not deserve ; I shall, however, strive in a coming work to express the love I feel for Sweden. May I be so fortunate as in a future work to repay a little of the debt I owe you. Thank you—my most sincere thanks.' Then the hurrahs broke out again, and Cronholm shouted : 'When all Europe calls to the great poet, H. C. Andersen, do not forget that the students in Lund were the first who publicly brought you the homage you deserve!' 'You show me too much honour,' I said ; 'I dare not take the homage otherwise than as a tribute to my nation . . .' They shouted 'Hurrah' three times more, and then they went away singing. When I got back to my room I was quite exhausted! My feeling during the whole performance was, 'God, let me write a book that will show that I am a true, great poet ;' but I felt my powerlessness as never before."

His reputation soon after this spread to Germany, and thence over the whole of Europe. Only seven years later he found himself feted in English society, always the last to perceive the advent of a foreign star in the literary heavens. His description of London contains some specially naïve and humorous points. Here is his account of his first interview with Dickens :—

"Brunsbury House, near London, 22nd July, 1847.

". . . Jenny Lind lives in the same end of the town as I do, yet quite a full Danish mile from me ; she has a house of her own, with a neat little garden. I dined with her the only evening that I have been free, and heard her in 'Somnambula,' where she really is unparalleled ; the audience wept and shouted . . . I am considered personally like Jenny Lind, at this moment the highest of compliments. I send you the 'Literary Gazette,' where you can read about us ; translate it for Councillor Koch—I know he is one of my most sympathetic friends. I have also cut my portrait for you out of 'Mary Howitt's Journal' ; it hangs in all the shop windows in London. Yes it is incredible how much my writings are known and read in England and Scotland, and they say I am regularly studied among the people. At home they have no suspicion of all this, or rather the Danes will take no notice of it—they have their own poets. I am absolutely certain that though all the Dutch, French and English papers have spoken so genially about me, not a single Danish newspaper has referred to it. But I will not plague you with clouds, when I live and breathe nothing but sunshine. Yesterday I dined with Lady Blessington ; she has a large house, and in almost every room there hangs a portrait of Napoleon ; in the dining-room he hangs in oil-colours, as large as life, and illuminated by a great lamp. Napoleon in a glory upon the walls! And who do you think was my neighbour at table? Wellington's eldest son! Before we sat down to eat, Lady Blessington gave me the English edition of 'The Wonder-story of my Life,' and asked me to write my name in it. While I was writing a man came into the room, exactly like the portrait we have all seen, a man who for my sake had come up to town, and had written, 'I must see Andersen!' When he had greeted the company, I rose from the writing-table and ran to him; we took each other by both hands, we looked into one another's eyes, laughed and shouted ; we knew each other so well, although it was the first time that we met,—for it was Charles Dickens! He answers to the very best anticipations I had formed of him. Outside the house there is a lovely verandah running the whole breadth of the house ; vine-leaves and roses hang like a curtain out over the pilasters ; here there are gay-plumaged birds, and below, a garden and a green meadow, green as one only sees it in England ; out here we stood and talked, talked English ; but he understood me, and I him. Bulwer has sent me a greeting, but I have not seen him ; he is in the country."

The acquaintance so formed with Dickens ripened into a life-long

friendship, although Dickens was not at all blind to the eccentricities and exquisite personal funniness of his Danish guest. He told Andersen that his house at Gad's Hill was "full of admiring and affectionate friends of yours, varying from three feet high to five feet nine," and he wrote him charming letters of which this is a very pleasant specimen, interesting from the point of view both of the writer and the recipient :—

"Gad's Hill Place, 2nd September, 1857.

"My DEAR ANDERSEN—I have been away from here—at Manchester—which is the cause of this slow and late reply to your two welcome letters.

"You are in your own home again by this time, happy to see its familiar face, I do not doubt, and happy in being received with open arms by all good Danish men, women, and children.

"Everything here goes on as usual. Baby (too large for his name this long while !) calls 'auntie' all over the house, and the dogs come dancing about us, and go running down the green lanes before us, as they used to do when you were here. But the days are shorter, and the evenings darker, and when we go up to the Monument to see the sunset, we are obliged to go directly after dinner, and it gets dark while we are up there ; and as we pass the grim dog, who rattles his chain, we can hardly see his dim old eyes, as we feed him with biscuit. The workmen, who have been digging in that well in the stable-yard so long, have found a great spring of clear bright water, and they got rather drunk when they found it (not with the water, but with some gin I gave them), and then they packed up their tools and went away, and now the big dog and the raven have all that place to themselves. The corn-fields that were golden, when you were here, are ploughed up brown ; the hops are being picked ; the leaves on the trees are just beginning to turn, and the rain is falling as I write, very sadly, very steadily.

"We have just closed our labour in remembrance of poor Jerrold, and we have raised for his widow and daughter two thousand pounds. On Monday I am going away with Collins, for a fortnight or so, into odd corners of England, to write some descriptions for 'Household Words.' When I come back I shall find them dining here by lamplight. And when I come back I will write to you again.

"I never meet any of my friends whom you saw here but they always say : 'How's Andersen ? where's Andersen ?' and I draw imaginary pictures where you are, and declare that you desired to be heartily remembered to them. They are always pleased to be told this. I told old Jerdan so the other day, when he wrote to me asking when he was to come and see you !

"All the house send you their kind regards. Baby says you shall not be put out of the window when you come back. I have read 'To be or not to be,' and think it a very fine book, full of great purpose admirably wrought out, a book in every way worthy of its great author. Good-bye, dear Andersen. Affectionately your friend,

CHARLES DICKENS."

But, although Dickens felt a genuine attachment to and admiration of Andersen, it is known that he was far from being blind to his extraordinary eccentricities : his habit of jumping about ; his tendency to mix port, claret, and sherry into one glass, and sip them off slowly, saying, as he stroked his stomach, "That good for him ;" his child-like way of throwing himself on the mercy of other people when the very smallest obstacle to comfort presented itself ; and, not least, his wonderfully "casual" way of letting his correspondence take care of itself. His friends in Denmark were equally aware of all these funny little foibles, and here is a letter of great humour from the witty poet, Henrik Hertz, author of "King Réné's Daughter :"—

"2nd April, 1838.

"Accept my heartiest thanks, dear friend, for the gift of your new 'Fairy Tales.'

"But do explain to me this new system of conveyance that you have invented for your parcels of books and letters. If it is as safe as it is convenient I shall certainly adopt it at once. Yesterday in the middle of the day two soldiers called here and put into my hands a parcel addressed to me, which they both had found in the street in Nyhavn, and therefore both wished to deliver. It was very fortunate that it was only found by two such conscientious people; for if a company had been going by, no doubt the whole troop would have felt it a duty to come marching up to me. I can quite understand how it was; you threw the packet out of window on the chance that some sympathetic soul or other would take it to its destination. But can one really here in the town treat books and letters as if they were children or paper kites, that can be thrown out in the certainty that somebody will take them on where they ought to go? Ought one to wait and watch till somebody comes and takes the packet up, or can one composedly go away at once? And are you sure that the practice is not in any way immoral or against the law?

"I could go on asking all sorts of questions, for I am quite fascinated by this new way of forwarding things. I have a devilish big packet that is to be taken to Randers by a skipper; but if I were only sure that it would go safely if I just threw it out of window, like a kite, why I should save myself the trouble.

"But in any case I hope that every one to whom such a discovery is sent, may, on opening the package, see such a charming contents as I did then. Your affectionate

HENRIK HERTZ.

"P. S.—Excuse my sending you this letter in the old-fáshioned way. But I am not yet experienced in the new."

A more serious weakness in Andersen, his inability to endure criticism, or to acknowledge the critic's right to touch his work at all, is commented on with striking tact and delicacy in a letter from Dr. Georg Brandes, the eminent historian of literature, whose volume on Lord Beaconsfield has just been translated for the English public. Brandes was just publishing, for the first time, that valuable critical study on Andersen which is now to be found in his volume of "Characteristics."

"Copenhagen, 19th July, 1869.

"DEAR SIR—Thanks for your kind letter. It was a real pleasure to me to see that you have taken my little essay in *bonam partem*. It was written with a good intention, but I have so long been accustomed to be rewarded by anything rather than thanks for what I write, that I was not at all sure how you would take it.

"My last article will appear on Sunday. It is of the same length as the others. It attempts to put the development of your genius in a clear light.

"What I wrote about your relation to criticism was perfectly serious; but I am not the less fond of you on that account. You have injured the position of a critic in this little undeveloped country excessively, and it was not an easy position before. You have done all you could to spread the idea that envy is his inspiration, and that he goes about with a belt of serpents round his waist. I do not consider that in your stories you have made any clear distinction between good and bad criticism. The critic is for you the 'reasoner,' the sterile and useless critic-aster. But yet there exists both an historical and a philosophical æsthetic science, which cannot endure that so many scribblers and braggarts should boast of the favours of the Muse, although they have never loosed her girdle. The true inspiration of the æsthetic critic is the flexible sympathy with which he alternately identifies himself with the most contrary minds, and minds of the most contrary nations. By the power of this sympathy he attempts to

feel again all the feelings that have lain at the basis of works of literature. A critic is a person *who understands how to read*, and who teaches others to read. It is an emphatic statement of this fact which I miss in your works, otherwise so precious to me. You stand on a pedestal in literature from which every word makes a thousand echoes. That you yourself have suffered under an insipid, unjust, and sometimes even loutish criticism, I know well; I myself, who, Heaven knows, in no other respect compare myself with you, have suffered under a similar one, and my expressed opinion as a free-thinker has and will in future expose me to more attacks than you have or ever can be assailed by. But it appears to me that you, in bitterness at what you have personally endured, have done injustice to the cultivators of a whole science. Therefore it was that I wrote what I did write. I quite allow that you have made a difference between *severe* and *kindly* judgment, but it seems to me that you have not drawn the line correctly. There is only one line, that between *true* and *false*, *earnest* and *malignant* criticism, and this latter the public, especially when supported by a great authority, only too easily confounds with the former.

"But here is my hand; nothing is further from me than to bear ill-will against you, to whom I owe a true intellectual enrichment. I have tried to do my little part in making people see what it is that Denmark possesses in you. If I have succeeded, I am well content Once more, thank you! Thank you, especially, for your kind wishes for my future. I, who know my powers, know that it will neither be great nor brilliant; but I do hope that it may be of some use to our literature, and that I may not disappear entirely without leaving a mark behind me. Your attached GEORG BRANDES."

The earlier collection, from which this interesting letter is taken, contains a great many letters which throw interesting light on their authors, if scarcely on Andersen. The correspondence from Fredrika Bremer displays the sentimental sweetness, gentle wit, and delicate style of the great Swedish novelist in a striking way. Her introduction to Andersen was very curious. On his first visit to Sweden, as he was standing on the deck of a steamer in the Göta Canal, he remarked to the captain that his dearest hope in coming to Sweden was to see Frekrika Bremer. He was told that he would do well to resign this hope at once, for the lady was on the Continent. At the next town at which the steamer stopped, however, a little shy personage got in, and the Captain, hurrying to Andersen, said: "You're in luck: for that's Miss Bremer who has just come on board." Andersen lost no time in presenting himself to her, but, unfortunately, she had never heard of him, and was only stiffly civil. Upon this, Andersen produced one of his own volumes, and presented it to her. She disappeared, and after an hour or two, came up on deck again with a very beaming face, and said: "I know you now!" The acquaintance, thus oddly made, ripened into a life-long friendship. Very much as Andersen in his youth came to Fredrika Bremer, the Norwegian novelist Björnsen came to Andersen in his old age. The letters from Björnsen which are here printed are very characteristic of that egotistical and turbulent man of genius. He pours his tributes at Andersen's feet without the least reticence, and responds with stormy affection to the old Danish poet's cordiality. He exclaims: "I love you! I love you!" He weeps as he reads Andersen's poems, and all this vivacity is mixed up, into the oddest and the most Björnsen-like way, with

domestic details about his wife and children, with political theories and denunciations of public men, and with schemes for all sorts of poetical production. The letters from people of distinction outside Scandinavia are not as numerous as the foreign reader would wish. Andersen corresponded with literary persons in every capital of Europe, and we can but suppose that the desire to make the books attractive to a home audience has prevented the editors from borrowing from this rich store. From Andersen's wide circle of eminent friends in Germany, some interesting letters from Robert Schumann about the composition of music to the poems called "Glücksblume" are alone given. In the English section Charles Dickens contributes several interesting letters, but no other Englishman, although a good deal of space is needlessly taken up by printing the letters written to Andersen by a little Scotch girl, whose correspondence is neither very amusing nor particularly pretty in tone. A series of very pleasant letters from Madame Goldschmidt remind us that her long stay in England has not destroyed the purity of Jenny Lind's Swedish style ; and remind us, also, of that charming little story that Andersen was so fond of telling ; how one Christmas Eve he found himself in a little country town in Germany, where he had no acquaintance but Jenny Lind, who happened to be passing through the town in the opposite direction ; and how he and Jenny Lind and her maid set up a Christmas-tree together, and celebrated their Scandinavian yule by telling stories and talking of their friends at home.

On the whole, it cannot be said that these two collections of correspondence tend in any great measure to modify our conception of the poet's character. Andersen was a man of singularly transparent nature, and he scarcely laid pen to paper without naïvely revealing some one or other of his idiosyncracies ; and, besides the revelations of himself which he made in his "Fairy Tales" and his novels, his dramas and his books of travel, he wrote "The Wonder-story of my Life," one of the most beautiful pieces of autobiography ever composed. Unfortunately, what new points are revealed in these letters are mostly weaknesses, none of them in any way serious indeed, but little tiresome vanities and jealousies, the proofs of which Andersen's own simplicity and candour prevented him from destroying. It is true that the editors deserve our thanks for giving us one amusing piece of self-analysis, which has, properly speaking, no place in their collection, but which we should be very sorry to miss. Among Andersen's papers was found a little leaf in his handwriting, but without date, giving a minute phrenological description of his person. According to this analysis, he discovered in himself a great deal of love for children, of attachment, of humour, and of the desire to please ; very little amativeness, or destructiveness, or love of acquiring money ; no sense of mechanism, a fair amount of self-esteem, and a very large share of

good nature. Justice and reverence were but moderately developed, while hope was large, and ideality very large. He found in himself a great sense for the marvellous, and a great sense for words and languages. Wit was very large, casualty large, locality tolerably large, sense of colour very small. Music in great excess was balanced by a mediocre feeling for form. The reader will smile at these nice distinctions, but they are evidently made with care and sincerity, and they are not without value in estimating the character of the great author. E. W. G., *in Temple Bar.*

THE MOON AND ITS FOLK-LORE.

An interesting relic of a primeval superstition of the Aryan race survives in the fanciful conception that the lunar spots are not meaningless specks, but representations of human beings. Everyone, says Mr. Baring-Gould,* knows that the moon is inhabited by a man with a bundle of sticks on his back, who has been exiled thither for many centuries. and who is so far off that he is beyond the reach of death. Dante calls him Cain ; Chaucer speaks of him as undergoing punishment up there for theft, and gives him a thorn bush to carry ; whereas Shakespeare,† whilst assigning to him the thorn-load, by way of compensation allows him a dog for his companion. From general account, however, his offence seems not to have been stealing, but Sabbath-breaking—an idea derived from the Old Testament. Like the man mentioned in the Book of Numbers, he was caught gathering sticks on a Sunday, and for this act of disobedience, and as an example to mankind, was condemned to reside for ever in the moon, with his bundle on his back. A further legend identifies him with the figure of Isaac in the act of carrying a bundle of sticks for his sacrifice ; while the jews have a Talmudical story that Jacob is in the moon, and they believe that his face is occasionly visible. This belief in the moon-man is found in most countries, and under a variety of forms. Thus the Swedish peasantry explain the lunar spots as representing a boy and a girl bearing a a pail of water between them, whom the moon once kidnapped and carried up to heaven—a legend existing also in Icelandic mythology. According to one German tale, a man and a woman stand in the moon—the man, because he strewed brambles and thorns on the church path, so as to hinder people from attending mass on Sunday morning ; the woman, because she made butter on that day. The woman carries her butter-tub, and the man his

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* *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, 1877, 191.

† Fiske's *Myths and Myth-makers*, 1873, 27. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act v. sc. 1 ; *Tempest*, act ii. sc. 2.

bundle of thorns.* The Dutch myth is that the unhappy man was caught stealing vegetables. The natives of Ceylon instead of a man have placed a hare in the moon, and it is reported to have got there in the following manner† :—Their great deity Buddha, when a hermit on earth, lost himself one day in a forest. After wandering about in great distress, he met a hare, who thus addressed him—"It is in my power to extricate you from your difficulty ; take the path on your left hand, and it will lead you out of the forest." "I am greatly obliged to you," said Buddha, "but unfortunately I am very poor and very hungry, and have nothing to offer you in reward for your kindness." "If you are hungry," returned the hare, "I am again at your service. Make a fire, kill me, roast me, and eat me." Buddha made the fire, and the hare at once jumped into it, where he has remained ever since. The Chinese represent the moon by a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. Their mythological moon Jut-ho is figured by a beautiful young woman with a double sphere behind her head and a rabbit at her feet. The period of this animal's gestation is thirty days, which, Douce suggests, may typify the moon's revolution round the earth. If the nursery rhyme is to be credited, the man in the moon once visited this earth,‡ and took a fancy to some pease-porridge, which he was in such a hurry to devour that he scalded his mouth :—

The man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And asked his way to Norwich ;

but whether he ever reached his destination we are not told. According to the classic tale,§ the figure in the moon is probably Endymion, beloved of Selene. The Egyptian representations of the moon with a figure in the disk, represent the little Horus in the womb of his mother Isis. Plutarch tells us Sibylla is placed in the moon ; and Clemens Alexandrinus quotes Serapion in proof of the same notion. Many other myths of a similar nature are associated with the moon, most of which attribute to it animate life.‖ Thus, an Australian legend says that originally the moon was a native cat, who fell in love with someone else's wife, and was driven away to wander ever since.¶ Among the Esquimaux, the sun is a maiden and the moon is her brother ; and the Khasias of the Himalaya say that the moon falls every month in love with his mother-in-law, who throws ashes in his face, whence his spots.** The tribes of the

* See Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, iii. 57.
† Douce's *Illustration of Shakespeare*, 1839, 10.
‡ Halliwell's *Popular Rhymes*.
§ Barring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, p. 199.
‖ See Clodd's *Childhood of Religions*, 1875, 87.
¶ Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, 1873, i. 354 ; Stanbridge, "Abor of Australia," in *Trans. Eth. Soc.* i. 301.
** J. D. Hooker, *Himalayan Journals*, ii. 276.

Malayan Peninsula believe that the moon is a woman, and the stars are her children; whereas in South America there is a legend that the moon is a man and the sun is his wife. As may be seen from the above illustrations, these nature-myths, while of animistic origin, differ in the sex they assign to the moon; but at the same time they are interesting and curious survivals of the early philosophy which tried to account for and explain the mysteries of creation.

Another form of the many myths which invest the moon with animate life is seen in the moon worship—a superstition found in most countries from the earliest times, and even in our own country not wholly forgotten at the present day. The Jewish law ordered the man or woman to be stoned with stones till he died, who "hath gone and served other gods, and worshipped them, either the sun or moon, or any of the host of heaven." In Egyptian theology, too, the moon was regarded as a personal divinity of enormous sway; and in Aryan theology we find the moon the object of adoration. Among savage tribes it is still worshipped, and numerous omens are sought from its changes. Dr. Tylor tells us how the negro tribes welcome the new moon, and with what droll gestures the Guinea people greet it, flinging themselves about, and pretending to throw firebrands at it. In prehistoric times moon worship was practiced in this country; and formerly, we know, too, how the moon was worshipped by the Britons in the form of a beautiful maid. In Europe* in the 15th century it was a matter of complaint that many were in the habit of paying obedience to the new moon with bended knee, or hat removed; and even nowadays, to quote the words of Dr. Johnson, "it has great influence in vulgar philosophy," some, in superstitious reverence, still raising their hat to it. According to Vallancey, the Irish, on seeing the new moon, immediately knelt down and repeated the Lord's Prayer, at the conclusion of which they exclaimed, "May thou leave us as safe as thou hast found us!" Even now† they make the sign of the cross on themselves, and repeat the words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen"—as by this act they imagine that they will obtain anything they may wish for. In days gone by, it was a common practice among the lower classes of this country to say, when the moon was full, "It is a fine moon, God help her!" Various forms of moon worship survive in the divinations and superstitious rites still associated, here and there, with its changes, many of which are supposed to influence the affairs of daily life. Thus, the peasant considers it unlucky to have no piece of silver money in his pocket to turn for prosperity when he first sees the new moon. In Yorkshire, the only way of averting this ill-omen is at once to turn head over

* *Primitive Culture*, ii. 302.
† *Notes and Queries*, 5th Ser., v. 364.

heels. "I have known persons," says Mr. Hunt,* speaking of Cornish superstitions, "whose attention has been called to a clear new moon, hesitate: 'Hey I seed her out-a'-doors afore?' If not, they will go into the open air, and, if possible, show the moon 'a piece of gold,' or at all events turn their money."

In Cornwall, too, the first money taken on market-day is frequently spit on for good luck; and if silver, kept for "luck money," to be shown to the next moon, and turned three times towards the person who shows it. Three wishes are made whilst showing the money, which the wisher turns three times from the moon towards himself. To see the new moon through glass is an indication that one will break glass of some kind before the month is out; and Mr. Henderson† quotes the case of a maid-servant in the North of England who was in the habit of shutting her eyes when closing the shutters, for fear of accidentally catching a glimpse of the new moon through the window-pane. Mr. Rayson, also, in his notes in the *East Anglian*, says:—"I have just been told by a lady, who has resided for some months with a Norfolk family at Kentish Town, that, when the new moon first appears, all the family (including the servants) are accustomed to hasten out of the house, in order that they may not see the new moon through glass, which is believed to be very unlucky. A respectable tradesman's wife, in my own village, gravely assured a lady, who visited her in her illness, that she knew she would have nothing but travail for a month to come, as she had unfortunately seen the new moon through a glass window. She added that she always dreaded such warnings, as her husband then was sure to spend most of his time at the public-house." On the other hand, various love omens and divinations are derived from the moon's phases: thus, in Berkshire and other counties, at the first appearance of a new moon, young women go into the fields, and, whilst looking up at it, repeat the following rhyme:—

> New moon, new moon, I hail thee!
> By all the virtue in thy body,
> Grant this night that I may see
> He who my true love is to be.

After this, they return home under an implicit conviction that, before the following morning, their future husbands will appear to them in their dreams. There are several varieties of this supersition—one consists in looking at the first new moon of the year through a silk handkerchief which has never been washed, at the same time making use of this invocation:—

> New moon, new moon, I hail thee,
> New moon, new moon, be kind to me;

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* *Popular Romances of West of England*, p. 429.
† *Folk-lore of Northern Counties*, 1879, 114.

If I marry man, or man marry me,
Show me how many moons it will be.

As many moons as the person sees through the handkerchief—the threads multiply in the vision—betoken the number of years she will remain unmarried. Again, a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* * tells us that, being on a visit in Yorkshire, he was much amused one evening to find the servants of the house excusing themselves for being out of the way when the bell rang, on the plea that they had been "hailing the first new moon of the new year." This mysterious and eventful salutation was effected by means of a looking-glass, in which the first sight of the moon was to be had, and the momentous object to be gained was the all-important secret as to how many years were to elapse before the marriage of the spectators. If one moon was seen in the glass, one year; if two, two years, and so on. In the case in question, the maid and the boy only saw one moon apiece. An old Devonshire admonition tells those who are anxious to gain an insight into futurity, to take off one of their stockings when they first see the new moon of the new year, and to run to the next stile. On their arrival, they will find between two of their toes a hair, which will be the colour of their lovers'. In the North of England and Scotland † it was a prevalent belief that, if a person on first catching a glimpse of the new moon were instantly to stand still, kiss his hand three times, and bow to it, he would find something of value before that moon was out. In many places, too, it is considered lucky to see the new moon over the right shoulder, but unlucky over the left; whereas, when straight before one, it is said to prognosticate good fortune to the end of the month.

Again, one of the most popular notions in vulgar philosophy is that of the sympathy of growing and declining nature with the waxing and waning of the moon. In Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Husbandry," under February, we find the following agricultural directions:—

Sow peas and beans in the wane of the moon,
Who soweth them sooner he soweth too soon;
That they with the planet may rest and rise,
And flourish with bearing most plentiful wise;

showing, as Dr. Tylor ‡ points out, neatly in a single case the two contrary lunar influences. In Devonshire, it is a common idea that apples "shrump up" if picked when the moon is waning; and it is a Cornish notion that timber should be felled on the "bating" of the moon, because the "sap is then down," and the wood will be more durable. In the same county, also, herbs for drying are

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* First Series, i. p. 177.
† Napier's *Folk-lore of West of Scotland*, 1879, p. 98.
‡ *Primitive Culture*, 1873, i. 130.

gathered at the full of the moon; as likewise apples and pears, in order that they may retain their plumpness. Many, also, prefer to sow their garden and other seeds during the moon's first quarter, from the idea that they will then germinate quicker and grow stronger than on the decrease. In some parts it is a prevalent belief that the growth of mushrooms is influenced by the changes of the moon, and, in Essex, many a farmer pays strict attention to this rule :—

> When the moon is at the full,
> Mushrooms you may freely pull :
> But when the moon is on the wane,
> Wait ere you think to pluck again.

In addition to agricultural operations, the moon has been supposed to exert great influence on human birth, and the killing of animals for the table. In Cornwall, when a child is born in the interval between an old moon and the first appearance of a new one, it is said that it will never live to reach the age of puberty. Hence the saying, "No moon, no man." In the same county, too, when a boy is born in the wane of the moon, it is believed that the next birth will be a girl, and *vice versâ;* and it is also a prevalent belief that when a birth takes place on the "growing of the moon" the next child will be of the same sex. In many places eggs are set under the hen at new moon; and, in Suffolk, it is considered unlucky to kill a pig on the waning moon, lest the pork should waste in the boiling—a superstition we find alluded to in Macready's "Reminiscences" (vol. i, p. 475)—"Elstree, December 14th, 1835.—Phillips hoped the pig would not be killed on Wednesday, as the fulling of the moon was not good for the bacon." Dr. Tylor,* too, amusingly remarks that the Lithuanian precept to wean boys on a waxing, but girls on a waning, moon, no doubt to make the boys sturdy and the girls slim and delicate, is a fair match for the Orkney islanders' objection to marrying except with a growing moon, while some even wish for a flowing tide. Another piece of folk-lore associated with the moon is its supposed influence in healing certain diseases. In the south of England,† the May new moon is said to have a share in curing scrofulous complaints. Mr. Henderson relates an interesting case of a man residing near Chichester who twice travelled into Dorsetshire with different members of his family to place them under a "cunning man" residing there. His charms were only potent in the month of May. He further required his patients to have their eyes fixed upon the new May moon while they received from his hands boxes of ointment made from herbs gathered when the moon was full. On one occasion as many as two hundred persons waited to be charmed. In Staffordshire, a remedy for

* *Primitive Culture*, 1873, i. p. 130.
† Henderson's *Folk-lore of Northern Counties*, 1879, p. 115.

whooping cough consists in taking out the child to let it see the new moon, at the same time rubbing its stomach and repeating the following invocation :—

What I see, may it increase,
What I feel, may it decrease :
In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

In Cornwall, the club-moss, if properly gathered, is considered "good against all diseases of the eyes." The gathering is regarded as a mystery, and if any man ventures to write the secret, the virtues of the moss avail him no more. In spite of this, however, Mr. Hunt* has boldly revealed to us this wonderful secret, the mystery of which, to quote his own words, consists as thus :—On the third day of the moon, when the thin crescent is seen for the first time, show it the knife with which the moss is to be cut, and say :—

As Christ heal'd the issue of blood,
Do thou cut what thou cuttest for good.

At sun-down, having carefully washed the hands, the club-moss is to be cut kneeling. It is to be carefully wrapped in a fine linen cloth, and subsequently boiled in some water taken from the spring nearest to its place of growth. This may be used as a fomentation, or the club-moss may be made into an ointment, with butter made from the milk of a new cow. In Devonshire, the hair and nails should always be cut during the waning of the moon, and persons troubled with corns are recommended to cut them after the moon has been at its full—a superstition alluded to in the "British Apollo :"—

Pray tell your querist if he may
Rely on what the vulgar say,
That when the moon's in her increase,
If corns be cut they'll grow apace ;
But if you always do take care
After the full your corns to pare,
They do insensibly decay
And will in time wear quite away.

It is a very prevalent notion that the moon exerts an extraordinary influence on the insane, increasing the symptoms of madness. This originates, according to some,† from the fact that the insane are naturally more restless on light than on dark nights ; and that their symptoms are consequently more aggravated through loss of sleep. Dr. Forbes Winslow,‡ in summing up the various theories on the subject, says it is impossible to ignore altogether the evidence of such men as Pinel, Daquin, Guislain, and others. Yet the

* *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 1871, p. 415.
† See *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Ser, xii. 492.
‡ *Light : its Influence on Life and Health.*

experience of modern psychological physicians is to a great degree opposed to the deductions of these eminent men. He adds: "May not the alleged changes observed among the insane at certain phases of the moon arise, not from the direct, but the indirect influence of this planet? It is well known that the rarity of the air, the electric conditions of atmosphere, the degree of heat, dryness, moisture, and amount of wind prevailing, are all more or less modified by the state of the moon. In the generality of bodily diseases, what obvious changes are observed to accompany the meteorological conditions referred to? Surely those suffering from diseases of the brain and nervous system affecting the mind cannot, with any show of reason, be considered as exempt from the operations of agencies that are universally admitted to affect patients afflicted with other maladies." In a note, he further tells us that an intelligent lady, who occupied for about five years the position of matron in his establishment for insane ladies, has remarked that she invariably observed a great agitation among the patients when the moon was at its full. Shakespeare* informs us that the moon makes men insane when

> She comes more nearer earth than she was wont.

Another popular idea is that the weather changes with the moon's quarters, although, of course, there is no truth in this piece of vulgar astrology. That educated people, as Dr. Tylor† has truly pointed out, to whom exact weather records are accessible, should still find satisfaction in this fanciful lunar rule, is an interesting case of intellectual survival. Yet, however, the fact remains, and in every-day life one of the most frequent remarks appertaining to wet weather is, that it will no doubt change with the moon. In many parts of the country great attention is paid to the day of the week on which the change of the moon occurs. Thus, if the moon change on a Sunday, we are told "there will be a flood before the month is out;" whereas a new moon on a Monday is nearly everywhere welcomed as being a certain omen not only of fair weather, but good luck. A change, however, on Saturday, seems universally regarded as a bad sign, and numerous proverbs to this effect are found, scattered here and there, in most parts of England as well as Scotland. Some of the most prevalent are the following:—

> A Saturday's change and a Sunday's full moon
> Once in seven years is once too soon.

In Norfolk, the peasantry say:—

> Saturday new and Sunday full,
> Never was good and never wull.

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* *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 2.

† *Primitive Culture*, 1871, p. 118.

The same notion exists on the Continent : Wednesday in Italy, and Friday in the south of France, being regarded as unfavourable days for a change of moon. Again, various omens are made from the aspect of the moon. At Whitby, for instance, when the moon is surrounded by a halo of watery clouds, the seamen say there will be a change of weather, for the "moon-dogs" are about. This halo is called in Scotland "brugh" *—the early Teutonic word for circle, as in the following rhyme :—

About the moon there is a brugh,
The weather will be cauld and rough.

A pale moon, too, is equally unfavourable : a piece of weather lore to which Shakespeare alludes in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (act ii. sc. 2) :

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.

When the moon's horns appear to point upwards it is said to be like a boat, and in many parts there is an idea that when it is thus situated there will be no rain—a superstition which George Eliot describes in "'Adam Bede :"—"It 'ud ha' been better luck if they'd ha' buried him i' the forenoon, when the rain was fallin' : there's no likelihood of a drop now. An' the moon lies like a boat there. That's a sure sign of fair weather." According to sailors, when the moon is in this position it denotes fine weather, for, to use their phrase, "You might hang your hat upon it." In Liverpool, however, it is considered a sign of foul weather, as the moon is now considered to be like a basin full of water about to fall. The Scotch proverb expressive of the same fancy inculcates the following admonition :—

The honey moon is on her back;
Mend your shoes and sort your thack.

Whenever a planet or large star is seen near the moon, it is said by seafaring men to prognosticate boisterous weather, for to make use of their term, "A big star is dogging the moon." Some years ago, says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, a fisherman of Torquay told me after a violent gale that he had foreseen the storm, as he had observed one star ahead of the moon towing her, and another astern chasing her. Many other superstitious fancies are associated with the moon's supposed influence on the weather, varying, of course, in different localities. Thus, a clear moon is generally supposed to augur bright weather in summer, and frost in winter. One proverb tells us :—

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* Swainson's *Weather Lore*, p. 186.

If the moon show a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field:
But if she rises haloed round,
Soon we'll tread on deluged ground.

In winter time, according to a popular adage,

Clear moon, frost soon.

The moon's eclipse has been from the earliest times held as ominous ; and hence just as unlucky for lawful enterprises as suitable for evil designs,—a superstition graphically described by Shakespeare in "Othello" (act. v. sc. 2) :

O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Most readers, too, are doubtless acquainted with Milton's* description of this inauspicious season :—

As when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations.

When the moon was eclipsed, the Romans supposed it was from the influence of magical charms ; to counteract which, they had recourse to the sound of brazen implements of all kinds. Shakespeare, too, in the "Tempest"† (act v. sc. i), mentions the notions of witches being able to influence the moon by their incantations :—

His mother was a witch : and one so strong
That could control the moon.

The Chinese believe that during the eclipses of the sun and moon these celestial bodies are attacked by a great serpent ; to drive away which they strike their gongs or brazen drums ; an opinion shared also by the Turks. Brand‡ quotes an old authority, who says that in former times the Irish and Welsh, during eclipses, ran about beating kettles and pans, thinking that their clamour might be available in assisting the higher orbs.

Among the many other superstitions connected with the moon may be mentioned the conception of the mooncalf, an inanimate shapeless mass supposed to be engendered by the influence of the moon. Thus, in the "Tempest" (act ii. sc. 2), Trinculo supposes Caliban to be a mooncalf, and says : "I hid me under the dead

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* *Paradise Lost*, Bk. i. l. 597.
† See Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, 1839, p. 16.
‡ *Popular Antiquities*, 1849, iii. 153. Sir Thomas Browne's Works, 1852, i. 87.

mooncalf's gaberdine." Drayton's mooncalf, in his poem so called, is there supposed to have been produced by the world itself in labour, and engendered by an incubus. It is intended as a satirical representation of the fashionable man of his time.* Hecate, again, in "Macbeth" (act iii. sc. 5), tells the witches :—

> Upon the corner of the moon
> There hangs a vaporous drop profound,

efficacious in the invocation of spirits. This "vaporous drop" was probably the same† as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was believed to shed on particular herbs or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Erichtho using it. It seems to have been customary to swear by the moon—a practice alluded to more than once by Shakespeare. Thus Juliet reproves her lover for availing himself of this mode of testifying his affections :—

> O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
> That monthly changes in her circled orb,
> Lest that thy love prove likewise variable :

evidently considering the inconstant moon a far from safe object upon which to ground the fidelity of his word.

T. F. THISELTON DYER, *in The Gentleman's Magazine.*

THE FOUNDERS OF NEW ENGLAND: JOHN WINTHROP.

THE establishment of the Pilgrim Fathers at New Plymouth was but the first stage in the Puritan settlement of New England. It was, however, the most important among the many attempts to colonise that part of the North American continent. Other persons had gone thither to make money by trading with Indians or catching fish, whose main end, in the opinion of Winthrop, "was carnal and not religious." Captain John Smith, who was an energetic advocate of the colonisation of a region which he was the first Englishman to explore and describe, depicted it as a place where riches could be rapidly and certainly acquired. When the Pilgrim Fathers crossed the ocean, five years after these words were published, they did not prove by their conduct that Captain John Smith had misjudged the motives which would influence his countrymen. These men had not enjoyed either ease or honours ; the life which they led in Holland being so much the reverse of luxurious that it was a fitting preparation for bearing hardships in America.

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* Nares's *Glossary*, 1872, ii. 580.
† Singer's *Shakespeare*, 1875, ix. 72.

While the sturdy band in which William Bradford was then a leading spirit sacrificed little which was well worth retaining, and gained much which they highly valued, by emigrating to New England, the complete colonisation of the country by Englishmen might never have been effected had the example of these Puritans been unavailing. Ten years after landing at New Plymouth the colony numbered three hundred only. If left unsupported it might have remained as isolated and exceptional a body of men as the Pitcairn Islanders. But the necessary support and countenance were not lacking. Moreover, an absolute disproof was afforded of the dictum of Captain Smith when, in 1630, a large band of Puritans under the leadership of John Winthrop landed in New England and founded the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay.

John Winthrop was born on the 22d of January, 1588, at Edwardston, a village in Suffolk. This place is not far distant from his family estate of Croton Manor. Three generations of his family had been noteworthy for piety and attachment to the Protestant faith. Nothing more is known about Winthrop's education than that he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, at the early age of fourteen. Later in life he wrote that in his youth he "was very lewdly disposed, inclining unto and attempting (so far as my heart enabled me) all sorts of wickedness, except swearing and scorning religion, which I had no temptation unto in regard of my education." At Cambridge he "fell into a lingering fever," and then he became anxious about religion and diligent in prayer. He left the University without taking a degree. When he was seventeen years, three months, and four days old, as his father carefully records, Winthrop married Mary Forth, the daughter and heiress of John Forth, of Stambridge, in Essex. He obtained "a large portion of outward estate" by his marriage with Mary Forth, who was his senior by four years. He also became a more serious Christian. The result of this alteration in himself can be best set forth in his own words: "Now I came to have some peace and comfort in God and in his ways; my chief delight was therein. I loved a Christian and the very ground he went upon. I honoured a faithful minister in my heart, and could have kissed his feet. Now I grew full of zeal (which outran my knowledge, and carried me sometimes beyond my calling), and very liberal to any good work. I had an insatiable thirst after the word of God; and could not miss a good sermon, though many miles off, especially of such as did search deep into the conscience." These last words are significant, and they afford an indication not merely of Winthrop's frame of mind, but also of the prevailing sentiment among his fellow Puritans. They had an abiding consciousness of sin, and they were ready to search their consciences, or to submit to this being done for them, in order that their inherent and exceeding sinfulness should be made manifest. They had a morbid desire to mag-

nify their own wickedness. When living what seemed to be blameless and exemplary lives, they confessed in their diaries that they were altogether vile. The few memoranda by Winthrop which have been preserved abound in self-accusations. At one time he writes how, being at church in Groton, he suffered the thought of visiting his wife and her relations in Essex to enter his mind during the sermon, whereupon he delighted in the prospect, and "was led into one sin after another." He misses the obvious explanation that the sermon did not absorb his attention, and that he might be less to blame than the preacher. On another occasion he describes how, after examining himself, his conscience upbraided him with remissness as a magistrate in detecting and punishing sin, with spending his days idly and unprofitably, and with giving too much time to sleep and recreations. He notes "in all his exercises of conscience" that, when he was most impressed with the "guiltiness of sin" his inattention to sermons was most frequent and deplorable. Again, he is convinced that chief among his sins stands that of unbelief. Among the enumeration of his backslidings there is a passage resembling one in which Benjamin Franklin tried to show that self-denial was not only the most reasonable, but the most pleasant thing in the world. Franklin argued that self-denial was merely refusing to do something for which one had a strong desire, on the ground that it would prove injurious, or, in other words, "because it would cost more than it was worth." This business-like test is thus applied by Winthrop to his own conduct: "After the committing of such sins as have promised most contentment and commodity, I would ever gladly have wanted the benefit, that I might have been rid of the sin. Whereupon I conclude that the profit of sin can never countervail the damage of it, for there is no sin so sweet in the committing, but it proves more bitter in the repenting for it." In common with other godly men of his age, Winthrop was a self-tormentor. Much of his time was occupied either in wrestling with Satan or in devising measures to frustrate his wiles. He found "by often and evident experience" that a temperate diet contributed to the frame of mind which he desired to maintain, but he also admitted that "the great variety of meals" led him to eat more than was good for him; hence, in limiting his diet, he was providing for the common advantage of mind and body. He was concerned for the welfare of others also, and especially of those belonging to his own household. Among a series of resolutions which he set down for his guidance, there is one to the effect that, while liberal with his bounty, he "must ever be careful that it begins at home," and another that he will banish profaneness from his family. He also resolved to forbid card-playing in his house. Indeed, he appears to have been scrupulous in shunning evil-doing himself and discountenancing it in others; to have had a tender conscience and

a strong will; to have been diligent in seeking after the truth, and resolute in upholding what he believed to be right.

There is a lack of information respecting Winthrop's daily existence after his marriage. It is said that he was made a justice of the peace when he was eighteen; he practiced the law, as his father and grandfather had done before him. Later in life he became an attorney in the Court of Wards and Liveries, and then he had to make many journeys to London on professional business. That court, which was instituted in the reign of Henry VIII. and abolished in the reign of Charles II., examined into and determined the tenures of land held of the Crown, and, on the death of a Crown tenant, the court inquired into the circumstances in order to learn the extent of the estate, the age of the heir, and other facts whereby the sovereign might receive certain payments and exercise certain privileges. In 1615 he lost his wife, who had borne him six children, three sons and three daughters. He pronounced her to have "proved a right godly woman," after he had persuaded her to adopt his religious views. Six months after her death he married again, his second wife being Thomasine Clopton, the daughter of a neighbouring landowner. A year afterwards he buried her and an infant daughter. He wrote a narrative of her last illness, which is as curious, owing to its minuteness of detail, as it is interesting as a picture of his own mind. The following character, which he wrote of his wife, is as beautiful a tribute as was ever paid to any woman's memory: "She was a woman wise, modest, loving, and patient of injuries: but her innocent and harmless life was of most observation. She was truly religious, and industrious therein; plain-hearted, and free from guile, and very humble-minded; never so addicted to any outward things (to my judgment) but that she could bring her affections to stoop to God's will in them. She was sparing in outward show of zeal, &c., but her constant love to good Christians and the best things, with her reverent and careful attendance of God's ordinances, both public and private, with her care for avoiding of evil herself, and reproving it in others, did plainly show that truth and the love of God did lie at the heart. Her loving and tender regard of my children was such as might well become a natural mother: for her carriage towards myself, it was amiable and observant as I am not able to express; it had this only inconvenience, that it made me to delight too much in her to enjoy her long."

Winthrop had a strong liking for the married state. The records of his private thoughts contain frequent lamentations over his sinfulness during the short intervals in his life when he was a widower. Sixteen months after the death of his second wife, he became the husband of Margaret Tyndal, who belonged to the family with which Tyndal, the reformer and the translator of the Bible, was connected, and whose religious views were in entire ac-

cordance with his own. Two of his love-letters to her are preserved. They are extraordinary productions, being quite as long as a sermon, and cast in the same mould. In one of them he devotes much space to warn her against wearing fine clothes. He says that he was too bashful to mention this orally; certainly he did not hesitate to express his mind with great fulness and plainness in writing, and also to intimate no mean opinion of himself, as is shown in the opening sentence, where he wishes his future wife "a large and prosperous addition of whatsoever happiness the sweet estate of holy wedlock, in the kindest society of a loving husband, may afford." The marriage did not give satisfaction to the bride's family, her brothers being strongly opposed to it. However, they were reconciled to it, after their opposition proved futile, and they soon became good friends with Winthrop. One of them accompanied him to New England.

From the date of his third marriage to that of his departure for New England, there are but few facts of general interest in Winthrop's career. He had additions to his family, and he had an increase of business. His eldest son was sent to finish his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and he was admitted to the Inner Temple in February, 1624. Winthrop's father died at the ripe age of seventy-five in 1623. In announcing this in a letter to his son, Winthrop does so in the following graceful and tender phrases: "He hath finished his course, and is gathered to his people in peace, as the ripe corn into the barn. He thought long for the day of his dissolution, and welcomed it most gladly. Thus is he gone before; and we must go after, in our time. This advantage he hath of us—he shall not see the evil which we may meet with ere we go hence. Happy those who stand in good terms with God and their own conscience: they shall not fear evil tidings; and in all changes they shall be the same." The concluding part of the foregoing passage indicates that Winthrop was disquieted in his mind about public affairs. Two months before, he had added a postscript to a letter to his son at Dublin: "Send me word in your next how Mr. Olmsted and that plantation prospers. I wish oft God would open a way to settle me in Ireland, if it might be for his glory." It was, doubtless, the attempts which were made to substitute Protestant for Roman Catholic communities in Ireland which raised his desire to settle there. His dissatisfaction with the state of things in England, towards the end of the reign of James I., was increased when Charles I. ascended the throne, and gave evidence of his purpose as a ruler. The following phrase, with which he ends a letter to his eldest son at the close of 1626, supplies a proof of this: "The good Lord guide us all wisely and faithfully in the midst of the dangers and discouragements of these declining times." In 1629, writing from London to his wife, he says: "My dear wife, I am verily persuaded God will bring some heavy affliction upon

this land, and that speedily." These remarks denote the current of his thoughts, and they help to explain why he resolved to leave the country.

In the year 1628 he was smitten, when in London, with a "hot malignant fever," from which he recovered with difficulty. He notes in his diary that his illness was sanctified to him, and also that "among other benefits I reaped by it, this was one: deliverance from the bondage whereinto I was fallen by the immoderate use and love of tobacco, so as I gave it clean over." There are several references to tobacco in such of his letters as have been preserved. Two years before this illness he informed his eldest son in London that he wanted "some leaf tobacco and pipes." Next year he again wrote from Groton, "We want a little tobacco. I had very good for seven shillings a pound, at a grocer's by Holborn Bridge. There be two shops together. It was at that which was the farthest from the bridge, towards the Conduit. If you tell him it was for him that bought half a pound of Verina and a pound of Virginia of him last term, he will use you well. Send me half a pound of Virginia." The consumption of tobacco at Groton Manor must have been considerable. Nor was Winthrop the only smoker. His wife, writing to him when in London, says, "My good mother commends her love to you all, and thanks you for her tobacco." Winthrop's renunciation of the use of tobacco, after his serious illness, does not seem to have been absolute. In a letter written to his wife at Boston nine years later, he asks her to send him some wearing apparel, and adds, "I pray thee also send me six or seven leaves of tobacco dried and powdered." Many of his fellow Puritans regarded the practice of smoking with an aversion equal to that of James I., believing it to be a subtle device of Satan to ruin mankind. Yet the example of such a man as Winthrop proved to them that piety was not inconsistent with smoking, while his experience made him feel that "the immoderate use and love of tobacco" was the snare to be deprecated and avoided. Many persons will admire him none the less when they learn that, in common with his great contemporary, John Milton, he thoroughly enjoyed a pipe of tobacco.

In the spring of 1629 Winthrop remarked, in a letter to his wife, that they ought to be thankful for enjoying "so much comfort and peace in these so evil and declining times, and when the increasing of our sins gives us so great cause to look for some heavy scourge and judgment to be coming upon us." One of the occurrences which afflicted him was the triumph of Richelieu over the Huguenots at Rochelle. He feared that the Protestant Church in England was in danger, and he considered it imperative to carry the gospel to New England, and there "raise a bulwark against the kingdom of anti-Christ which the Jesuits labour to rear in those parts. Furthermore, he was disposed to leave England because the land

was so over-peopled that the poor found their children to be great burdens instead of the chiefest of blessings. In addition to the superabundance of people, there was such an excess of competition in all trades that the honest man found it hard to get a living. These drawbacks existed at home, while a whole continent, both fruitful and fitted for man's use, lay waste accross the ocean. That continent had a few native-born inhabitants, who as they neither enclosed the land nor had tame cattle and a settled habitation, were held by Winthrop to possess only "a natural right to those countries." He arrived at the conclusion, which was more convenient to him than to the natives, and which less scrupulous men after him have reached without elaborate argument, "If we leave them sufficient for their use, we may lawfully take the rest, there being more than enough for them and us." He communicated his plans and his reasons for adopting them to several friends, among them to Robert Ryece, who was "an accomplished gentleman and a great preserver of the antiquities of Suffolk." The latter, though agreeing with Winthrop in the main, advised him to stay at home, urging the following weighty consideration:—"The Church and Commonwealth here at home hath more need of your best ability in these dangerous times than any remote plantation." Had other patriots of that day, such as Pym, Hampden, Cromwell, Haslerig, Holles, and Strode, left the country also, the course of English history might have taken a different direction. A fable originated by Cotton Mather, and included as an authentic fact in many carelessly compiled histories, is current to the effect that three of the men just named were turned back by force when about to embark for New England. Winthrop was unshackled by any obstacle in carrying out his design to leave his native country and begin life anew in a strange land, where he might have no cause to dread the tyranny of Charles I. in civil affairs, or the Romanizing innovations of Laud in the doctrine and discipline of the Church. When contemplating emigration he naturally turned his thoughts toward America. Many colonies had been founded there, and the suitability of the land for colonisation had been demonstrated. In 1628 a Puritan colony had been established at Salem, in Massachusetts, with Endicott as the governor. The company which sent forth this colony did so under the security of a patent obtained from the Council for New England. Desiring to enlarge the scope of the enterprise, the company applied for a royal charter and obtained one empowering "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England," to make laws and govern the territory on certain conditions, and to resist by force of arms all attacks made upon themselves and their property, whether on land or water. Charles I. signed this document on the 21st of March, 1629; a few days afterwards he intimated his intention of governing the country without a parliament. It may be surmised that

the king looked upon a Puritan emigration as most desirable, insomuch as it lessened the number of his adversaries. The writings of Laud supply evidence in support of such a conclusion. In a report made to the king in 1636, Laud remarked that a lecturer at Yarmouth having gone to New England there was peace in the town, and that Mr. Bridge, a Puritan clergyman, had departed from Norwich to Holland. After reading this Charles wrote on the margin, "Let him go; we are well rid of him." Indeed, so far from showing any desire to detain the Puritan leaders in England, the king was resigned to their departure and was prepared to exclaim out of the fulness of a thankful heart, "We are well rid of them."

Twelve gentlemen met at Cambridge in August, 1629, and resolved that, if the charter could be legally transferred to America, they would embark for the plantation of Massachusetts Bay by the first day of the following March, with the view "to inhabit and continue in New England," and that they would take their wives and families, if the latter would consent to accompany them. They likewise agreed that any one who failed through his own default in keeping this agreement, should forfeit £3 for every day that he was unprepared to start. Winthrop was present at the meeting and assented to the resolutions. Two days later, a general court of the Company was held in London, when it was resolved that the government should be transferred to the plantation itself. At the same meeting, John Winthrop was elected governor of the Company. In April, 1630, he set sail in the *Arbella* for the Western continent. Sir Simonds D'Ewes, writing four years later, thus describes how this expedition was viewed by contemporaries. Previous emigrants to New England had "chiefly aimed at trade and gain, till about the year 1630, in the spring, when John Winthrop, Esq., a Suffolk man, and many other godly and well-disposed Christians, with the main of their estates, and many of them with their entire families, to avoid the burdens and snares which were here laid upon their consciences, departed thither. Nathaniel Morton, who was at New Plymouth when the Puritans sailed from England, writes in his "New England's Memorial," "This year, 1630, it pleased God of His rich grace to transport over into the Bay of Massachusetts divers honourable personages and many worthy Christians. . . . Among the rest, a chief one amongst them was that famous pattern of piety and justice, Mr. John Winthrop, the first governor of the jurisdiction, accompanied with divers other precious sons of Zion, which might be compared to the most fine gold." Before sailing, Winthrop issued a farewell address to his brethren in the Church, wherein he said far his associates and himself that "we esteem it an honour to call the Church of England, from whence we rise, our dear mother, and cannot part from our native country, where she specially resideth, without much sadness of heart, and many tears in our eyes."

Winthrop had taken a personal farewell of his friends and associates at a dinner before embarking. When about to drink their healths his feelings overpowered him, and the company wept in concert at the thought of never seeing each other's faces any more. But it was a still greater trial to part from his wife, who, expecting an addition to her family, could not accompany him. She was a devoted wife and mother. When her husband's departure had been determined on and while he was making the final preparations in London, she wrote a beautiful letter from Groton, in which she thus expresses her feelings and her hopes: "My request now shall be to the Lord to prosper thee in thy voyage, and enable thee and fit thee for it, and give all graces and gifts for such employments as he shall call thee to. I trust God will bring us together before you go, that we may see each other with gladness, and take solemn leave, till we, through the goodness of our God, shall meet in New England, which will be a joyful day to us." His answer is contained in a postscript to another letter which he had written before receiving hers: "Being now ready to send away my letters, I received thine; the reading of it *has dissolved* my head into tears. I can write no more. If I live I *will see thee* ere I go. I shall part from thee with sorrow enough; be comfortable, my most sweet wife, our God will be with thee." These touching words came straight from his heart; those printed in Italics are almost illegible in the manuscript from the tears which watered the paper. The sacrifice which Winthrop made in leaving his native land has seldom been equalled by any self-exiled Englishman. He left a fine estate, where he lived as a county gentleman in the receipt of an ample income and enjoying the esteem of his neighbours. The best society of the age was open to him. He had everything, in short, which constitutes human happiness, and it proves the strength of his religious sentiments, that he parted with his property, withdrew from all the attractions of society, and separated himself from a dearly beloved wife, in order that he might help to establish what he considered to be a pure Church and commonwealth on the North American Continent.

He arrived at Salem on the 12th of June, 1631, after a voyage of two months' duration. The sea was often very rough, but, as Winthrop records, however the tempest might blow and the waves rage, it was the exception for Sunday not to be duly kept, and two sermons be preached. Every Tuesday and Wednesday the passengers were catechized. On board ship Winthrop composed and probably delivered a discourse entitled "Christian Charity." In the course of it he set forth the objects of their society, which was composed of persons professing to be fellow members of Christ, who were "seeking out a place of cohabitation and consortship under a due form of goverment both civil and ecclesiastical," whose end was the improvement of their lives, and who hoped to attain it by

bringing "into familiar and constant practice" what most of the churches in England "maintained as truth in profession only." It was essential, to prevent shipwreck of their plans, for them to be knit together as one man: "We must entertain each other in brotherly affection. We must be willing to abridge ourselves of our superfluities, for the supply of others' necessities. We must uphold a familiar commune together in all meekness, gentleness, patience, and liberality. We must delight in each other; make others' conditions our own; rejoice together, mourn together, labour and suffer together, always having before our eyes our commission and community in the work, as members of the same body." He urged, moreover, that if they succeeded, the desire of other persons would be to copy their example, while failure would cause their principles to be ridiculed; that they would be as a city set up on a hill, the cynosure of all eyes. On the sixtieth day after sailing land was seen: "There came a smell off the shore, like the smell of a garden." Four days later Winthrop was able to record that he and others went on shore, where they supped on "a good venison pasty and good beer," and that some of the passengers "gathered store of fine strawberries at Cape Ann."

The settlers at Salem numbered three hundred when Winthrop arrived. About a thousand persons were transported in the ships which sailed with him or followed after. The cost of the enterprise was reckoned at £192,000. The vessels were laden with provisions to feed the settlers, wood and iron wherewith to build houses, and sheep, pigs, cattle, and horses wherewith to stock the land. Most of the goats and horses died at sea, and only half of the cows survived. This was not the worst. The settlers were in great straits for food, and stood in need of the assistance which the newcomers expected from them. Fever broke out, and carried off two hundred before Winthrop had been six months in the country. At least a hundred returned to England, both because they were in dread of famine, and also because they objected to the strictness of the discipline which prevailed. Deputy-Governor Dudley, when informing the Countess of Lincoln, by letter, what had occurred, states that those persons who thought of joining them for worldly ends had better stay at home, but that, if influenced by spiritual motives, they would find in New England what would satisfy them; that is, "materials to build, fuel to burn, ground to plant, seas and rivers to fish in, a pure air to breathe in, good water to drink till wine and beer can be made, which, together with the cows, hogs, and goats brought hither already, may suffice for food. As for fowl and venison, they are dainties here as well as in England. For clothes and bedding, they must bring them with them till time and industry produce them here. In a word, we yet enjoy little to be envied, but endure much to be pitied in the sickness and mortality of our people."

Winthrop has more to bear than many of his associates. His second son, Henry, who had missed getting on board the *Arbella* before she sailed from the Isle of Wight, and who followed in another ship, was drowned the day after reaching Salem. His third son, Forth, whom he left behind at Cambridge, who was destined for the ministry, and who was to embark for New England as soon as his studies were finished, died after a short illness. His infant daughter, Anne, died at sea shortly after his wife had sailed to rejoin him. The reunion of husband and wife took place in November, 1631. The arrival of Margaret Winthrop and her children was the subject of rejoicing among the people, who were unfeignedly glad that their governor's happiness was increased. Winthrop was greatly impressed with the demonstration, remarking that "the like joy and manifestation of love had never been seen in New England." His eldest son, John, came also, bringing a wife with him. He had completed the sale of Groton Manor, though at a price far below what his father desired, the sum obtained being £4,200, and the valuation being £5,760. William Bradford, the Governor of New Plymouth, made a journey in order to congratulate "his much honoured and beloved friend," the Governor of Massachusetts Bay, on being surrounded by his family in his new home.

The story of Winthrop's life during the nineteen years passed in New England is virtually the history of the rise and progress of the Company of Massachusetts Bay. As some of the principal incidents in his career will be narrated hereafter in connection with the lives of other founders of New England, I shall merely indicate now the main incidents in it. It was owing to him that the peninsula then called Shawmut, upon which Boston now stands, was selected as suitable for settlement, an excellent spring of water being the chief attraction. The Rev. William Blackstone, who claimed the right of ownership, was paid a small sum for permitting houses to be erected on Shawmut, and he left the spot when he found that he was to be under subjection to stricter Puritans than himself. He was a clergyman of the Church of England who had emigrated to America in the hope of being unmolested there on account of his religious principles. He assigned as the reason for leaving Shawmut that, having quitted England to escape from the tyranny of the Lord Bishops, he was not disposed to submit in America to the tyranny of the Lord Brethren. For the first three and the last three years of Winthrop's life in New England he was annually chosen governor; he was deputy-governor for three years. His chief fault, in the opinion of his associates, was that he was too tolerant. His excuse was that he thought it right, in the infancy of a plantation, not to be very rigid in administering the law, seeing that the people were more ignorant of their duties than they would be in an older and more settled State; however,

the ministers having enjoined greater severity, he deferred to their judgment.

An epidemic, which raged in the summer of 1647, carried off Margaret Winthrop. Her husband records the fact in these concise and happy terms: "In this sickness the Governor's wife, daughter of Sir John Tyndal, left this world for a better, being about fifty-six years of age; a woman of singular virtue, prudence, modesty, and piety, and especially beloved and honoured by all the country." Four years previously, he had noted that he felt age and infirmities coming upon him, and that he thought the time of his departure out of the world was not far off. Yet he was no more reconciled to remain a widower at the age of sixty than he was thirty years earlier. Accordingly, before his third wife had been six months buried, he married Martha Coytmore, a widow, and within a year after his marriage he became a father for the sixteenth time. No other Governor of Massachusetts has been more frequently married or more largely blessed with offspring. His death took place not long after the birth of this child. On the 26th of March, 1649, he passed away at the age of sixty-one. His loss was generally lamented, and he was buried "with great solemnity and honour."

Winthrop was singularly well qualified for his position. He was not a man of large information, nor of brilliant intellectual capacity. A list of the books taken from his own library and presented to Harvard College supplies a clue to his literary preferences. Out of the thirty-nine volumes two only relate to profane subjects, Livy's "History of Rome," and Polydore Virgil's "History of England," the others being either sermons or dissertations on theological topics; there is but one biography, and that, strange to say, is the "Life of the Virgin Mary." He excelled in the art of ruling men, doing this in such a way as to gain their affections. His puritanism was genuine and profound, yet it was devoid of bitterness. Unlike Dudley, Endicott, and other colleagues, he never thought it consistent with the profession of Christianity to hate such of his fellows as differed from him in opinion. He was a proficient in the happy art of giving the soft answer which turneth away wrath. He was moderate in all things, and, while ready to sacrifice much for conscience' sake, he was loath to compel others to sacrifice anything. Many illustrations of his good-nature and thoughtfulness are extant. He was in the habit of sending his servants to pay calls on his poorer neighbours at meal-times, in order that he might learn which of them required assistance. During a very severe winter an officious person informed him that a needy neighbour stole wood from his pile. Winthrop undertook to cure him of stealing in the future. When the offender was brought before him, he said: "Friend, it is a severe winter, and I doubt you are but meanly provided with wood; wherefore I would

have you supply yourself at my wood pile till this cold season be over." And he then merrily asked his friends "whether he had not effectually stopped this man of stealing his wood?"

One of Winthrop's failings was to be even more superstitious than his associates. He saw "special providences" in events which had no supernatural character. This was his weak side; his strength lay in the common-sense view which he took of all affairs, and the conciliatory spirit which he displayed on all vexed questions. When he left England in 1630 he had a good estate; he died penniless in Massachusetts nineteen years afterwards. He left children behind him who inherited and perpetuated his virtues as well as his name. His descendants in the sixth generation are among the honoured citizens of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

W. FRASER RAE, *in Good Words.*

THE CREED OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

THE early Christian belief was expressed in the formula which has since grown up into the various creeds which have been adopted by the Christian Church. The two most widely known are that of Chalcedon, commonly called the Nicene Creed, and that of the Roman Church, commonly called the Apostles'. The "Nicene" Creed is that which pervaded the Eastern Church. Its original form was that drawn up at Nicæa on the basis of the creed of Cæsarea produced by Eusebius. Large additions were made to it to introduce those parts which affirmed the dogmatical elements discussed in the Nicene Council. No addition was made at the Constantinopolitan Council, but at the Council of Chalcedon there were the clauses added which followed the mention of the Holy Ghost. It then assumed its present form, though it underwent a yet further change in the West from the adoption of the clause respecting the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son. The creed of the Roman Church came to be called "the Apostles' Creed" from the legend that the Apostles had each of them contributed a clause. It was successively enlarged by the "Remission of Sins," "the Life eternal," then by the "Resurrection of the Flesh," then by the "Descent into Hell," and the "Communion of the Saints." It is observable, before proceeding further, that the Creed, whether in its Eastern or its Western form, leaves out of view altogether such questions as the necessity of Episcopal succession, the origin and use of the Sacraments, the honor due to the Virgin Mary, the doctrine of Substitution, the doctrine of Predestination, the doctrine of Justification, the doctrine of the

Pope's authority. These may be important and valuable, but they are not in any sense part of the belief of the early Christians. The Eastern and Western Creed alike represented the simple baptismal formula, as expressed in St. Matthew's Gospel, which, of whatever date, is certainly anterior to the Creeds. The additions were undoubtedly made, as in the greater part of them is demonstrable, for the purpose of explaining more fully the articles of belief in the Father, the Son,* and the Holy Spirit. It is in pursuance of this same principle that we here propose to examine into the meaning of those sacred names.

I. It is proposed to ask, in the first instance, the Biblical meaning of the words. In the hymn *Quicunque vult,* as in Dean Swift's celebrated "Sermons on the Trinity," there is no light whatever thrown on their signification. They are used like algebraic symbols, which would be equally appropriate if they were inverted, or if other words were substituted for them. They give no answer to the question what in the minds of the early Christians they represented.

1. What, then, is meant in the Bible—what in the experience of thoughtful men—by the name of *The Father?* In one word it expresses to us the whole faith of what we call *Natural* Religion. We look round the physical world; we see indications of order, design, and good-will towards the living creatures which animate it. Often, it is true, we cannot trace any such design; but whenever we can, the impression left upon us is the sense of a Single, Wise, Beneficent Mind, the same now that it was ages before the appearance of man—the same in other parts of the Universe as it is in our own. And in our own hearts and consciences we feel an instinct corresponding to this—a voice, a faculty, that seems to refer us to a Higher Power than ourselves, and to point to some Invisible Sovereign Will, like to that which we see impressed on the natural world. And, further, the more we think of the Supreme, the more we try to imagine what His feelings are towards us—the more our idea of Him becomes fixed as in the one simple, all-embracing word that He is *Our Father.* The word itself has been given to us by Christ. It is the peculiar revelation of the Divine nature made by Christ Himself. But it was the confirmation of what was called by one of old time the testimony of the naturally Christian soul—*testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ.* There may be much in the dealings of the Supreme and Eternal that we do not understand; as there is much in the dealings of an earthly father that his earthly children cannot understand. Yet still to be assured that there is One above us whose praise is above any human praise—who

* It is not certain that in early times this formula was in use. The first profession of belief was only in the name of the Lord Jesus (Acts ii. 38, viii. 12, 16, x. 48, xix. 5). In later times, Cyprian (Ep. lxiii.), the Council of Frejus, and Pope Nicholas the First acknowledged the validity of this form. Still it soon superseded the profession of belief in Jesus Christ, and in the second century had become universal. (See *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, i. 162.)

sees us as we really are—who has our welfare at heart in all the various dispensations which befall us—whose wide-embracing justice and long-suffering and endurance we all may strive to obtain—this is the foundation with which everything in all subsequent religion must be made to agree. "One thing alone is certain: the Fatherly smile which every now and then gleams through Nature, bearing witness that an Eye looks down upon us, that a heart follows us." * To strive to be perfect as our Father is perfect is the greatest effort which the human soul can place before itself. To repose upon His perfection in sorrow and weakness is the greatest support which it can have in making those efforts. This is the expression of Natural Religion. This is the revelation of God the Father.

2. What is meant by the name of the Son?

It has often happened that the conception of Natural Religion becomes faint and dim. "The being of a God is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence. Yet when I look out of myself into the world of men, I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world of men seems simply to give the lie to that great truth of which my whole being is so full. If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should experience the same sort of difficulty that actually comes upon me when I look into this living busy world and see no reflection of its Creator."† How is this difficulty to be met? How shall we regain in the world of men the idea which the world of Nature has suggested to us? How shall the dim remembrance of our Universal Father be so brought home to us as that we shall not forget it or lose it? This is the object of the Second Sacred Name by which God is revealed to us. As in the name of the Father we have *Natural* Religion—the Faith of the Natural Conscience—so in the name of the Son we have Historical Religion, or the Faith of the Christian Church. As "the Father" represents to us God in Nature, God in the heavenly, the ideal world—so the name of "the Son" represents to us God in History, God in the character of man, God, above all, in the Person of Jesus Christ. We know how, even in earthly relationships, an absent father, a departed father, is brought before our recollections in the appearance of a living, present son, especially in a son who, by the distinguishing features of his mind or of his person, is a real likeness of his father. We know also how in the case of those whom we have never seen at all there is still a means of communication with them through reading their letters, their works, their words. So it is in this second great disclosure of the Being of God. If sometimes we find that Nature gives us an uncertain sound of the dealings of God with his creatures, if we find a difficulty in imagin-

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* Renan's *Hibbert Lectures for* 1880, p. 202.
† Dr. Newman, *Apologia*, p. 241.

ing what is the exact character that God most approves, we may be reassured, strengthened, fixed, by hearing or reading of Jesus Christ. The Mahometan rightly objects to the introduction of the paternal and filial relations into the idea of God, when they are interpreted in the gross and literal sense. But in the moral spiritual sense it is true that the kindness, tenderness, and wisdom we find in Jesus Christ is the reflection of the same kindness, tenderness, and wisdom that we recognize in the governance of the universe. His life is the Word, the speech that comes to us out of that eternal silence which surrounds the Unseen Divinity. He is the Second Conscience, the external Conscience, reflecting, as it were, and steadying the conscience within each of us. And wheresoever in human history the same likeness is, or has been, in any degree reproduced in human character, there and in that proportion is the same effect produced; there and in that proportion is the Word which speaks through every word of human wisdom, and the Light which lightens with its own radiance every human act of righteousness and of goodness. In the old Homeric representations of Divinity and of Humanity, what most strikes us is that whereas the human characters are, in their measure, winning, attractive, heroic, the divine characters are capricious, cruel, revengeful, sensual. Such an inversion of the true standard is what the revelation of God in Christ has rectified. If in Christ the highest human virtues are exalted to their highest pitch, this is intended to tell us that in the Divine nature these same virtues are still to be found, not less exalted. If cruelty, caprice, revenge, are out of place in Christ, they are equally out of place in God. To believe in the name of Christ, in the name of the Son, is to believe that God is above all other qualities a Moral Being —a Being not merely of power and wisdom, but a Being of tender compassion, of boundless charity, of discriminating tenderness. To believe in the name of Christ is to believe that no other approach to God exists except through those same qualities of justice, truth, and love which make up the mind of Christ. "Ye believe in God, believe also in me," was His own farewell address. Ye believe in the Father, ye believe in Religion generally, believe also in the Son, believe also in Christ. For this is the form in which God has made Himself most palpably known to the world, in flesh and blood, in facts and words, in life and death. This is the claim that Christianity and Christendom have upon us, with all their infinite varieties of institutions, ordinances, arts, laws, liberties, charities—that they spring forth directly or indirectly from the highest earthly manifestation of Our Unseen Eternal Father.

We take Christianity as it has appeared to Voltaire, Rousseau, Goethe, Mill, Renan. We speak of the story of the Gospels, in those parts which contain least matter for doubts and difficulties. We speak only of "the method" and "the secret" of Jesus as they have been presented to us in the most modern works. When we

read of the Cross of Calvary, the reason why it speaks so directly to the hearts of so many is that in those sufferings it expresses what we may believe to be the purposes of God in the sufferings of the whole human race. When we read of the weakness, the depression, the uncertainties of the Agony at Gethsemane, though in one sense thrown off to the furthest distance from the Absolute Sovereignty of the Almighty, yet in a deeper sense it brings us most nearly to it. "The origin of Christianity forms the most heroic episode of the history of humanity. . . . Never was the religious consciousness more eminently creative; never did it lay down with more absolute authority the law of the future."*

Those few years in which that Life was lived on earth gathered up all the historical expressions of religion before and after into one supreme focus. The "Word made flesh" was the union of religion and morality together in one, was the declaration that in the highest sense the Image of Man was made after the Image of God. "Æterna sapientia sese in omnibus rebus, maximè in humanâ mente omnium maximè in Christo Jesu manifestavit." † In the gallery through which, in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, the student is led to understand the origin and meaning of religion, he is taught to see in the child which looks upwards the reverence for that which is above us—that is, the worship of the Father. "This religion we denominate the Ethnic; it is the religion of the nations, and the first happy deliverance from a degrading fear." He is taught to see in the child which looks downwards the reverence for that which is beneath us. "This we name the Christian. What a task it was . . . to recognize humility and poverty, mockery and despising, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering—to recognize these things as divine." This is the value of what we call *Historical* Religion. This is the eternal, never-dying truth of the sacred name of the Son.

3. But there is yet a third manifestation of God. *Natural* religion may become vague and abstract. *Historical* religion may become, as it often has become, perverted, distorted, exhausted, formalized; its external proofs may become dubious, its inner meaning may be almost lost. There have been oftentimes Christians who were not like Christ—a Christianity which was not the religion of Christ. But there is yet another aspect of the Divine Nature. Besides the reverence for that which is above us, and the reverence for that which is beneath us, there is also the reverence for that which is within us. There is yet (if we may venture to vary Goethe's parable) another form of Religion, and that is *Spiritual* Religion. As the name of the Father represents to us God in Nature, as the name of the Son represents to us God in History, so the name of the Holy

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* Renan's *Hibbert Lectures for* 1880, p. 8

† Spinoza, Ep. xxi., vol. iii. p. 195.

Ghost represents to us God in our own hearts and spirits and consciences. This is the still, small voice—stillest and smallest, yet loudest and strongest of all—which, even more than the wonders of nature or the wonders of history, brings us into the nearest harmony with Him who is a Spirit—who, when His closest communion with man is described, can only be described as the Spirit pleading with and dwelling in our spirit. When Theodore Parker took up a stone to throw at a tortoise in a pond, he felt himself restrained by something within him. He went home and asked his mother what that something was. She told him that this something was what was commonly called conscience, but she preferred to call it the voice of God within him. This, he said, was the turning-point in his life, and this was his mode of accepting the truth of the Divinity of the Eternal Spirit that speaks to our spirits. When Arnold entered with all the ardor of a great and generous nature into the beauty of the natural world, he added: "If we feel thrilling through us the sense of this natural beauty, what ought to be our sense of moral beauty,—of humbleness, and truth, and self-devotion, and love? Much more beautiful, because more truly made after God's image, are the forms and colors of kind and wise and holy thoughts and words and actions—more truly beautiful is one hour of an aged peasant's patient cheerfulness and faith than the most glorious scene which this earth can show. For this moral beauty is actually, so to speak, God Himself, and not merely His work. His living and conscious servants are—it is permitted us to say so—the temples of which the light is God Himself."

What is here said of the greatness of the revelation of God in the moral and spiritual sphere over His revelation in the physical world, is equally true of its greatness over His revelation in any outward form or fact, or ordinance or word. To enter fully into the significance of what is sometimes called the Dispensation of the Holy Spirit, we must grasp the full conception of what in the Bible is meant by that sacred word, used in varying yet homogeneous senses, and all equally intended by the Sacred Name of which we are speaking. It means the Inspiring Breath,* without which all mere forms and facts are dead. It means † the spirit as opposed to the outward letter. It means the freedom of the spirit, which blows like the air of heaven where it listeth, and which, wherever it prevails, gives liberty. ‡ It means the power and energy of the spirit, which rises above the § weakness and weariness of the flesh—which, in the great movements of Providence, ‖ like a mighty rushing wind, gives life and vigor to the human soul and to the human race. To believe in a Presence ¶ within us pleading with our prayers, groaning with our groans, aspiring with our aspirations—to believe in the Divine supremacy of conscience—to believe

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* Luke iv. 18; John i. 33. † 2 Cor. iii 6. ‡ John iii. 8; 2 Cor. iii. 28.
§ Matt. xxvi. 41. ‖ Acts ii. 4, 17. ¶ Rom. viii. 16, 26; Eph. ii. 18.

that the spirit is above the letter—to believe that the substance is above the form *—to believe that the meaning is more important than the words—to believe that truth is greater than authority or fashion or imagination,† and will at last prevail—to believe that goodness and justice and love are the bonds of perfectness,‡ without which whosoever liveth is counted dead though he live, and which bind together those who are divided in all other things whatsoever—this, according to the Biblical use of the word, is involved in the expression : "I believe in the Holy Ghost."

II. Such is the significance of these three Sacred Names as we consider them apart. Let us now consider what is to be learned from their being thus made the summary of Religion.

1. First it may be observed that there is this in common between the Biblical and the scholastic representations of the doctrine of the Trinity. They express to us the comprehensiveness and diversity of the Divine Essence. We might perhaps have thought that as God is one, so there could be only one mode of conceiving Him, one mode of approaching Him. But the Bible, when taken from first to last and in all its parts, tells us that there is yet a greater, wider view. The nature of God is vaster and more complex than can be embraced in any single formula. As in His dealings with men generally it has been truly said that

> God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,

so out of these many ways and many names we learn from the Bible that there are especially these three great revelations, these three ways in which He can be approached. None of them is to be set aside. It is true that the threefold name of which we are speaking is never in the Bible brought forward in the form of an unintelligible mystery. It is certain that the only place§ where it is put before us as an arithmetical enigma is now known to be spurious. Yet it is still true that the doctrine of the Trinity, whether in its biblical or its metaphysical form, is a wholesome rebuke to that readiness to dispose of the whole question of the Divine nature, as if God were a man, a person like ourselves. The hymn of Reginald Heber, which is one of the few hymns in which the feeling of the poet and the scholar is interwoven with the strains of simple devotion—

> Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty—

refuses to lend itself to any anthropomorphic speculations, and takes refuge in abstractions as much withdrawn from the ordinary

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* John iv. 24. † Gal. v. 22 ; Eph. v. 9.
‡ John xiv. 17, 26; xv. 26; xvi. 13. § 1 John v. 7.

figures of human speech and metaphor, as if it had been composed by Kant or Hegel. To acknowledge this triple form of revelation, to acknowledge this complex aspect of the Deity, as it runs through the multiform expressions of the Bible—saves, as it were, the awe, the reverence due to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, tends to preserve the balance of truth from any partial or polemical bias, presents to us not a meager, fragmentary view of only one part of the Divine Mind, but a wide, catholic summary of the whole, so far as nature, history, and experience permit. If we cease to think of the Universal Father, we become narrow and exclusive. If we cease to think of the Founder of Christianity and of the greatness of Christendom, we lose our hold on the great historic events which have swayed the hopes and affections of man in the highest moments of human progress. If we cease to think of the Spirit, we lose the inmost meaning of Creed and Prayer, of Church and Bible. In that apologue of Goethe before quoted, when the inquiring student asks his guides who have shown him the three forms of reverence, "To which of these religions do you adhere?" "To all the three," they reply, "for in their union they produce the true religion, which has been adopted, though unconsciously, by a great part of the world." "How then, and where?" exclaimed the inquirer. "In the Creed," replied they. "For the first article is ethnic, and belongs to all nations. The second, Christian, belongs to those struggling with affliction, glorified in affliction. The third teaches us an inspired communion of saints. And should not the three Divine Persons justly be considered as in the highest sense One?"

2. And yet on the other hand, when we pursue each of these sacred words into its own recesses, we may be thankful that we are thus allowed at times to look upon each as though each for the moment were the whole and entire name of which we are in search. There are in the sanctuaries of the old churches of the East on Mount Athos sacred pictures intended to represent the doctrine of the Trinity, in which, as the spectator stands at one side, he sees only the figure of Our Saviour on the cross, as he stands on the other side he sees only the Heavenly Dove, as he stands in the front he sees only the Ancient of Days, the Eternal Father. So it is with the representations of this truth in the Bible, and, we may add, in the experiences of religious life. Sometimes, as in the Old Testament, especially in the Psalms, we are alone with God, we trust in Him, we are His and He is ours. The feeling that He is our Father, and that we are His children, is all-sufficing. We need not be afraid so to think of Him. Whatever other disclosures He has made of Himself are but the filling up of this vast outline. Whatever other belief we have or have not, cling to this. By this has lived many a devout soul in Jewish and in Pagan times whom He assuredly will not reject. By this faith lived many in Jewish

times, and obtained a good report, even when they had not received the promise. By this faith have lived many a devout sage and hero of the ancient world. So long as this great Ideal remains before us, the material world has not absorbed our whole being, has not obscured the whole horizon.

Sometimes, again, as in the Gospels or in particular moments of life, we see no revelation of God except in the world of history. There are those to whom science is dumb, to whom nature is dark, but who find in the life of Jesus Christ all that they need. He is to them the all in all, the True, the Holy, the express image of the Highest. We need not fear to trust to Him. The danger hitherto has been not that we can venerate Him too much, or that we can think of Him too much. The error of Christendom has far more usually been that it has not thought of Him half enough—that it has put aside the mind of Christ, and taken in place thereof the mind of Augustine, Aquinas, Calvin, great in their way—but not the mind of Him of whom we read in Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Or if we should combine with the thought of Him the thought of others foremost in the religious history of mankind, we have His own command to do so, so far as they are the likenesses of Himself, or so far as they convey to us any truth from the unseen world, or any lofty conception of human character. With the early Christian writers, we may believe that the Word, the Wisdom of God which appeared in its perfection in Jesus of Nazareth, had appeared in a measure in the examples of virtue and wisdom which had been seen before His coming. On the same principle we may apply this to those who have appeared since. He has Himself told us that in His true followers He is with mankind to the end of the world. In the holy life, in the courageous act, in the just law, is the Real Presence of Christ. Where these are, in proportion as they recall to us His divine excellence, there, far more than in any consecrated form or symbol, is the true worship due from a Christian to his Master.

Sometimes, again, as in the Epistles, or in our own solitary communing with ourselves, all outward manifestations of the Father and of the Son, of outward nature and of Christian communion, seem to be withdrawn, and the eye of our mind is fixed on the Spirit alone. Our light then seems to come not from without but from within, not from external evidence but from inward conviction. That itself is a divine revelation. For the Spirit is as truly a manifestation of God as is the Son or the Father. The teaching of our own heart and conscience is enough. If we follow the promptings of truth and purity, of justice and humility, sooner or later we shall come back to the same Original Source. The witness of the Spirit of all goodness is the same as the witness of the life of Jesus, the same as the witness of the works of God our Creator.

3. And this distinction, which applies to particular wants of the life

of each man, may be especially traced in the successive stages of the spiritual growth of individuals and of the human race itself. There is a beautiful poem of a German poet* of this century of whom it has been said that he represents the chief current and tendency of modern thought, in which he describes his wanderings in the Hartz Mountains, and as he rests in the house of a mountain peasant, a little child, the daughter of the house, sits at his feet, and looks up in his troubled countenance, and asks, "Dost thou believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost?" He makes answer in words which must be read in the original to see their full force. He says: "When I sate as a boy on my mother's knees, and learned from her to pray, I believed on God the Father, who reigns aloft so great and good, who created the beautiful earth and the beautiful men and women that are upon it, who to sun and moon and stars foretold their appointed course. And when I grew a little older and bigger, then I understood more and more, then I took in new truth with my reason and my understanding, and I believed on the Son—the well-beloved Son, who in his love revealed to us what love is, and who for his own reward, as always happens, was crucified by the senseless world. And now that I am grown up, and that I have read many books and traveled in many lands, my heart swells, and with all my heart I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of God. He it is who works the greatest of miracles, and greater miracles yet shall He work than we have yet seen. He it is who breaks down all the strongholds of oppression and sets the bondmen free. He it is who heals old death-wounds and throws into the old law new life. Through Him it is that all men become a race of nobles, equal in the sight of God. Through Him are dispersed the black clouds and dark cobwebs that bewilder our hearts and brains."

A thousand knights in armor clad
  Hath the Holy Ghost ordained,
All His work and will to do,
  By His living force sustained.
Bright their swords, their banners bright;
Who would not be ranked a knight,
  Foremost in that sacred host?
Oh, whate'er our race or creed,
May we be such knights indeed,
  Soldiers of the Holy Ghost.

III. The name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost will never cease to be the chief expression of Christian belief, and it has been endeavored to show what is the true meaning of them. It may be that the Biblical words in some respects fall short of this high signification. But it is believed that on the whole they contain or suggest thoughts of this kind, and that in this develop-

* Heine.

ment of their meaning, more than in the scholastic systems built upon them, lies their true vitality.

Apparat domus intus, et atria longa patescunt.

But even when the true Biblical meaning of them has been recovered, there still remains the universal and the deeper truth within. In Christianity nothing is of real concern except that which makes us wiser and better; everything which does make us wiser and better is the very thing which Christianity intends. Therefore even in these three most sacred words there is yet, besides all the other meanings which we have found in them, the deepest and most sacred meaning of all—that which corresponds to them in the life of man. Many a one has repeated this Sacred Name, and yet never fulfilled in himself the truth which it conveys. Some have been unable to repeat it, and yet have grasped the substance which alone gives to it spiritual value. What John Bunyan said on his death-bed concerning prayer is equally true of all religious forms: "Let thy heart be without words rather than thy words without heart." Wherever we are taught to know and understand the real nature of the world in which our lot is cast, there is a testimony, however humble, to the name of the Father; wherever we are taught to know and admire the highest and best of human excellence, there is a testimony to the name of the Son; wherever there is implanted in us a presence of freedom, purity and love, there is a testimony to the name of the Holy Ghost.

DEAN STANLEY, *in The Nineteenth Century.*

THE AFGHANS AND THEIR HISTORY.*

A NEW Oriental question has entered the foreground of modern history, a question which at the present time directs the attention of the English nation towards the distant East—the lofty plateau of Afghanistan, which, like a gigantic rock-gateway, connects and sunders two worlds, the Central Asiatic and Indian. Scarcely had the Oriental problem on European soil reached a settled, though really only provisory, solution, when a new Oriental query in Asiatic territories appeared like a threatening thunder-cloud on the horizon of the history of our own times. In the former the question concerned the fate of Bulgaria; in the latter, the destiny of the Afghans. Both were closely connected. The seed sown by the Sea of Marmora will be harvested in Afghanistan.

The Bulgarians have been delivered from almost five centuries of disgraceful servitude to the Turks and Greeks, and are now approaching the dawn of a fairer future. The first die for the decision

* Translated from the German, for THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE, by MISS M. J. SAFFORD.

of the Afghans' future has already been cast. The march through the Bolan Pass, the occupation of Quetta and Candahar, can probably not yet be regarded as the Rubicon of the Afghan future; but it is at any rate a Rubicon, which those who have once passed can never cross again without sustaining a serious loss of prestige and power. English authors and orators frequently compare the Afghans to corn between the two mill-stones of Russia and England, and the simile is an admirable one in many respects. Corn between mill-stones is not destroyed, but transformed into a shape more desirable for human needs. If a similar process should be accomplished with the Afghans, not they alone but mankind in general will owe a debt of gratitude to the mill-stones.

The picture of modern Afghan, sketched by an impartial observer, is by no means pleasing. Greed and vengeance, lawlessness and treachery, are the prominent figures which appear in vivid colors, and I know of few minor details that could be introduced to soften the cheerless impression. Yet a survey of the commencement of any matter, be it ever so bad, is almost always permeated with the germs of reconciliation, and therefore I will ask my readers to glance with me at the earliest history, the period of development of the Afghan race. Although we cannot attempt to display a picture of this people's entire history, we must follow it to the eleventh century, A.D., that is, the time it first enters the history of Asiatic nations as a decisive factor. What the Afghans have become they became at the time of the eleventh century, and what they were then they still remain. All the material at our disposal for this purpose consists of four scanty historical allusions, dating from the fifth century before and the seventh and eleventh centuries after the birth of Christ.

The Afghans do not call themselves by this name. The word Afghan is used by Persians, Arabians, and others, but the native name is Pakhthûn (plural, Pakhtâna), which, in India, has become Pathân. Under this name the nation appears as early as 481 B.C.

Herodotus, the father of history, has preserved for us an account which is extremely valuable in regard to ancient geography—of the composition of the army, at whose head the Persian king, Xerxes, or, as he calls himself in his inscriptions, "Khsayârsâ, the great king, the king of kings, the king of the populous countries, the king of this great realm," sets forth to chastise and subjugate the bold Greeks. In the description of the nationality of the various divisions of the army, and their dress and weapons, Herodotus mentions the *Πάχτυες*, Pactyans, who wore sheepskin coats and were armed with native bows and knives (vii. 67). These Paktyans are the direct ancestors of the modern Pakhtâna, the Pakhto-speaking nations, who still wear a characteristic sheepskin garment (the pûschtin) and use peculiar knives, but have exchanged the bows of Xerxes' time for long-barreled guns. Unfortunately Herod-

otus gives no clear information concerning the residence of the Pactyans. He mentions the Paktyan country (*τῆς Παϕτυϊχῆς χώρης*,) in two passages (iii, 102; iv, 44) in connection with the city *Κασπάπυρος*, probably Cashmere. This combination may be correct or not; at any rate we shall not err greatly if we suppose this nation lived somewhere in the mountains which separate India and Afghanistan, perhaps the most northern chains of the Suliman Mountains.

Alexander's campaign to Central Asia and India first cast some light upon these countries, but his geographers have told us nothing about the Paktyans. The next information appears about a thousand years later, in a book of travels written by a Chinese pilgrim, Hionan-Thsang, who, during the years 629–645, visited all the countries in which his faith—the teachings of Buddha—prevailed, but traveled particularly through India to the extreme South. In his account—one of the most valuable documents of the geographical literature of the East—he speaks (in "Hoei-Li," page 265) of an O-po-ki-en nation settled in the mountains between the Indus and Ghuznee, that is, in the center of the Suliman Mountains. This O-po-ki-en nation is in all probability the Afghans.

With a third leap over three centuries we at last reach times when the sources of historical information appear to flow more abundantly. During the last decades of the tenth century a dynasty of Turkish origin had established itself in the city of Ghuznee, and had not only conquered the greater portion of Central Asia, Khorazan and Afghanistan, but had also subjected to its rule, and to the Mohammedan faith, the northern countries of India. Mahmoud, son of Sebuctegin, was the founder of this kingdom, the conqueror of India and the father of Mohammedanism there. From that time until the day Lord Clive fought the battle of Plassey (1757) the dawn of a new era, the nations of India, with a few provincial exceptions, have always been subject to Mohammedan rulers.

The great Mahmoud's campaigns, as well as his whole history, have come down to us with tolerable accuracy in a work by one of his secretaries, Alutbi. According to this chronicle, Mahmoud, while returning from an expedition to India in the year 1018, across the mountains to Ghuznee, was annoyed on the way by attacks from predatory Afghans, halted, and sent troops to punish them—an event exactly repeated in our own times by the passage of the English army through the Koorum Pass. This information of Alutbi is doubly valuable; first, because it contains the oldest unequivocal mention of the name Afghan; and secondly, because it specially designates by this title the eastern Afghans, the marauding tribes of the Suliman Mountains.

If, from what has been previously quoted, we have obtained the conviction that the Afghans, or Pakhtana, were settled in ancient

times among the Suliman Mountains, on the eastern frontiers of Afghanistan, we must now turn to the northern boundary of the country—the western spurs of the Himalaya, the Hindoo Koosh Mountains, for there tradition places the original home of the Afghan nation. We can again join an expedition made thither by Mahmoud in 1010. The land against which Mahmoud marched with his army is called in his secretary's report Ghôr. Where shall we seek this Ghôr? Ghôr—in modern Pakhto, Ghar—means "mountain," "a range of mountains," and from this general appellation it appears that the name was given to several mountainous districts inhabited by the Afghans. But the Ghôr against which Mahmoud's campaign was directed, is—as may be proved from the accounts of the Arabian geographers of the tenth century—the hilly region west of the Banican Pass, especially its southern chains, and the southern outlying spurs to the province of Zamindawar. This original home of the Afghans is no longer occupied by them, but by races of Mongolian extraction, the Hazaras and Aimaks. The Arabian geographers make two statements concerning the nations of the Ghôr (for they are given this name by them as well as by Alutbi, while the word Afghan does not occur in this connection): that they were still heathen, that is, had not yet embraced Mohammedanism, and that they spoke a dialect of the Khorasan, or Persian language.

Mahmoud's campaign into the mountainous region—as unfamiliar to him as to us of modern times—was so far successful that he conquered it and took prisoner the prince of the race of Sûr. But the latter preferred suicide, by means of a poison kept in his seal ring, to imprisonment. Under Mahmoud's successors, the Ghôr, with rare interruptions, seems to have maintained its independence, and the royal race of the Ghôr was destined not long after to prepare a sudden and terrible end for the dynasty and kingdom of the Ghiznis.

There is scarcely any situation in life, where all Orientals prove themselves so brave, loyal, and constant, as in taking vengeance for murder. A descendant of Mahmoud killed a relative of the mountain princes, and Ala-eddin, the brother of the murdered man, swept down into the plains at the head of his hill tribes like a destroying tempest. The empire of the Ghiznis, west of the Suliman Mountains, fell at once, and Ghuznee—then one of the most flourishing cities in the world—was burned and leveled to the ground. The way in which Ala-eddin performed his vendetta made so great an impression, even in the East, that at the present day, both in history and tradition, he still bears the name of Jahansöz, burner of the world.

At this point we can close our survey of the Afghans' former history. Under the dynasty of Sûr, as rulers of India and Afghanistan, they for the first time played a prominent part in the history

of Asia—in Afghanistan since 1152, in India since 1186. From my previous account it might be inferred that, before the eleventh century, A.D., the Afghans inhabited only the western Hindoo Koosh and Suliman Mountains, but had not yet appeared in the lofty plateaux of Cabul, Ghuznee, and Candahar. This conclusion I must oppose, though not with the weapons of authentic history. It is an open question whether from ancient times, the Afghan tribes inhabited these plateaux, or whether and at what period they descended from the mountains to the plains; but it may be supposed that as early as the tenth century the expansion of the Afghan nations had commenced, crowding the Indian peoples towards the east, the Balutzis towards the south, and the Persians towards the west.

Mahmoud's military renown strongly attracted the Pakhto tribes. As Persians became his viziers and civil magistrates, and Turks his generals and officers, the Afghans became his soldiers. They flocked in countless hordes to India, formed the predominant military caste, and were rewarded with the lands of the conquered Hindoos. With the Mongolians, they are still the principal portion of the Indian-Mahometan nobility. Afghan tribes, with few interruptions, ruled India till Baber's arrival, an Afghan race again swept Mongolian rule from the soil of India for a long time; horsemen of Afghan origin established kingdoms in Deccan and other parts of India, and reigned for centuries over countless millions of Hindoos. War is the Afghan trade.

Turning from the ancient condition of the Afghans to their present state, we find about five millions of people, who, though of the same origin, speaking the same language, and acknowledging the same religion, have not united under any form of government, but are divided into a number of tribes, which squander in endless feuds the strength and prosperity of the nation. Since the beginning of the present century, the awakening of national consciousness has swept over European nations like a hurricane, working both good and evil; Asia, and particularly the Afghans, remaining untouched. If, since the beginning of the last century, we can speak of an Afghan empire or kingdom, we must always keep in view the fact that the connection between the various tribes and their prince largely consisted in the payment of a certain tribute, which in many cases was only collected by force. If the tribes sometimes acknowledged the obligation of joining the prince's army, it was only when allured by the hope of robbery and plunder. The connection between the Afghan tribes from the year 1700 to the present day may be represented as similar to the bonds existing between the German nations at the time the imperial power was weakest. One after another the chiefs of the different tribes obtained the supremacy, usually by force of arms, never by election, like the princes of Saxony, Suabia, Bavaria, etc., in the German empire.

We must here briefly mention the Ghilzis, a race numbering about 100,000 men, who now hold, as pasturage for herds, the eastern part of Afghanistan from Cabul to Candahar, from the Suliman Mountains to Tarnak. Chiefs of this tribe were the first kings of the Afghans. Mir Wais, chief of the Ghilzis, after expelling the Persians from Candahar in 1709, was chosen king by his own tribe, and recognized as sovereign by many others. The deliverance from the Persian yoke was followed by an aggressive war against Persia, in consequence of which the ruling dynasty of Safawi was destroyed and all Persia became subject to the Ghilzi chief. But, well as the Ghilzis undoubtedly understood how to fight battles, conquer cities, and plunder, they had no idea how to govern great countries, and rapid success was followed by speedy ruin. Nadir Shah, the Napoleon of modern Oriental history, drove all the Afghans from Persian soil in 1731, and thus after an existence of twenty-two years the first Afghan kingdom under the Ghilzi race came to an end.

In 1802 the Ghilzis again stretched their hands towards the royal crown, and a pyramid of Ghilzi skulls, erected on the battle-field, commemorates their defeat at the present day. In January, 1852, cold, hunger, and the Ghilzis destroyed twenty thousand Englishmen and other subjects of the British crown.

The second tribe, the most numerous of all, from whose chiefs arose the second royal race, is the Duranis, formerly called Abdalis, who now live and pasture their flocks from Herat to Candahar, from the Persian frontier to Tarnak. The division called Popalzis, and the Sadozai family in particular, gave this tribe its chiefs and the country its second royal dynasty, whose origin is connected with the history of Nadir Shah. This remarkable man, originally named Tahwaskuli, a common camp follower and bandit, first came into notice, at the head of a bold little band, as leader of the guerilla warfare against the Afghan conquerors and oppressors of his native land; and he had the wonderful good fortune to sweep them from the soil in the course of a few years. After assuming the crown in 1736, he set forth against foreign countries, conducted successful campaigns against the Turks, conquered Afghanistan and the greater portion of Central Asia, and even marched into India, where he and his soldiery plundered the ancient imperial city of Delhi. As numerous German troops were enrolled in Napoleon's army, so Nadir Shah, besides other foreigners, numbered in his host 16,000 Afghans, the elite of the army, commanded by Ahmed-Khan, his best general, chief of the Duranis, and a member of the already mentioned Sadozai family. After Nadir was murdered in 1747, Ahmed-Khan and his countrymen returned home to Candahar, when he was chosen king of the Afghans. He was the most able and successful of all the Afghan princes. His campaigns, most of which were directed against India, were with rare

exceptions victorious, and his administration of civil affairs was not without certain points that compel the approval of even European critics. His empire extended from the Persian frontier to the Punjaub and Cashmere, from the Upper Oxus to Beloochistan. The dynasty he founded directed the fate of the Afghans from 1747 to 1818; its last act was a homicide. Limited to the province of Herat, princes of this family ruled until the middle of our century. Supremacy in the country, it is true, passed to another family, but still remained with the Durani race, for the Barakzis, whose chiefs are now the reigning princes, like the Popalzis, are a branch of the Duranis.

The third and last principal division of the modern Afghan nation is the tribes in the Suliman Mountains, the Momands, Afridis, Orakzis, Zaimukhts, Mangals, Turis, Maziris, and others—all, like the eagles and vultures whose nests are among their rocks, incorrigible robbers and marauders. The Momands, on the northern side of the Khyber Pass, number 18,000; the Afridis in the south, 23,000; the Maziris, through whose province the Guma Pass leads, 44,000 fighting men. They live in their respective provinces entirely independent of each other, and have never, as a body, been subject to Afghan princes, nor Indian rulers. The tribes and their numerous subdivisions, and even the separate villages and families, are involved in ceaseless bloody feuds. Each house, provided with a tower and loop-holes, forms a little fortress, and even in the fields there are numerous turrets from which the owner watches his possessions and often seeks an opportunity to kill his neighbor, or his neighbor's wife, child, or cattle. Their power and ability to be dangerous consists in the possession of the passes leading through the mountains, and in their predatory excursions into the plains. The rulers on both sides of the mountains have paid large sums to keep them in good humor, and even the English government does not consider it beneath its dignity to do the same. When their robberies exceed all bounds, an expedition is sent into the mountains, the villages are burned, the cattle driven away, and the tribe punished as far as possible; but the effect of these lessons has hitherto been only partial and temporary. If England seeks to solve the Afghan question by the annexation of Afghanistan, a new and difficult task will present itself—the pacification of this Asiatic Caucasus. The mountain tribes have no idea of the boundless power of Great Britain. This is proved by their marauding attacks on the English army, of which we read almost daily in the newspapers. No distribution of money will avail here, but only the most pitiless use of military power.

These three principal divisions of the Pakhtô population of Afghanistan, the Ghilzis, Duranis, and the tribes in the Suliman Mountains, besides a few southern tribes, the Tarins, Kakars and Povindias, speak the same language, with apparently a few trivial

differences of dialect. It is an Indo-Germanic language, which has been used for practical purposes by German scholars, Dorn, Fr. Müller and Trümp, and also by the Englishmen Bellew and Raverty. Probably the Pakhto language is nearly allied to Persian, but has sustained numerous and important changes through the influence of western idioms of Sanskrit origin. Besides the Pakhto, spoken by the common people, Persian is used as the language of the government, diplomacy and the higher circles in general, and the greater part of all correspondence is carried on in the Persian tongue. Persian was and still remains the language of educated and aristocratic people throughout the whole eastern part of Mahometan countries, as French was used outside the boundaries of France in the days of Louis XIV. and later.

The conditions necessary for the origin of a national literature have rarely existed in Afghanistan. The oldest work in Pakhto is a chronicle of the first half of the fifteenth century. Other specimens of Afghan literature known to us, histories and books on Mahometan theology and jurisprudence, cannot be rated at a very high value, even judged by an Oriental standard. Afghan poetry is of a somewhat higher order. We can form an opinion of it from an English translation published by Captain Raverty in 1862.

If I am to point out the special traits in manners and morals which characterize the Afghans, in contrast to other Asiatics, I must first direct attention to the fact that Mohammedanism possesses a remarkable power of levelling all distinctions, a power that effaces any peculiarities in the life of nations, and forms after the same model natives of Barbary and Egypt, Arabians, Turks, Persians, Afghans, and Indians. The character of the Afghans is given by naming their home ; they are a mountain people. Their mountains, the Hindoo Koosh and Suliman range, are respectively 18,000 and 11,000 feet high, and the central portions of their plateaux, Cabul, Ghuznee and Candahar, lie 6,000, 7,000, and 3,400 feet above the level of the sea. In their savage independence they will brook no master. They recognize no law save that of vengeance for bloodshed. Full of pride, they consider themselves at least the peers of any European. They are shepherds and nomads, very rarely farmers. Trade does not seem "gentlemanly" to the Afghans. If a rich Afghan engages in commerce, he employs others to manage the business, usually Hindoos. Among their laws and customs, the principal one not common to all Mahometans, is the Levitical marriage. If a married man dies, his brother is obliged to marry the widow ; if she desires to wed some one else, it can only be done by her brother-in-law's permission. Physically the Afghans seem to be the largest and strongest of all the Asiatic races ; they are described as having tall, extremely powerful figures, and are usually thin and muscular, rarely corpulent. They

will undoubtedly make excellent soldiers, if they are ever commanded by English officers.

I will mention in this place a foolish story, which, silly as it is, frequently appears in the daily press: that the Afghans are Jews, descendants of the ten exiled tribes; that King Saul was their ancestor, etc. The sources of this absurd legend are the Afghan chronicles, and I will add that the histories of most Mohammedan and Christian nations of the East contain similar statements. All Orientals are very proud of noble birth, and aristocratic ancestry has such powerful charms that the business of counterfeiting heraldic emblems has been successfully pursued in the East in all ages. When the Oriental nations successively entered upon the stage of history, and began to write in their own language, they felt the necessity of claiming a lofty and ancient origin, and as no historical traditions of any kind existed, their first chroniclers were compelled to meet this want by the fiction of genealogies dating back to the patriarchs of the Koran or the Bible. Fictions of this kind appear by dozens in every Oriental universal history.

Entering now upon the circumstances which caused the entry of English troops into Afghanistan, I must first ask my readers to glance at the map. The frontiers of the Russian and English possessions do not yet touch each other, but for years they have been constantly approaching, and—it may be confidently asserted—will meet at no distant day. It is a law of development in the life of Asia that native governments crumble into ruin by the side of European ones. To this law is due the extraordinary expansion of the British empire in India, and of Russian rule in Central Asia. The moral in both cases is the same. The question is now: Where will this expansion end? I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that the Hindoo Koosh will be the future boundary between Russia and England in Asia.

The present frontier of Russia runs a few miles north of the Oxus. Russia is now divided from the Hindoo Koosh by two principalities, Bokhara and Afghan—Turkestan, the former, being nominally independent, it is true, but so weak that General Kaufmann can put an end to the authority of its ruler at any moment, and probably without any great expenditure of strength. Afghan-Turkestan consists of a number of states inhabited by Eastern Turks—Maimana, Balkh, Khulm, Kunduz, etc.—which formerly existed independently of each other, under the rule of an Eastern-Turkish prince. With frequent interruptions, they paid taxes to the princes of Cabul from the middle of the last century, their allegiance to the Barakzi dynasty dating from 1850 and the years succeeding. The Afghan rule over these provinces rests on a very weak foundation. The population is wholly alien to the Afghans, speaks a different language, and sees in the present sovereigns only foreign oppressors. It is scarcely doubtful that General Kauf-

mann, without any great difficulty, can expel the Afghan rulers and occupy all the countries north of the Hindoo Koosh in his master's name, an annexation which will be the more important because roads suitable for the passage of whole armies lead through these countries, one across Balkh to Bamian and Cabul, and another across Maimana to Herat. The Russians have still another way to the north of Afghanistan, a way leading from their fortified military station, Kasnovodsk, on the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea, along the northeastern part of Persia, through Mero to Herat. The Russian military government has already made preliminary surveys of this route. Thus the Russian empire will be extended to the Himalaya, a line which connects Kafiristan, Bamian and the plains of Herat—a result with which all European countries not directly interested in these matters may well be satisfied. It is desirable for mankind in general that the independence of the Tekke and Gomal Turkomans should cease, and the countries north of the Hindoo Koosh will be better situated under Russian rule than under Afghan governors or petty Turkish princes.

Afghanistan proper, wedged between the two empires, would certainly not be worth the cost of annexing by force, so far as its own value is concerned; but the country is of great commercial and political importance. Through this region pass the roads which connect India with Central Asia on the one side, and on the other with Persia and the East. These roads are marked out by nature, nay, they are the only possible ones. From the earliest ages, all caravans and armies have passed over these highways, and the railroads will be obliged to follow the same lines. At present the commerce that pursues this route is of no great consequence, for at every place where customs are paid, and in every mountain pass, caravans are robbed on some plausible pretext, or without any pretext whatever. Yet I do not hesitate to say that this traffic, the exchange of the products of three great countries with many millions of inhabitants, if carried on under secure circumstances, is capable of immense development and would be of the greatest advantage to all concerned. Yet Eastern Turks, Afghans, and Indians can cherish no such hope. Russia will close her empire north of the Hindoo-Koosh and compel her Asiatic subjects to import everything they want from European Russia, through Russian merchants, thereby securing for Russian trade and manufactures a safe market, whose wants, after the restoration of settled political circumstances, will doubtless rapidly increase from year to year. England, on the other hand, whether willing or not, will probably be compelled to erect a similar barrier of taxes on the southern side of the Hindoo Koosh.

The question of trade plays no part in the present complication, which relates exclusively to political power, the discussion of which I must preface by a few words concerning the present royal family

of Afghanistan. Shere Ali, so often mentioned, is the third prince of the Barakzai family of the Durani line, which in 1818 wrested the reigns of power from the former sovereigns of the Sadozai clan. The annals of this dynasty begin with a shameful crime committed by Shere Ali's father, a deed that won its perpetrator a royal crown. In the early part of our century, Mahmoud Shah, the last king of the preceding dynasty, an indolent, incapable prince, ruled Afghanistan. Absorbed in enjoying life according to Afghan taste, he was glad to leave all the cares of the government to his omnipotent vizier Fathi Khan, the head of the Barakzi family. Fathi, a talented and energetic man, had established the king on the throne and defended him against numerous attacks. He did what every Oriental statesman in his position would have done, namely, entrusted all important military and civil offices to his brothers and nearest blood relatives. Such was the condition of affairs in 1816, when the Persians seemed about to attack Herat. Fathi Khan hurried by forced marches to protect it, but the governor, Hadji Feroz-Eddin, a brother of King Mahmoud, probably thought his royal brother's omnipotent minister more dangerous than the Persians, and therefore closed the gates against him. After Fathi, by stratagem, had obtained possession of the citadel, he sent the prince—under an escort of honor, but nevertheless as a prisoner of state—to Cabul. Scarcely had the royal governor left Herat, when Dost Mohammed, Shere Ali's father, a younger brother of Fathi Khan, rushed into the prince's harem and gave it up to the pillage and desecration of his soldiery. Among the women there chanced to be a daughter of the king, who had married a son of the captured governor, and this lady was also subjected to treatment for which neither the East nor West can offer any palliation. Dost Mohammed probably searched the harem for treasures, for the harem is considered a sanctuary which affords the last protection in stormy times, and whose desecration can never be atoned for except by blood. For this reason Mohammedans conceal their treasures there, as in ancient times men placed their valuables in certain specially sacred temples, for instance, that of Diana in Ephesus.

Dost Mohammed's unjustifiable act, committed *against* Fathi Khan's command, was the signal for endless bloodshed. The insult to the honor of his family kindled, even in the indolent king, a boundless thirst for revenge. By his orders Fathi Khan was blinded, and when the latter's brother advanced from the provinces to take vengeance, at the head of troops devoted to his will, the king and all his relatives fled from the capital, Cabul, and during this flight, the monarch commanded blind Fathi Khan, the founder and preserver of his power, to be murdered in a way I cannot describe here. The Barakzi brothers occupied the larger portion of the country, and since that time this dynasty has ruled the Afghan

nation with sovereign power; first Mohammed Azim, from 1818 to 1823, then his brother, Dost Mohammed, from 1823 to 1863, and afterwards the latter's son Shere Ali.

The first war, from 1839 to 1842, arose because Dost Mohammed, after vainly seeking aid from the English to accomplish the two main objects of his policy, the conquest of Peshawur and Herat, concluded, by the aid of Russia, an alliance with Persia after the arrival of a Russian ambassador, Captain Vikovitsch, at Cabul. The first appearance of Russian influence in Afghanistan incensed English statesmen to such a degree that, although the alliance was soon dissolved, they determined to overthrow the reigning monarch, and by force of arms make a prince of the former dynasty, who had fled to India, king of Afghanistan. The bloody drama that followed this decision, one of the saddest in history, is sufficiently well known. The troops marched into the country without resistance, and Shah Shudsha—this was the name of England's protégé—was installed in the royal city of Cabul. On November 2, 1841, the beginning of the end commenced. When the English force left Cabul, January 6, 1842, it consisted of 4500 soldiers, among them 700 Europeans, 12,000 men following the army, and the wives and children of the officers and soldiers. Within seven days, from the 6th to the 13th of January, all these people were destroyed. Those who did not starve or freeze in the deep snow, succumbed to the pitiless knives and bullets of the Afghans. Only one person, Dr. Brydon, escaped, bringing the terrible news to Yellalabad, the nearest English station. This one individual was probably spared solely because the Afghan chiefs had predicted that only one of the foreign intruders should escape from the slaughter to tell the tale. Besides Dr. Brydon, a small number of officers, women and children, who had been imprisoned, were rescued.

The puppet king, Shah Shudsha, was killed by his own countrymen, April 4, 1842, and Dost Mohammed returned to his throne on April 25th of the same year. The English again entered the country to take vengeance, and did so, but in a very insufficient manner. Immense loss of life and money, a considerable diminution of prestige, which was not regained by the somewhat pitiful reprisals, and which to the present time has continued very small, were the sole results of the first war between the English and Afghans. Let us hope that the Indian government will profit by the manifold lessons to be learned from this tragedy, and will save its numerous subjects now in Afghanistan from similar misfortunes. The first expedition was baffled by the utter incapacity of its leaders, and also in part by a very critical organization of the Anglo-Indian public service, which still exists. An expedition of this kind really has two commanders, a military and a diplomatic one; and this division of the highest power and responsibility between two officials, under circumstances where the possibility of

the utmost danger requires absolute unity of the principal authority, the strictest military discipline, and the sole responsibility of a general untrammeled by diplomatic considerations, contains in any circumstances the germ of vast peril. Since that time, Afghanistan has been a *noli me tangere* to Anglo-Indian statesmen. The less heard about it the better ;—a line of conduct called the policy of masterly inactivity, and whose exaggeration is the principal cause of the present war. When the errors of this policy were perceived and abandoned, it was already too late.

In 1863, Shere Ali, designated by his father as his heir, ascended the throne. For six years, sometimes victorious, sometimes defeated, he was forced to contend with his rebellious brothers. In the successful battle of Kudschbaz, in 1866, his favorite son was killed by an uncle, a loss which for a long time threw Shere Ali into a condition bordering upon insanity. For months he sat brooding over his affliction, without giving any sign of consciousness or expressing the slightest interest, when told that his authority was crumbling in all directions. Not until after Cabul was occupied by his enemies, did he rouse himself to action. During this time the English government did nothing to win him to be England's friend. It not only gave him no assistance, but negotiated with his brothers, and even recognized them semi-officially, evidently according to the principle, *Divide et impera*, while these brothers, according to every political law, were simply rebels. In 1869, Shere Ali had conquered all his foes, and was enjoying complete sovereignty over the whole Afghan realm, north and south from the Hindoo Koosh. From that time until 1873, forgetting the old and well-justified grudge, he courted English favor and assistance, but in vain.

The progress made in Central Asia by the Russians, who in 1869 approached the Oxus, and on June 10, 1873, entered Khiva, filled him with well-founded anxiety ; he feared that the whole of Afghan-Turkestan would soon fall a victim to the mysterious development of power displayed by his Russian neighbors on the northern frontier, and was aware that he could do nothing to prevent such a contingency. In this necessity he turned to England for aid, and received, instead, very vague promises. After Shere Ali had made this last unsuccessful effort in this quarter, he closed his account with the English in July, 1873, and threw himself into the arms of the Russians. Negotiations with General Kaufmann in Tashkend followed, and in 1878, an ambassador from the Czar appeared, who was received with great ceremony in Cabul. As the arrival of a Russian ambassador at Cabul had preceded the first Anglo-Afghan war, so now the appearance of General Abramof was a turning point in the development of affairs. The English government desired also to send an embassy to Cabul. Shere Ali refused, and England was thus involved in war. So Russia avenged herself in the distant East for the opposition England has made in Europe

to the liberation of the Bulgarians, a fresh exemplification of the old Bible adage: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

The necessity for this last war has been eagerly disputed. People may well ask: Are not the lofty Suliman Mountains with their difficult passes a sufficient boundary for India? To this I must reply, Sufficient for times of peace and security, but not in seasons of danger. So long as the English government in India remains unweakened, it can hold the predatory mountain tribes in check by the military posts west of the Indus; and as the trade by way of Cabul is now of no special importance, though it probably soon will be, can leave the Afghans and their rocky country quietly to themselves. But the case will be entirely different, if the British goverment in India is ever compelled to pass through such perilous times as, for instance, the Sepoy rebellion in 1857. Portions of the native army may revolt, whole provinces may join them, and should the rebels succeed in organizing, the restoration of the royal power might be less rapid and successful than on the first occasion. The Afghans, counseled and supported by Russia, would rise to a man. Impelled by the hope of plunder and by religious fanaticism, they would pour into India through the passes of the Suliman Mountains, and circumstances might arise which defy calculation. Without being infected by the folly of Russophobia, I think the English statesmen, for these reasons, were perfectly right to take up the gauntlet flung them by Shere Ali. The war might have been delayed, but not avoided. The advance of the Russians into Central Asia required a definite arrangement *in* and *with* Afghanistan, and without a war this was and is impossible.

An English army has occupied Candahar, not far from the English frontier, which during 1878 was pushed forward a long distance in that direction. From there the roads through Ghuznee to Cabul, and Giriskh to Herat are open to the troops. Though the first occupation encountered no obstacles, the definite arrangement will be more difficult, whether it concerns the simple annexation of the whole country or the southern portion, or its transformation into a dependent province. The English power, as the recent attack on General Burrows's forces clearly proves, does not inspire Afghanistan with the terror that paralyzes resistance. The Afghans lack neither courage nor means of defence, and though the usual dissensions between the tribes and members of the royal family may seem to smooth the way for England, it must not be forgotten that hatred of foreigners, blended with religious enthusiasm, is common to all Afghans and would be capable of uniting them to defend their native land.

To those who have no share in the doings of this distant country, these matters possess only a humanitarian and scientific interest. Every advance of European civilization on Asiatic soil is a gain for all mankind. The nations of Europe are now struggling with

many problems in their own social and political life; therefore there is more cause for rejoicing, if, notwithstanding this, Europe's work of civilization, whose blessings must one day embrace all the peoples of of the earth, is promoted; if the benefits of law and order are diffused among distant nations; and if the foundations of all dignified existence--security of person and property—are firmly established. PROF. ED. SACHAU, *in Deutsche Rundschau.*

THE GROWTH OF SCULPTURE.

ORDINARY conceptions of art are apt to be a good deal warped by the prevailing impression among artists and critics that the origin of all things is to be sought for in Italy and Hellas, or, at best, in Egypt and Assyria. Take up an average History of Sculpture, such as Lübke's, and you will find that the author imagines he has brought you face to face with the cradle of art when he introduces you to the polished granite statues of Thebes, or the lively alabaster bas-reliefs of Kouyunjik. From the point of view generally adopted by the æsthetic world, Egypt and Assyria are the absolute beginning of every earthly art or science. But with the rapid advance of anthropology and of what may be called pre-historic archæology during the last few years, a new school of æsthetics has become inevitable—a school which should judge of art-products not by the transcendental and often dogmatic principles of Lessing or Winckelmann, but by the sober light of actual evolution. So to judge, we must push back our search far beyond the days of Sennacherib and Rameses, to the nameless artists who carved the figures of animals upon bits of mammoth-tusks under the shade of pre-glacial caves. We must consider the Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures not as rudimentary works, but as advanced products of highly developed art. We must trace the long course of previous evolution by which the rude figures of primæval men were brought to the comparative technical perfection of Memphian or Ninevite monuments; a perfection which sometimes only just falls short of the Hellenic model by its want of the very latest and lightest touch—artistic grace and freedom. In short, we must allow that barbaric art is but a step below the civilized, while it is very many steps above the lowest savage.

In the present paper, however, it is not my intention to do more than sketch very briefly, and in a merely prefatory manner, the primitive stages of plastic art. I wish, rather, here to point out sundry influences which, as it seems to me, have conspired to give their peculiar characteristics to the very advanced sculpture of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and India. But as a preliminary to such

an exposition, it will be well to touch lightly upon sundry prior and necessary stages of early imitative art.

When a child begins spontaneously to draw, its first attempt is generally a rough representation of the human form. It draws a man, and a man in the abstract only. He is "bilaterally symmetrical," as the naturalists say; a full-faced figure, with all the limbs and features displayed entire. He has a round face, two goggle eyes, a nose and mouth, a cylindrical body, two arms held out at a more or less acute angle, with five fingers on each, and two legs, also divergent, with a pair of terminal knobs to represent the feet. This is the very parent of art, a symbolical or mathematical man, a rough diagram of humanity, reduced to its simplest component elements. It still survives as the sole representation of a man amongst our own street boys and amongst many savage races. Moreover, it affords us a good clue to all the faults and errors, the partial successes and tentative improvements, of subsequent artists. An Egyptian or Assyrian pond always consists of a square diagram of some water, surrounded by diagrams of trees, pointing outward from it in every direction, so that some of them are placed sideways, and some of them upside down. So, too, if you ask any educated European who is ignorant of drawing to sketch you the figure of a chair, you will find that he fails just where the street boy fails in representing the human face. He is too abstract and mathematical; he lets his intellectual appreciation of the chair as possessing four legs and a back and a seat, all at right angles and in certain determinate planes, carry away his judgment to the detriment of his visual chair, whose angles are all irregular, and whose planes interfere with one another in extraordinary ways. He turns you out a diagram, a section, or an elevation of a chair, not a picture in the true sense. That is the stumbling-block of all early painters and sculptors, the difficulty which they had slowly to overcome before they could arrive at the modern truthfulness of delineation.

In the technical language of painting, such truthfulness of delineation, such correct imitation of the visual object in its visible as opposed to its geometrical relations, is known as *drawing*. It includes perspective, foreshortening, and all the other devices by which we represent the visual field on a flat surface. But the term cannot, of course, be applied to sculpture, where something analogous nevertheless exists, especially in bas-relief. Accordingly, I propose in the present paper to employ the word Imitation in this general sense as including accuracy of representation in either art. And such accuracy of imitation we may take as the real and objective test of artistic evolution, at least so far as the imitative arts are concerned. I shall give examples hereafter which will illustrate the difference between the application of this test and of those shadowy and artificial standards so generally employed by the transcendental school.

So far as I know, the Polynesians and many other savages have not progressed beyond the full-face stage of human portraiture above described. Next in rank comes the drawing of a profile, as we find it among the Eskimos and the bushmen. Our own children soon attain to this level, which is one degree higher than that of the full face, as it implies a special point of view, suppresses half the features, and is not diagrammatic or symbolical of all the separate parts. Negroes and North American Indians cannot understand profile : they ask what has become of the other eye. At this second degree may also be placed the representation of animals as the Eskimos represent them—a single side view, with the creature in what may be called an abstract position ; that is to say, doing nothing particular. Third in rank we may put the rudimentary perspective stage, where limbs are represented in drawing or bas-relief as standing one behind another, and where one body or portion of a body is permitted to conceal another. Still the various figures are seen all on one plane, and stand side by side, in a sort of processional order (like that of the Bayeux tapestry), with little composition and no background ; nor have they yet much variety of attitude. Successively higher steps show us the figures in different positions, as walking, running, sitting, or lying down ; then, again, as performing complicated actions ; finally, as showing emotion, expression, and individuality in their faces. At the same time the processional order disappears ; perspective begins to come into use, and the limbs betray some attention to rough anatomical proprieties. Thus, by slow degrees, the symbolical and mathematical drawing of savages evolves into the imitative painting and sculpture of civilized races.

I wish to catch this evolving and yet undifferentiated art at the point where it is still neither painting nor sculpture, and where it has just passed the fourth stage in the course of development here indicated. From this point I wish to observe the causes which made it assume its well-known national plastic forms in Egypt, Assyria, Hellas, and India respectively. To do so, it will be necessary shortly to recapitulate some facts in the history of its evolution, familiar to most æsthetic students, but less so, perhaps, to the mass of general readers. Painting and sculpture, then, in their western shape at least, started from a common origin in such processional pictures as those above described—pictures of whose primitive peculiarities the Egyptian wall paintings and Etruscan vases will give us a fair idea, though in a more developed form. Setting out from this original mode, sculpture first diverged by the addition of incised lines, marking the boundaries of the colored figures standing out flat in very low relief. Then the edges being rounded and the details incised as well as painted, bas-relief proper comes into existence. Corner figures, like those of the Assyrian bulls and gods, give us the earliest hint of the statue. At first

seated or erect, with arms placed directly down the side to the thighs, and legs united together, the primitive statues formed a single piece with the block of stone behind them. Becoming gradually higher and higher in relief, they at last stood out as almost separate figures, with a column at the back to support their weight. At last they assumed the wholly separate position. Side by side with these changes, the arms are cut away from the sides, and the legs are opened and placed one before the other. Gradually more action is thrown into the limbs, and more expression into the features; till, finally, the cat-faced Egyptian Pasht, with her legs firmly set together, and her hands laid flat upon her knees, gives place to the free Hellenic Discobolus, with every limb admirably molded into exact imitation of an ideally beautiful human form, in a speaking attitude of graceful momentary activity.

Now if we look for a minute at a few of the criticisms already passed by æsthetic authorities upon works of national art, we shall see how far they differ from those which must be passed by the application of this objective imitative test. There are in the British Museum some Assyrian bas-reliefs from Kouyunjik, of the age of Asshur-bani-pal, or Sardanapalus, concerning which no less a writer than Sir A. H. Layard delivers himself after this fashion:—"In that which constitutes the highest quality of art, in variety of detail and ornament, in attempts at composition, in severity of style, and purity of outline, they are inferior to the earliest Assyrian monuments with which we are acquainted—those from the north-west palace at Nimrod. They bear, indeed, the same relation to them as the later Egyptian monuments do to the earlier." But the fact is that, if we accept imitation as our test, we must rank these very bas-reliefs as the highest products of Assyrian art. Any one who will look at the original works in the Museum can judge for himself. The animals in them are represented in very truthful and unsymmetrical attitudes, and often show considerable expression. A wounded lion seizing a chariot-wheel has its face and two paws given with a fidelity and an attention to perspective truly astonishing. The parts of bodies passing in front of one another are managed with high technical skill. A lion enclosed in a cage is seen through the bars in an admirable manner. And though conventionalism is allowed to reign for the most part in the human figure, especially in the sacred case of the king, yet the muscles are brought out with considerable anatomical correctness, and the inferior personages are often in really decent drawing, even when judged as Europeans now judge. All these points betoken advance upon the older works. To put it plainly, Sir A. H. Layard seems to have set up as a standard certain rather ideal characters of art, to have erected the archaic Assyrian type with which he was familiar, into an absolute model, and then to have found fault with these particular bas-reliefs because they were less "severe" and

"pure"—that is to say, more highly evolved—than his artificial standard of national excellence.

Similarly, I find Herr Lübke placing Indian sculpture far below that of Egypt and Assyria. For this singular judgment he gives merely fanciful and, as it seems to me, mystical reasons. "It might, indeed, be asserted," he says, "that a touch of *naïve* grace marks the best of these works, but this grace breathes no animation of mind nor power of thought or will; at the most it may be compared with the loveliness of the flowers of the field; there is nothing in it of moral consciousness." I confess I find it hard to discover traces of moral consciousness in the Memnon or the winged bulls; but any child can see that while Egyptian statues are stiff, unnatural, symmetrical, and absolutely devoid of anatomical detail, many Indian statues are free in position, stand with arms and legs in natural and graceful attitudes, show in their faces individuality or even expression, and represent the limbs with anatomical correctness only idealized into a somewhat voluptuous smoothness and rotundity. Here, again, we must suppose that a preconceived transcendental idea has blinded the critic to obvious excellence of imitation.*

One word to prevent misapprehension. I do not mean to say that such a rough test as that here employed can be used to measure the respective value of the highest artistic work. It can merely be employed to weigh nation against nation. In our own days, when good imitation is almost universal, when drawing, and perspective, and anatomy, are taught systematically to all our artists, we necessarily judge of æsthetic products by higher and mainly emotional standards. Mr. Frith does not differ much from Mr. Burne Jones, or M. Legros, or Sir Frederic Leighton, in mere technical ability to represent what he sees on a flat surface; but he differs greatly in

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* In justice to Lübke I should like to add that he differs totally from Sir A. H. Layard as to the Kouyunjik sculptures, and agrees, on the whole, with my independ ntly-formed opinion. To show how greatly our doctors disagree on such points, I venture to transcribe the whole of his remarks on this subject. "If the works at Khorsabad," he says, "mark the transition from the strict old style to one of greater freedom, the latter acquires its full sway in the palace of Kujjundschik. It is true, even here, the extent of subject-matter, the idea and its intellectual importance, remain unchanged. The Assyrian artists were compelled to restrict themselves, as their forefathers had done for centuries, to the glorification of the life and actions of their princes. But, while the ideas were limited to the old narrow circle, the observation of nature had increased so considerably in acuteness, extent, and delicacy, the representations had gained such ease, freshness, and variety, and the power of characterization had become so enlarged by the study of individual life, that an advance proclaims itself everywhere. At the same time, the art had lost nothing of its earlier excellencies, except, perhaps, the powerful gloomy grandeur of the principal figures; this was exchanged for the softer but in nowise feeble grace of a more animated style, and for the wealth of an animation that had thrown aside its fetters in various new ideas and pregnant subjects." Here Lübke's own transcendental canons do not mislead him, and he therefore avoids the fanciful error into which Layard's canons have led the great explorer.

sentiment and feeling. What we admire in one modern work of art, as compared with another, is its coloring, its composition, its beauty of thought and expression, its power of stirring the higher and finer chords of our emotional nature. What we dislike is vulgarity of subject or treatment, crude or discordant coloring, low or commonplace emotion, and all the other outward signs of poverty in intellectual and emotional endowment. These higher tests can sometimes be applied even where the technique is far from perfect, as amongst many mediæval Italian painters, whose drawing, especially of animals, is often ludicrously incorrect, while they nevertheless display a fine sense of coloring, deep feeling, and profound power of expression. But they cannot be applied to Egyptian or Assyrian handicraft, which thus falls short entirely of the specific fine-art quality as understood by modern æsthetic critics. The total absence of feeling and expression reduces the art of Egypt and Assyria to the purely barbaric level. That of Hellas, on the contrary, rises to the first rank. The origin of this remarkable difference forms the subject of our present inquiry.

A cheap and easy mode of accounting for such peculiarities, much in vogue amongst critics, is to refer them to "the national character;" which is about as explanatory as to say that opium puts one to sleep because it possesses a soporific virtue. If we take a single individual, the absurdity becomes obvious—no one would account for the excellence of Shakspeare's plays by saying that he possessed a play writing character—but when we talk of a whole nation, the trick of language imposes upon everybody. The real question, however, lurks behind all these shallow subterfuges, and it is this: Why is the national character artistic or inartistic, free or slavish, individual or conventional, as the case may be? The only possible answer lies in the physical condition and antecedents of each particular people. To put the concrete instance, Egyptian sculpture was what we know it to be, first, because the people were Egyptians, that is to say, Negroids; secondly, because they lived in Egypt; and, thirdly, because they had no stone to work in but granite or porphyry. Conversely, Hellenic sculpture was what we know it to be, first, because the people were Hellenes, that is to say, Aryans; secondly, because they lived in Hellas; and, thirdly, because they worked mainly in white and fine-grained Parian marble.

The first element, that of heredity, was the one which poor dogmatic, puzzle-headed Buckle so stoutly refused to take into consideration. But it is undoubtedly one of prime importance, though I cannot here find room to lay much stress upon it. Of course heredity itself is ultimately explicable by the previous physical circumstances of each race; it means the persistent mental twist given to a nation by the long habits of its ancestors in their dealings with nature and surrounding peoples, which latter factor must

in the last resort be accepted as a result of their geographical position. This mental twist is physically registered in the brain. Now the Negroid race (perhaps because it is cooped up in a large and compact continent, Africa, with no intersecting seas and little outlet for intercourse with surrounding peoples) has never displayed much plasticity of intelligence, and has only produced a civilized nation in its extreme north-eastern branch, where it spreads over the rich alluvial valley of the Nile, and borders most closely upon the Semitic and Aryan races. Somewhat similar is the position of the great Mongoloid family, which has developed a civilization in China alone, among the fertile plains of the Hoang-Ho and the Yang-tse-Kiang. Both these races seem to represent an early checked development; their type of social organization remains low and stereotyped (though in different degrees); their ancestors appear never to have been placed in favorable conditions for calling forth the latent adaptability, the susceptibility to culture and evolution, of the human species. If we look at China, especially, we see that its monosyllabic language, its religion of ancestor-worship, its ideographic mode of writing, its social system, all belong to an early and strangely fossilized type. The Aryans, on the contrary (and we might perhaps add the Semites), have passed ancestrally through some unknown circumstances which have rendered them hereditarily the most plastic, the most intelligent, the most æsthetic, and probably the most organically moral of all human races. Thus, at the point where history first discovers them, the great families of men are already unequal in potentialities and in actual culture. The Aryan starts in the race with five ounces more of brain than the negro. The Bushman starts with five ounces less. It is by no means a matter of indifference, therefore, to the philosophy of history whether Egypt was peopled by Negroids or Aryans, whether China was occupied by Turanians or Andamanese, and whether the first Helenic colonists settled down in Central Africa or in the islands of the Ægean. Each race is what it is partly in virtue of the peculiar brain and the correlated individuality handed down to it by descent from its remotest human ancestors.

Here the second element, which I must also pass over rapidly, steps in to complicate the account. Given a certain relatively homogeneous mass of Aryans, Turanians, or Negroids, that mass, as it splits up into minor tribes or groups, will again be further differentiated by the special physical conditions which surround it in its separate life. While each will retain the chief Aryan or Turanian peculiarities, as compared with other non-Aryan or non-Turanian tribes, it will acquire certain new characteristics of its own in virtue of its new environment. The primitive Aryan nucleus, for example, divides into several hordes or colonies, each of which goes its own way from the common Central Asian home to

find itself a new dwelling-place in some unknown land. A part threads its way through the passes of the Hindu Kush to the alluvial flats of the Indus and the Ganges ; and there, settling down to a purely agricultural life, and mixing, in its lower castes at least, with the flat-faced Aborigines, produces the modern Indian people—from the pure light-brown Aryan Brahman, with his intellectual features and profound speculative brain, to the degraded, almost non-Aryan, Chumar, with his flat nose, thick lips, and dull material mind. Another colony strikes westward, and, making its home among the nearest islands and peninsulas of the Mediterranean, becomes the great civilized and commercial Helleno-Italic race, the true founder of our modern arts, our modern science, and our modern philosophy. A third branch lingers longer in the primitive home, and then ripens more slowly its intelligence among the forests of the Danube and the Rhine, till at length, borrowing a new civilization from its intercourse with falling Rome, it blossoms finally forth as the conquering Teutonic stock, which now divides with the Keltic all the culture of Western Europe. To trace in detail for each case the endless interaction of land on people, and of people on surrounding tribes, would be a task for innumerable volumes and encyclopædic knowledge ; but that to such interactions, however undiscoverable, the whole national character is due, no consistent evolutionist can reasonably doubt. While we allow that the Aryan blood of the Hellenes had much to do with the differences which mark them off from the Negroid Egyptians, must we not equally grant that Hellenic civilization would have been very different if the settlers of Attica had happened rather to occupy the valley of the Nile ; and that the Egyptians would have become a race of enterprising sailors and foreign merchants if they had chosen to make their homes on the shores of the Cyclades and the Corinthian Gulf? The factors of the problem, though never, perhaps, actually determined, are yet in the abstract potentially determinable.

In every evolution the question of time is all-important, for each fresh step depends upon the steps already taken. At the moment when our investigation begins, the main center of civilization lay around the eastern Mediterranean. The other isolated civilizations—India, China, Mexico, Peru—had some of them little, and others no, connection with the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Hellenic culture. Navigation needed to be nursed first in the Ægean and then in the wider Mediterranean before it could trust itself upon the vast Atlantic, and initiate that momentous revolution whereby the civilization of the world has been transferred from the Nile, the Archipelago, and the Tiber to the Seine, the Thames, the Rhine, and the Hudson. This important element of time is a factor whose value we must never forget in the history of evolution.

Now, just as the Aryan individuality is antithetical to the Ne-

groid, so are the physical circumstances of Hellas antithetical to those of Egypt. When an Aryan colony settled among the islands and peninsulas of the Ægean, it settled (as it seems to me) in the very place which was, *at that exact moment of time*, best fitted to develop the Aryan type to its highest existing potential culture. As granite is to marble, and as the raw negro is to to the raw Hellene, such, I believe, was Egypt to Hellas.

The valley of the Nile, a long, narrow alluvial strip, lies between two enclosing granite or limestone ranges, which cut it naturally off from all surrounding homes of men. On either side stretches the desert. Between them runs the great river, whose mud fills the valley and forms the Delta, whose water annually inundates and fertilizes the fields, and whose influence alone causes the difference between the belt of verdure, a few miles wide, and the dreary expanse of sand to right and left. This alluvial plain, like all other alluvial plains, was naturally predestined by its physical peculiarities to become the seat of an early agricultural community. As soon as evolving man had passed the stage of the mere hunter or shepherd, he necessarily made his first essays in tillage on the rich levels watered by the Indus, the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Hoang-Ho, and the Nile. As navigation must begin on rivers, lakes, and inland seas before it tempts the stormy ocean, so agriculture must begin on fertile and naturally irrigated lowland plains before it can drive its steam plows along the bleak hillsides of the Lothians or the rocky slopes of the Alleghanies. Now, Egypt was specially marked out, even among such alluvial plains, as the natural seat of a great empire. All alluvial countries lend themselves readily to despotism : it is easy to overrun them, hard to defend them, difficult to encourage the natural growth of small nationalities. In Egypt the ease of consolidation, the difficulty of separation, reaches a maximum. From the Cataracts to the sea the country is naturally (like the French Republic) one and indivisible. Hence the distinguishing mark of Egypt is that it was a primitive, despotic, homogeneous Negroid community, organized on an essentially military type, but comprising a mainly agricultural populace. Whatever else than this it has ever been has depended upon changes brought about by the time element ; but this at bottom it has really always remained. The Egyptian cultivator was ever and is now a soulless clod, born to till the soil and pay the taxes.

Developing freely at first, apart from foreign interference, the Egyptian community produced its own social system and its own artistic school in accordance with its own genius and the genius of the place. The richness of the soil permitted the reaping of harvests far greater than sufficed for the cultivators' use ; but those harvests, instead of being exported (as at later dates) to feed the masses of Rome or England, were used to support vast bodies of

native workmen. Then, as now, the despotic ruler appropriated to his own enjoyment all the surplus wealth of the country; but while the Khedive employs it in buying English yachts and hiring French opera companies, Rameses or Usertesen employed it in building splendid tombs, gorgeous palaces, and magnificent temples to their deified ancestors by the hands of Egyptian workmen alone. Thus Egyptian painting, sculpture, and architecture became wholly subservient to the royal pleasure, and the two former arts grew up simply as accessories to the latter in the decoration of the vast royal buildings.

I am afraid the reader will have fancied, during this long digression, that I have forgotten my promise to discourse concerning the growth of sculpture altogether. But I have really been keeping it in view the whole time. We now arrive at the third element in the evolution of Egyptian plastic art—the material with which it had to deal. This, I believe, is one of the most important factors in the whole problem, and yet it is the one most persistently overlooked. The idealists who write so glibly about the national character of Egypt and of Greece forget that even an Athenian sculptor could have done little with the hard granite masses of Syene, while even Egyptians would in all probability have produced far more truthful and natural works if they had always dealt with the fine and plastic marble of Paros and Pentelicus. It is not too much to say that Egyptian sculpture has been profoundly modified by the abundance of granite, the Assyrian sculpture by the abundance of alabaster, and Hellenic sculpture by the abundance of marble.

Practically speaking, there are only two plastic materials in Egypt. The one is the mud of Nile, from which bricks can be made; the other is the hard igneous rock—granite, syenite, or porphyry—of the boundary ranges. The geology of Egypt is as monotonous as its scenery. Marble or soft limestone nowhere occurs in any quantity. Granite, therefore, became the material from which the sculptured parts of temples, palaces, and tombs were constructed (though a soft durable sandstone was also employed for the ordinary building); and the national art, being all at bottom architectural, took its main impress from the artistic capabilities of this material. Even in our own times, granite makes an awkward statue; though by dint of long practice upon marble, and still more owing to the modern habit of modeling the original in clay, we are now able to turn out as good a figure as the rigid nature of the stone allows. But the Egyptians, so to speak, founded all their art on granite, and it accordingly colored even their painting, as I hope hereafter to show. "A sitting statue," says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "was represented with the hands placed upon the knees, or held across the breast; and, when standing, the arms were placed directly down the sides to the thighs,

one foot being advanced before the other, as if in the attitude of walking, but without any attempt to separate the legs." "The parts between the legs," says Dr. Birch, "in statues made of stone, are reserved or not cut away, said to be owing to the manner of working by stunning out the limbs." These peculiarities were almost necessitated by the nature of the stone itself, and they are familiar to all of us from the specimens in the courts of the Louvre and of the British Museum.*

I do not for a moment mean to deny that the national character, formed by the national circumstances, did much to determine the low grade of development in Egyptian plastic art; but I think it almost certain that the nature of the material also reacted upon the national character with considerable effect. In the first place, painting itself advanced in many ways beyond sculpture, and was probably retarded in its development by the fixity of its sister art. For instance, its choice of attitude was far more free and unrestricted; it represented arms and legs in positions which would have been impossible for granite statues. In the wall-paintings, figures *act;* in the sculptures, they passively *exist.* Then, again, as most of the highest architecture had also granite or sandstone for its "physical basis," the whole national art could never attain the plasticity of Hellenic genius—could never reach the grade of development which was naturally reached in the free and gracious marble temples of Ionia or Attica. But, above all, there are signs that Egyptian art did not always assume so rigid a form, and that in its earlier days it could sometimes attain far greater freedom and individuality, especially in connection with more plastic materials. There is a little terra-cotta group in the British Museum—a man and woman seated—attributed to the ninth dynasty (a comparatively early period), in which the pose of the figures is so natural and unrestrained that one feels almost inclined at first to doubt their antiquity, and to suspect Hellenic influence. This group and a few like it used to puzzle me for many years, until I learned from late discoveries that the sculpture of the third and other early dynasties was decidedly more individualized and imitative than that of the great eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, under which the ever increasing conventionalism of Egyptian art reached its highest development. Besides the reaction of the solid material, which naturally induced stiffness of conception, we must attribute this increasing rigidity of Egyptian sculpture to its *hieratic* character.

In all despotisms a certain sacredness invests the king. In despotisms of the Oriental model, military societies which have crystallized at an early stage of development, this sacredness affects every-

* The Egyptians did very sparingly employ a native coarse black marble; but no quarries of this stone existed at all comparable to the great masses of *rosso antico* porphyry at Syene.

thing that concerns the king. In Egypt especially the concentration of all the energies of the country around the descendant of the sun made the sacred character of royal art very apparent. "Rameses conquering a city," "Amenoph driving his enemies before him," "Thothemes receiving the tribute of the Ethiopians"—these form the subjects of half the bas-reliefs and wall-paintings on tombs or palaces. Art being mostly restricted to the adornment of royal buildings, a caste of royal artists grew up, who learned from one another the conventional principles of their art. For conventionalism means the continuous copying of a primitive and inaccurate attempt at imitation of nature. Hence both sculptors and painters worked by a hieratic canon, which prescribed the relative proportions of the body, and from which it would have been sacrilegious to diverge. Especially in dealing with the gods and the king, the fixed models alone could be permitted, and no variation even in posture or feature could be allowed. In mediæval Europe somewhat the same fixity prevailed in the representation of the Madonna and the saints, as it still prevails in the wooden pietàs and bambinos of Continental churches. A like fixity also existed, apparently, in pre-historic Hellas. But while in Italy a Cimabue, a Giotto, and a Lionardo could be found successively to break through the various conventional ideas of their age; while in Hellas a series of nameless sculptors could discard the cow-faced Herè and the owl-headed Athenè for ideal human figures, which grow into individuality under the hands of Dipœnus and Scyllis; in Egypt no single original plastic genius ever ventured to omit the panther features of Pasht or the ibis beak of Thoth, to sever the arms and legs of a Memnon, or to throw expression into the lifeless eyes of a Sesostris.

How could it be otherwise? Everywhere the total amount of originality is small, and the number of innovators is infinitesimal compared with the number of those who follow "the best models." The history of Greek sculpture or Italian painting shows us how each epoch-making artist only advanced a trifle upon the work of those who preceded him. Yet, to get even such slow improvement, the elements of progress must be at work throughout an entire nation, leavening the whole mass. These elements were as wholly wanting in ancient Egypt as they are in modern China. The Egyptian peasant or artisan lived in a monotonous and narrow plain, studded with little villages, each of which, like those of the Gangetic plateau in our own days, contained absolutely identical social factors—the cultivators, the potters, the weavers, the bakers, and the priests. Up and down the river, life was exactly the same. There was no intercourse with unlike communities, no foreign trade, no exchange with neighboring villages, nothing to arouse thought, individuality, original effort. Each man learned his craft from those who went before, and the sculptor or the painter learned

his like the rest. Thus there was no advance, no progress, no alteration almost. The whole of life crystallized naturally into a set conventional system, controlled from above by the king, in which spontaneous individuality would have seemed very like a disease. Yet it is noticeable that in art this fixed system, with its regular canons, affected most the high personages of the stereotyped governmental and religious hierarchy, while it left the lower ranks comparatively free. The stiffest and most invariable figures are those of the gods, where innovation is absolutely inadmissible. Next comes the sacred form of the king, always represented in certain conventional attitudes as performing certain ordinary official acts, but still allowing of some variation in detail. The priests and high functionaries may be permitted a certain relaxation from the absolutely formal attitudes; and when we reach the bas-reliefs or pictures which show us the people engaged in every-day work, we meet with comparative freedom of treatment. Lastly, animal shapes, the least common of all, and so the least liable to harden down into conventionality, are often represented with much technical skill, and occasionally even with something approaching to spirit.

When we turn to Assyria, we arrive at a sort of intermediate stage between Memphis and Athens. Judged by the imitative standard, the plastic art of Nineveh is decidedly in advance of that of Egypt. The human face and figure are far more naturally treated. A rude perspective is suggested, and sometimes realized with considerable skill. The muscles are represented with some approach to accuracy. In Egyptian art, figures walking always have the soles of *both* feet planted flat upon the ground; in Assyrian bas-reliefs the toe alone of the hinder or retreating foot touches the earth. "Assyrian art," says Lübke justly, "is distinguished even in its earliest works from the Egyptian by greater power, fullness, and roundness in the reliefs, by a fresher conception of nature, and by a more energetic delineation of life; but it lacks on the other hand the more delicate sense of form, and the stricter architectural law that marked the other." I think, if we regard the question from the evolutionary standpoint, we shall admit that even the last-named points are really marks of freedom and progress. "This may be traced," continues the historian, with a rare outburst of common sense, "in the first place to a difference of character, of their relations to nature, and of their artistic taste; but it was induced also, undoubtedly, by the slighter connection with architecture, and by the more tractable material for work afforded by alabaster." There we get the whole solution of the problem summed up in a nutshell.

Moreover, Assyria differs also from Egypt in this, that from the earliest monuments at Kalah Sherghat to the latest at Kouyunjik we can trace a continuous and constant improvement. The despot-

ism of Nineveh never became so conventionalized and crystallized as that of Thebes. Egypt was stationary or retrograde; Assyria was slowly progressive.

The valley of the Tigris, like that of the Nile, naturally gave rise at an early period to a great semi-civilized agricultural community. But the Assyrians were a Semitic people, and the difference of race counted for something in Mesopotamia, even as it has counted for something among the monotonous flats of Upper India. In addition to this primary differentiating cause, there was a second cause in the physical conditions. Assyria is not so wholly isolated as Egypt. Though an inland country, it is not utterly cut off by the desert from all mankind, and compelled to mature its own self-contained civilization within its own limits, like China or Peru. The great river formed a highway for communication with the kindred culture of Babylon, while lines of commerce connected the Assyrian capital with the Phœnician, Hellenic, and Hebrew worlds, as well as with the primitive Persian, Median, and Indian empires. Hence, while the type of organization remains, as in Egypt, military and despotic, there is more individual thought and action amongst the people. It is true the existing remains of Assyrian art refer even more exclusively to the life and deeds of rulers than do those of Egypt; but then they are mere fragments from royal palaces, far less numerous and varied than the rich relics of Karnak or Beni-Hassan; and they display far greater originality and individuality on the part of the artists than any of the Egyptian remains.

"Strata of alabaster abound in Assyria." This geological fact gives us the one remaining point necessary to the comprehension of Ninevite work. Using limestone instead of granite in their purely architectural work, the Assyrians used alabaster for their strictly plastic compositions. Starting thus from the same primitive basis as the Egyptians—the incised bas-relief painting—it is easy to see how the nature of their material, combined with the greater freedom of their intellects, led them soon to higher flights. The archaic sculptures at Arban, wrought in a coarse limestone, show us the gradual attempt at emancipation on the part of the early artists. The features display a Negroid type, which, perhaps, points back to Egyptian models,* and the treatment is far more angular than in later works. One of the lions—a corner statue, forming part of a slab flanking a doorway—has a curious peculiarity which marks transition from a still more ancient and conventional style to a comparatively free and modern treatment. It has five legs. Four of these are visible as you view the animal in profile, and they are placed one behind the other, as though the creature was

* In like manner the earliest Greek sculpture gives Semitic or Assyrian features to its figures.

advancing; but two are also visible in front, one being the foremost of the previous four, and the other an abnormal fifth leg, which gives it the appearance of standing still when viewed from this aspect. Evidently the sculptor could not reconcile his mind to giving up the proper complement of legs from any point of view, and so compromised the matter by running two contradictory conceptions into one. In the well-known winged bulls, this anomaly settles down into a regular conventional practice, owing to their architectural position. The sculpture of these colossal figures in their best day is, however, far more rounded, and the detail much more exquisitely carved, than would be possible in granite figures. But Assyrian statues seldom attain any great importance, because they have never wholly emancipated themselves from architectural trammels, and it is only in a few isolated figures that we get an idea of what the artists might have done. It is in the soft alabaster bas-reliefs, however, that the Assyrian genius finds its fullest development. Their delicacy of carving, frequent truth of delineation, and occasional glimpses of spirited treatment, place them second only to the archaic Greek sculptures.

Even in alabaster, however, the Assyrian hand was cramped by hieratic conventionality. The deities retain their eagle-heads or bulls' bodies. The sacred figure of the king and those of the attendant eunuchs never lose their primitive stiffness. In the monuments of Sardanapalus himself, only the huntsmen and other inferior personages show any approach to free treatment. "The human form maintains its old typical and conventional constraint, and, with all their genius, the artists of this last Assyrian period never succeeded in breaking through the ban which frustrated in the East the representation of free thoughtful human life. The animals of the late Assyrian art are far superior to the men in nobleness of structure, in power and grace of action, and even in depth of expression." But it was something if only to have attained to the ease and faithfulness of representation which we find in the well-known wounded lioness of Kouyunjik.

On the other hand, if we wish to measure the effect produced by so plastic a material as alabaster, we have but to look at the contemporary Assyrian "cylinders" in hard stones, such as jasper, onyx, and agate. These, though cut with immense care, display a primitive and almost savage style of art which contrasts ludicrously with the finished sculpture of the bas-reliefs.

But no place could better illustrate the importance of material than Babylon. More commercial and probably more civilized than Nineveh, Babylon stood in the midst of a far wider alluvial plain, where no building material except brick was procurable. Marble, alabaster, granite, were all unknown. Building stone, Sir A. H. Layard tells us, could only be brought from a distance, and it consisted chiefly of black basalt from the Kurdish mountains, used for

ornamental details alone. The city, as a whole, was built of brick and mud. Hence no plastic art ever developed in Babylon. Its ruins consist of mere shapeless mounds, enclosing colored enameled tiles, and other traces of varied æsthetic handicraft; but sculpture utterly failed for want of a "physical basis." No doubt pictorial and industrial arts took somewhat diverse developments from those which they would have taken had the architectural style been more similar to that of the Assyrian capital. Tapestry seems to have been to Babylon what sculpture was to Athens and painting to Florence.

Turning at last to Hellas, we have to deal with a very different people, a different country, a different material. The Aryan Hellenes took with them to their island homes the same primitive intellectual, philosophical, and subtle minds which the Brahmans took to India, and the Kelts to Ireland. All we know of the Aryan race shows us that it could nowhere be content with such a purely external life as that of the Egyptians and Assyrians. Men of that race must reflect more and feel more, and their art must, therefore, mirror more of their internal life. But these universal Aryan qualities are not by themselves sufficient to account for the specific Hellenic art. We must look for that in the physical peculiarities of Hellas itself.

I say *Hellas* because I do not mean *Greece* in its modern geographical sense. Dr. Curtius has taught us that the true Hellas of the old Hellenes was not the peninsula, but the Ægean. It included Ephesus, Miletus, Mitylene, Rhodes, and the Cyclades. It it did not include Ætolia, Acarnania, or the wild Epirote mountains. This true maritime Hellas—a labyrinth of landlocked bays, narrow straits, long headlands, grouped or scattered islets, and peninsular heights—was bound together everywhere by the interlacing sea. Argos, Corinth, Athens, Thebes, the Chalcidian and Thracian colonies, Delos, the Sporades, the Ionian bays, Crete, and Corcyra formed its natural boundaries. The water did duty as its highway, and ships as its beasts of burden. It was the true cradle of navigation for Phœnician and Hellene alike. Its outliers soon spread, always by sea, to Sicily and Campania, North Africa and the Rhone, the Euxine and the Bosphorus. Cyrene, Massalia, Sinope formed its advanced outposts. No land was ever better adapted to stimulate the intellect and the energies of its people, to foster originality and individual effort. Mountain ranges, shutting off each little basin from its neighbors, rendered impossible the rise of a great central despotism, such as those which spread so easily over the wide Asiatic plains. Only when military science had greatly advanced, and roads through mountain countries had become practicable, could a Philip overrun the free valleys of Attica and Bœotia. Xerxes wasted his enormous strength in vain on the narrow guts of the Euripus and the miniature passes of Thermopyle. Thus each Hellenic city remained always a separate state. On the other hand, the merchants and

sailors of the Hellenic people early acquired that wealth which makes subjects the practical equals of kings, that freedom of mind which comes from intercourse with many nations, that knowledge which naturally arose from constant commercial relations with the older culture of the Asiatic coast and interior. Hence the separate Greek states quickly threw off the regal form of government in favor of the oligarchic, and finally of the democratic type. With it they threw off the monarchical organization—an organization always limited among the primitive Aryans by the council of freemen, but which the example of Persia and India shows us to be capable, even amongst Aryan nations, of easily assuming the purely despotic form under favorable conditions. Henceforth, their progress in all industrial or æsthetic arts was rapid and splendid. The Homeric poems show us the primitive Achæans in a stage of culture hardly superior to that of the common Aryan stock : the era of Pericles shows us the unexampled development of a wholly new and utterly unrivaled culture, containing elements quite unknown in their older civilizations of Egypt and Assyria.

Such I believe to be the true secret of the magnificent Hellenic nationality. It was an Aryan race, starting with all the advantage of the noble Aryan endowments ; and it occupied the most favorable situation in the world for the development of navigation, commerce, and free institutions, at that particular stage of human evolution. At an earlier date, navigation would have been impossible : at a later, it must fix its center in Italy (the focal point of the Mediterranean basin), in northern Europe (the focal point of the Atlantic basin), and, perhaps, hereafter in some unknown region of the Pacific. But just at that moment Hellas formed its natural home. It was the great emporium where met the tin of Cornwall, the gold of Iberia, the amber of the Baltic, the myrrh of Arabia, the silphium of Libya, the glass of Egypt, the pottery of Phœnicia, the lapis lazuli of Persia, and the ivory of Ethiopia or the East. The free and plastic Hellenic genius was formed by the action of a natural commercial focus, a maritime position, and an individual political life upon the free and plastic, but less developed old Aryan subjectivity.

The material, however, which mainly contributed to the due æsthetic development of this free Hellenic genius was undoubtedly marble. Had the Greeks, with all their other circumstances left the same, possessed no stone to sculpture except the hard porphyry or syenite of Egypt, can we for a moment suppose that they could ever have produced the Aphrodite of Melos or the torsos of the Parthenon ? Indeed, what little we know of their chryselephantine work leads us to suppose that even in this comparatively manageable material, their plastic art fell decidedly short of their marble figures. But if the Hellenes had been entirely deprived of the pure and even-grained stone from which they constructed not only

their statues, but also their great architectural works, can we possibly believe that their whole æsthetic development would not have been something entirely different from that which we actually know it to have been? Amongst ourselves, the sculptor is a specially trained artist, who supplies a purely æsthetic want, felt only by a small fraction of our cultivated classes. But in Hellas, where noble marble temples continually rose on every side, and where the demand for images of the gods was a common demand of ordinary life, every craftsman in wood or stone grew naturally into an artist. The material upon which the stone-cutter worked gave free play to the native genius of the race. Those who seek to explain Athenian art by the Athenian character alone, forget to take into account this important physical factor given us in the white cliffs of Paros and Pentelicus.

Without going too deeply into the vexed question of the exact links—Phœnician, Hittite, Lydian, and Ionian—which are variously supposed to connect Oriental with Hellenic sculpture, we may recognize the fact that the earliest Greek art started from the same primitive form as the Egyptian and Assyrian. The most ancient Greek bas-reliefs, like those from the temple of Assos now in the Louvre (for the famous Lion Gate at Mycenæ may possibly be the relic of a still earlier race), are thoroughly Assyrian in type, but far inferior in execution and imitative skill to the Ninevite works. They show us figures in the same processional style, sculptured in coarse limestone, extremely disproportionate in size, and grotesquely angular in attitude. But as the Italians after Cimabue altered and vivified the conventional Byzantine models which they imitated, so the Hellenes altered and vivified Assyrian sculpture. In the marble monument of Aristion at Athens, a bas-relief of the archaic type, we find a distinct advance. Though the hair and beard strikingly recall the stiff rows of Assyrian curls, the pose of the arms is natural and almost graceful. In the similar monument of Orchomenus, probably a trifle later, the limbs and the drapery display marked freedom and character, though the face is still, to a great extent, devoid of individuality or expression. The exquisite reliefs from Thasos, in the Louvre, attributed to the sixth century, finally show us almost perfect technical command over the presentation of the human figure—a command which becomes supreme a hundred years later in the frieze of the Parthenon. Such rapid advance bears the impress of the quick Hellenic originality; but it also marks the collateral value of so plastic a material as marble.

It was not in bas-relief, however, but in isolated statues, that the Hellenic genius and the quarries of Paros were to prove their united potentialities. The statue, I believe, has two separate origins. The one origin, from the bas-relief through the seated or supported figure, I have already traced, and its history is now a

commonplace of æsthetic chronicles. But the true relations of the second have apparently been hitherto little noticed in connection with the first. All nations make themselves images of their gods in wood or clay, and where these materials are unattainable, in feathers, like the Hawaiians. Now the earliest Greek gods were in wood; and from these doll-like wooden gods, as has often been noticed, descended the chryselephantine statues of Phidias, overlaid with ivory to form the face and limbs and with gold to represent the drapery. It is quite in accordance with the usual archaism of all religious usages that these essentially wooden statues continued to the last the representatives of the chief gods in the most important temples—the protecting Athenè of the Parthenon, and the Pan-Hellenic Zeus of Olympia. Nor is it a less striking fact that the chryselephantine statues seem always to have retained some traces of archaic conventionalism, that their drapery hung in folds which concealed the whole figure; and that the Zeus of Olympia himself, the most reverend god of universal Hellas, was represented, like most very ancient statues, in a sitting attitude. It is the glory of Hellenic sculpture that it ventured even in its gods to discard the sacred forms sanctified by antique usage; yet even in Hellas itself some traces of the conservatism natural to religion must inevitably be expected to exist.

But the marble statues—which form, after all, the real symbol of Hellas in all our minds—are the lineal descendants of the basreliefs, and so had a purely architectural origin. Whereas, however, in Egypt and Assyria the separate stone statue flanking a doorway or gate always remained more or less architectural in character and use, and never really took the place of the wooden image, in Greece the marble figure—owing no doubt in part to the plasticity of the material—became at last wholly individualized, separated itself on a pedestal from the architectural background, and practically superseded the wooden or chryselephantine figure for all but the most venerable purposes. The archaic marble colossi from Miletus in the British Museum represent Hellenic sculpture in an almost Egyptian stage, the stage in which Hellas received the rudiments of art from Assyria. The figures are seated in the attitude which we all know so well as that of Pasht. "They are stiff and motionless, the arms closely attached to the body, and the hands placed on the knees; the physical proportions are heavy and almost awkward, the execution is throughout architecturally massive, and the organic structure is but slightly indicated." The drapery wholly conceals the human form. There is not a touch in these ungainly figures which at all foreshadows the coming freedom of Greek art. They are simply conventional and nothing more. But the ancient sitting statue of Athenè preserved in the Acropolis at Athens, though much mutilated, shows an immense advance. The attitude is unconventionalized; the foot, instead of

being planted flat, as in the Miletan colossi, is lightly poised upon the toes alone; the limbs are partially uncovered; and the undulating folds of the drapery are clearly prophetic of the later Athenian grace. The nude standing figure known as the Apollo of Tenea (in the Glyptothek at Munich) gives us in some respects a still further progress. The anatomy is excellent; and the attitude, though stiff, is surprisingly free for an unsupported and isolated figure of so early a date. The arms still hang by the side; but they hang free in marble instead of being welded to the body as in porphyry. Both soles are firmly planted, but one foot is in advance. Altogether we have here a statue caught in the very act of *becoming Greek.* It is, in fact, an accurate but awkward and ungraceful representation of a real man, standing in a possible but ugly attitude. Note, too, the important fact that this figure is *nude.* Most of the archaic Greek statues are fully draped, and the conventionality of religious art kept many of the greater gods draped to the last. The Zeus of Phidias wore vestments of gold, and, even in the freest days, no sculptor ever ventured to disrobe the wedded majesty of Herè, or the maiden majesty of Pallas. But there were two great gods whom even the antique conventionalism represented in the nude—Apollo, and perhaps Aphroditè; while, with Hermes and Eros, as well as in the lesser figures of Heracles, Theseus, and the heroes generally, individual imagination took freer flights. The bronze Apollo of Canachus, to judge from preserved copies, though still largely adhering to a conventional type, yields evidence of some feeling for beauty of nude form. Thenceforward Hellenic sculpture rapidly advanced, especially in its nude productions, towards the perfect grace of the Periclean period. The isolated nude statue is, in fact, the true ideal of plastic art: it represents the beauty of form in its purest organic type. The groups from the pediment of the temple at Ægina are admirable examples of the struggle between conventionalism and freedom in the developing Hellenic mind. In the very center stands a fully-draped Athenè, conventional in treatment and awkward in proportions, with a lifeless countenance, and graceless figure wholly concealed by the stiff folds of the robe. The great goddess still retains her archaic and time-honored type. But at her feet lies a nude warrior of exquisite idealized proportions, in a natural and graceful posture, and carved with anatomical accuracy which would not have disgraced the glorious sculptor of the Parthenon himself. To trace the growth of the art from this point on to the age of Phidias would involve questions of that higher æsthetic criticism which I wish in the present paper to avoid. We have reached the point where Hellenic sculpture has attained to perfect imitation of the human figure: its further advance is toward the higher excellence of ideality, expression, deep feeling, and perfect appreciation for abstract beauty of form.

And now let us look for a moment at the part borne by Greek individuality, Greek freedom, and Greek democracy in this æsthetic evolution. While in Egypt, as we saw, the regal and hieratic influence caused the primitive free manner to crystallize into a fixed conventionalism ; while in Assyria it checked the progress of art, and restricted all advance to a few animal traits ; in Hellas, after the age of freedom, it became powerless before the popular instinct. While Egyptian and Assyrian gods always retained their semi-animal features, in Hellas the cow-face of Herè and the owl-head of Athenè fell so utterly into oblivion that later Hellenic commentators even misinterpreted the ancient descriptive epithets of the Achæan epic into *ox-eyed* and *grey-eyed*. Only in conservative Sparta did Apollo keep his four arms ; only in half-barbarian and enslaved Ephesus did Artemis keep her hundred breasts. In European and insular Hellas, for the most part, the sculptors chose to represent the actual human form, and, in their later age, the nude human form by preference over all other shapes. In Egypt and Assyria the king in his conventional representation was the central figure of every work. But in Hellas, even in the archaic period, we find plastic art in the employment of private persons. The monument of Aristion represents a citizen, in the armor of an hoplite, sculptured on his own tomb ; the Orchomenian monument similarly represents a Bœotian gentleman in civic dress. In the later Athenian period portrait busts of distinguished citizens seem to have been usual. But it was on the gods, as the common objects of devotion for the whole city, that the art of the republican Greek states mainly expended itself. And here again we see the value of Hellenic individuality. For while in Egypt a Pasht from Thebes was identical with a Pasht from Memphis, and while even in Hellas itself Zeus and Athenè and the other national gods tended to retain conventional types, yet in each city the special worship of the local heroes—Theseus and Cephisus, and Erechtheus and Heracles (rendered possible by the minute subdivisions of Hellenic states)—permitted the sculptor to individualize and originalize his work. From this combination of causes it happens that Greek sculpture is modeled from the life. Egyptian artists probably never worked from natural models ; they worked apparently from their own imperfect recollections, or copied the imperfect recollections of their predecessors. The Greek sculptor worked from the human figure, familiarized to his eye in the contests of the palæstra, and we see the result in the frieze and metopes of the Parthenon. At length we get sculpture almost wholly divorced from religion in the Discobolus and the Narcissus, the Niobe and the Thorn-extractor. Hellenic art discovers its full freedom when it shakes off its religious trammels, and when its purpose becomes merely æsthetic in the service of the wealthy and cultivated Greek gentleman. The older school gives us gods and

heroes alone ; the later school gives us simply ideal figures and genre pieces. As the Renaissance emancipated Italian painting from the perpetual circle of Madonnas and St. Sebastians, so the Periclean awakening emancipated Athenian sculpture from the surviving conventionalism of Herès and Hestias.

Finally, we must remember that Hellenic art flourished most in the great commercial cities. It is not in Dorian Sparta, with its conservative, kingly, and military organization, that we must look for the miracles of sculpture. As Thucydides predicted, Sparta has passed away and left nothing but the shadow of a great name. It is at Athens, Corinth, Rhodes, and the Ionian colonies that plastic art produces its masterpieces. And even the most careless thinker can hardly fail to remember that it was not in feudal Paris or London, but in the similarly mercantile cities of mediæval Italy and the Low Countries, that modern painting went through the chief stages of its early evolution.

I have thus, I hope, given their full value in each case to the original characteristics of race and to the subsequent reactions of the physical and social surroundings. But the point which I have especially endeavored to bring out in this paper is the immense concomitant importance of a suitable material for the embodiment of the national feeling. Just as it seems to me that porcelain clay has colored all the art-energies of China, and feathers all the art-energies of Polynesia, so does it seem to me that granite has directed the whole æsthetic handicraft of Egypt, and marble the whole æsthetic handicraft of Hellas. My text has been too large to expound otherwise than in a rapid sketch ; but I trust the broad outlines. such as they are, will bear filling in from the memory and observation of the reader.

GRANT ALLEN, *in The Cornhill Magazine.*

THE SONNET IN ENGLAND.*

MANY students of literature have watched with interest the attempts which have been recently made by some of our younger poets to naturalize in England certain archaic forms of verse which were at one time popular in France, and which have of late years been revived in that country by some of the members of the neo-Romantic school. So far the attempt cannot be said to have met with much success. We have had a few rondels, rondeaux, triolets, villanelles, ballades, and the like, often deftly constructed, and sometimes exhibiting a grace so exquisite that it is on the point of passing into absolute beauty ; but, after all, our English poets do not seem to

* *A Treasury of English Sonnets.* Edited by DAVID M. MAIN. Manchester : Alexander Ireland & Co. 1880.

move freely in these Gallican fetters, and English readers, as a body, have treated the revival with an indifference which does not promise well for its longevity. Why this is so cannot be decided hastily; but it may be considered certain that the frigid reception of the revived forms cannot be attributed either wholly or in large measure to their arbitrary character; for the sonnet, which is as arbitrary as the rondel, and which was, when first imported from Italy, quite as unfamiliar, has become completely naturalized among us, and has been chosen by so many English poets as a favorite form of expression, that we have come to look upon it as little more artificial than the so-called heroic voice—the iambic pentameter—which we are accustomed to consider such a typical English vehicle. The history of the sonnet in England would be an interesting subject for a small volume, but as yet no adequate or exhaustive survey of the wide and full-eared field has been attempted; for the contributions made to sonnet literature by Leigh Hunt, Mr. John Dennis, Archbishop Trench, and others, have been confessedly partial and desultory, and in the face of many contributions to poetical criticism which have of late been among the precious gifts of the years, we hope that one of the boons which the near future may have in store for us will be some work written especially for those who have taken to heart Wordsworth's exhortation, "Scorn not the sonnet."

The task of the writer of such a book has of late been much facilitated by the labors of Mr. David M. Main, whose recently published *Treasury of English Sonnets* brings, for the first time within the boards of a single volume, a really satisfying collection of as much of our sonnet work as can be considered really representative. The *Treasury* opens with two sonnets from Sir Thomas Wyat, to whom we owe the acclimatization of the Italian exotic which has taken so kindly to our insular soil and air, and closes with that sonnet of terrible beauty, instinct with somber splendor, which Oliver Madox Brown, a boy even more marvelous than Chatterton, prefixed to his weird passionate romance of *The Black Swan*. Between these, we need hardly say, are to be found infinite riches in a little room. Here are the dainty measures of Sir Philip Sidney; the crystals which reflect the clear though cold light of Spenser's passion; the cunningly wrought caskets, rich with varied imagery, in which Shakspeare locked his soul's secret; the grave and majestic harmonies of Milton, that "God-gifted organ voice of England;" the solemn-thoughted, passionately contemplative records of Wordsworth's retirement to "the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;" the painted windows of "warm gules," rose-bloom, and "soft amethyst" through which the spirit of Keats throws a colored radiance; and most dear and memorable of all, those nightingale melodies, those resonant heart-throbs wrought into a divine music, those ecstasies of love and grief and high aspirations, which have been left as an immortal legacy by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

There are two questions which at once put themselves to any writer upon the subject of the sonnet. First comes the query, What is a sonnet? then the further question, What are the qualities in virtue of which a sonnet takes rank and precedence? In England it was only for a short time that the first question was an easy one to answer. Into the history of the various forms of the Italian sonnet it is not necessary to travel, for we have only to do with that one form which, after many struggles, had become universally recognized as the most perfect. To a true student of sonnet development the notion that a sonnet might be advantageously written in four ordinary elegiac quatrains and a couplet, or in seven couplets, or with any other arrangement of the rhymes than the two or three which had become established by repeated experiments, would not sound one whit more absurd than the theory that a sonnet might be written in thirteen, or in fifteen, or in any other number of lines; for if, in a purely arbitrary form the canons of composition sanctioned by an established nomenclature may be violated in one particular, they may be violated in all, and when this violation is accomplished, where is the sonnet? Our present loose English theory "in favor of a relaxation . . . . of nearly every law in the Italian code, except the two cardinal ones which demand that the sonnet shall consist of fourteen rhymed decasyllabic verses, and be a development of one idea, mood, feeling, or sentiment," has the adhesion of Mr. Main, from whose Preface we quote; but it is clear that it has been formulated to fit the facts, for it would naturally be unpleasant to adhere to a canon which would exclude all the sonnets of Shakspeare and a considerable number of very beautiful specimens by later poets. The superiority of the true Italian to the Skakspearian or any other sonnet form in unity, weight, and harmony, will be doubted by hardly any competent critic; indeed, with the solitary exception of Ebenezer Elliot, it has not, so far as our knowledge goes, been explicitly questioned by any well-known poet; and Elliot, though he had the genuine *afflatus*, is hardly an authority on a subtle delicacy of art *technique*. The Italian sonnet is unquestionably a difficult form of verse, and it seems probable that the early English sonneteers were repelled by the difficulties, and ignorant of the splendid successes that might be achieved were those difficulties overcome. Sir Thomas Wyat's attempts were certaily not calculated to inspire a fervent faith in the possibilities of the new vehicle, and even his fellow-worker, the Earl of Surrey, was quick to find, or to think that he had found, a form more harmonious with the genius of the English language. "Leigh Hunt," says Mr. Main, "has pointed out that Spenser, with all his Italian proclivities, was the first who deliberately abandoned the archetypal form of the sonnet," but, unless we lay special stress upon the word "deliberately," even this sentence does not throw the appearance of the irregular English sonnet far enough back. Whether delib-

erately or not it is impossible to say, but the Italian code *was* violated by the Earl of Surrey, who died five years before the received date of Spenser's birth, and whose *Songs and Sonnets* were published in 1557, while Spenser's adoption of the form which Surrey had originated dates from the year 1591. The definition of a sonnet which commended itself to the author of the *Faery Queen* was indeed more elastic than that which has been adopted by Mr. Main, for at one period he did not even consider rhyme essential, and his earliest poems published under the name of sonnets are accordingly written in blank verse. Finally, he hit upon a novelty in the shape of a sonnet in which the three quatrains are linked together by one common rhyme, and with this form he appeared to be satisfied, as he adopted it in the *Amoretti*, which is undoubtedly his most ambitious series of sonnets. It seems absurd to speak of the sonnet as an established and definable species of verse if we admit the legitimacy of variations like these ; for such an admission leaves nothing of the sonnet but its limitation to fourteen decasyllabic lines, and even this remaining test is rendered meaningless by a neglect of the companion tests, which alone confer upon it validity, and indeed constitute its sole reason of being. The only way to untie a Gordian knot, which must otherwise be recklessly cut, is to allow the name of sonnet without qualification to be given only to those constructed on the Italian model ; other fourteen-line poems being set apart by a distinguishing prefix, such as illegitimate, irregular, or Shakspearian.

The second question, concerning the qualities which give to a sonnet its special value, is one which any thoughtful writer, aware of the differences of opinion which have prevailed among eminent critics, will answer with modesty and hesitation. As one illustration of a curious divergence of taste and feeling, we have noticed lately that while one writer of fine critical genius declares that "a true sonnet should rise into a climax in the last two lines, should kindle into flame as it expires," another deservedly honored authority numbers among the conspicuous beauties of Wordsworth's sonnets the fact that "there is hardly one . . . . which ends in a point. At the close of the sonnet, where the adventitious effect of the point might be apt to outshine the intrinsic value of the subject, it seems to have been studiously avoided. Mr. Wordsworth's sonnet never goes off, as it were, with a clap or repercussion at the close, but is thrown off like a rocket, breaks into light, and falls in a soft shower of brightness." That such a difference upon a mere matter of sonnet composition should be possible, seems an indication that the sonnet has never received the amount of study which it deserves, and prepares us to find that, with regard to the essential qualities of this verse-form, opinions are still more divided and equally irreconcilable. As a matter of fact this is really the case. Frequently, in Mr. Main's notes, we encounter verdicts of well-

known critics, assigning to certain sonnets or groups of sonnets a supremacy, the notes of which are anything but easy to discover; and we are driven to the conclusion that a great deal of sonnet criticism resembles the criticism of artistically uneducated visitors to picture galleries, who, after confessing that they are quite ignorant of painting, and only know what they like, do not hesitate to commit themselves to the most uncompromising and unguarded estimates. Without doubt the first fact to be remembered in formulating canons of sonnet criticism is that a sonnet is a poem, and that, whatsoever it lacks, it must at any rate possess the qualities without which no poem can be admirable. The presentation of the motive, whether intellectual or emotional, must be adequate; its treatment must be imaginative; and the language in which it is embodied must be entirely transparent and musical—chosen with such unerring instinct as to leave the impression that there can have been no choice, that every word has an inevitableness which forbids the supposition that any other might have taken its place. But a good sonnet must be something more than fourteen lines of good poetry: it must fulfill its peculiar conditions of being, both structural and vital. Of the former we have already spoken; the latter it is a more difficult task to specify without falling into commonplace, or drifting into what bears the semblance of dogmatism. The one thing most needful in the sonnet is what may be called impressive unity. We do not, with Mr. Main, think it absolutely essential that it should be an utterance of one thought or one emotion, for within its bounds one thought may be opposed by another, and one emotion set against its opposite; but it *is* essential that the impression left by the sonnet as a whole shall be thoroughly homogeneous—that as it approaches its close the varying threads, if there have been such, should be twined together, and that the reader should be made to feel that the whole commends, amalgamates, and glorifies all the parts—that every part is indeed but a member of a vital organism. Take as an illustration a sonnet of Wordsworth's, unequaled among his many sonnets for tender beauty, though surpassed by a few in insistent power and mastering splendor:—

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child, dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not."

Now, there can be no doubt that this sonnet has that impressive unity which, as we have said, the form pre-eminently demands; but it is the unity which comes not of the expression of one mood, but of the discovery of a spiritual ground common to two moods which seem diverse and, at first sight, even inconsistent—the emotion roused in the mind of the philosophical poet by the beating against his heart of the great heart of Nature, and the apparent apathy of the young girl who steps beside him, seemingly untouched by solemn thought. True, at the beginning of the sestette the continuity of thought appears to be broken, but we are only led off along a returning curve, and when we reach the close we compass for the first time the outline of the inspiring conception which informs every line of this perfect poem.

This sonnet cannot fail to remind us of the question to which two opposing answers have been quoted, as to whether in this form of composition it is or is not desirable that we should be led on to a point or climax. Most readers, whether critical or uncritical, will agree with the first of the two verdicts—that the sonnet, like the plant which blooms in our gardens, should vindicate its right to be by the bright consummate flower which comes as the fulfillment of its promise, the culmination of its life. It is impossible, however, to lay down rules as to whether it is better that the wave of poetic emotion should gently lap or tempestuously break upon its shores; whether the sound left lingering in our ears by high poetry should be a shrill trumpet-blast or a dying fall of harp-like melody; for the winds of the spirit blow as they list, and Art, like Wisdom, is justified of her children. Still, one thing at least may be said without pedantic dogmatism—that the sonnet should, as it proceeds, gain strength and momentum instead of losing them; that its latest lines should, in sense, in sound, or in both, reach a nobler altitude than its earlier ones; and that it should leave with us a sense of victorious accomplishment, not of vague dissatisfaction. This may sometimes be achieved without anything that can with truth be called a climax: it is so achieved in Milton's great sonnet *On the late Massacres in Piedmont;* but even there the poet's instinct compels him to conclude with a line so weighty and sonorous that it reminds us of an avalanche thundering down the side of one of his "Alpine mountains cold." Exaggerated straining after point and climax is bad, but so is similar straining after any kind of artistic effect; and if Wordsworth did, as his critic says he did, studiously avoid to avail himself of one of the most legitimate means of stamping on a reader's mind a sharp and permanent impression of the thought or mood he was moved to utter, he was guilty of an offense equally reprehensible; he was a Philistine binding only too effectually the Samson of song in the green withs of scholastic theory.

The division of the sonnet into two unequal parts, a division

which our best sonnet-writers have shown an increasing disposition to maintain, is, in itself, an indication of the true mode of treatment. The first eight lines, technically the octave, seem as if they might be intended for a broad exposition of the motive; the last six, the sestette, for a special application of it. Here is a sonnet of Mr. Matthew Arnold's exemplifying this method of handling:—

WORDLY PLACE.

"*Even in a palace, life may be led well!*
So spoke the imperial sage, purest of men,
Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den
Of common life, where crowded up pell-mell,
Our freedom for a little bread we sell,
And drudge under some foolish master's ken,
Who rates us if we peer outside our pen—
Matched with a palace, is not this a hell!
Even in a palace! On his truth sincere
Who spake these words, no shadow ever came;
And when my ill-schooled spirit is aflame
Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
I'll stop and say: "There were no succor here!
The aids to noble life are all within."

In this sonnet a general statement of great ethical facts of life is followed by a personal appropriation which brings them home. In another, by the same poet, the process is reversed; it begins with the individual instance and passes from it to the universal lesson. The thought is a fine one, and the treatment singularly beautiful and satisfying.

EAST LONDON.

"'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green.
And the pale weaver, through his window seen
In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited;
I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
'Ill and o'er-worked, how fare you in this scene?'
'Bravely!' said he, 'for I of late have been
Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, *the living bread.*'
O human soul! so long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam,
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home."

In numerous instances, however, even where the formal division is retained, there is no such perceptible break or turn as in any of the sonnets we have quoted. The theme of the octave may be prolonged through the sestette, but there will be a subtle difference of treatment. It will be carried on in a slightly changed key, or in slower or quicker tune; and in most sonnets of the highest class the sestette will probably be either a completion, concentration, or gathering together of the subject-matter of the octave, or a return

upon it from some new and untried point of approach, thus giving to a familiar thought or fancy the magnetic charm of which we thought accustomed wont and use had for ever deprived it. Nor is it probable that there will ever be a total failure of writers who will treat the sonnet as a simple unity, the two parts melting into one another and ceasing to be separately distinguishable, as they do in the supreme achievement of Milton, and in some of the most perfect and unapproachable efforts of Mrs. Browning and Mr. Rossetti, such as *Substitution* and the sonnet *For a Venetian Pastoral.* For evermore in matters like these the mighty masters will be a law unto themselves, and the validity of their legislation will be attested and held against all comers by the splendor of an unchallengeable success.

Perhaps all has been said that needs to be said concerning the peculiar qualities of the sonnet; for, as we have said, many of its requirements are only what would be the requirements of any brief poem charged with the adequate treatment of a single theme. It must have an imaginative completeness which leaves us serenely satisfied; it must have an artistic perfectness which shall stand the test of that frequent and loving examination to which, in virtue of its very brevity, it makes a claim; it must have its every line strong, its every word harmonious: it must be concentrated yet clear, compact yet fluent; and while every phrase and image is in itself a joy-giving thing of beauty, every member must remain in sweet subordination to the total effect and impression of the whole.

One might almost assume without examination that even among the thousands of English sonnets there would be found comparatively few which fulfill all the conditions of so elaborate and exigent a form of verse. The text of Mr. Main's *Treasury* contains 463 sonnets, chosen with true discrimination, and representing the highest achievement of every English sonneteer who had passed away before the close of the year 1879; but it would not be maintained by any critic, or even by the compiler himself, that more than a very small proportion of these can be classed among the flawless pearls of poetry. It may be doubted if before the time of Milton we have a single sonnet which, as a sonnet and not merely as a fourteen-line poem, can be praised without implicit limitations and reserves. No amiable person will be inclined to think harshly of editorial enthusiasm, or to blame severely the critic who believes he has rescued from oblivion the work of an undeservedly neglected genius; but as a rule, ultimate fame is fairly proportioned to desert, and if a writer has been forgotten, the presumption is, that whatever be the merits or beauties of his work, its loss of hold upon the memory of mankind is but one example of the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest. Sir Thomas Wyat's sonnets were of the true Italian type, and occasionally, as in the sonnet—

"Divers doth use, as I have heard and know,"

he attains that charm, a compound of ingenuity and grace, in which few cultured writers of his day were deficient. But this is all; there is a total lack of positive virtue, of quality, of distinction; nor in passing from his work to that of his compeer, the Earl of Surrey, do we make any change for the better, but remain in the same atmosphere of respectable commonplace. Indeed, among the courtly versifiers of the period—the mob of gentlemen who wrote with dignity rather than with ease—we only find one, Sir Philip Sidney, whose sonnet work rises above this dead level, and though Charles Lamb can hardly be acquitted of loving exaggeration when he says that the best of Sidney's sonnets "are among the best of their sort," they are certainly a refreshing oasis in a desert where nothing grew but sterile flowers of strained sentiment, fantastic phrase, and far-fetched imagery. Not that Sidney is free from the conceits of his age; his verse is, as Lamb says, "stuck full of amorous fancies," which the genial essayist celebrates affectionately on the ground that "True Love thinks no labor to send out thoughts upon the vast and more than Indian voyages, to bring home rich pearls, outlandish wealth, gems, jewels, spicery, to sacrifice in self-depreciating similitudes as shadows of true amiabilities in the Beloved." Sidney's conceits, however, are humanized; they glow instead of merely sparkling, and we do not simply see the versifier in them, but feel the gentle, tender, chivalrous humanity behind them. Now and then he abandons them altogether, and his thought and language acquire the sweet naturalness and spontaneity which were the dower of both an earlier and a later age, but which in his time were for the court poet's lost gifts, as in the following sonnet, which it seems strange should not have found a place among the other jewels embedded in the setting of Elia's golden eulogy. Perhaps it looked too much like an English pebble to consort well with the spoils of those "more than Indian voyages."

"Because I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colors for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowèd hair,
Nor give each speech the full point of a groan,
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who in their lips Love's standard bear,—
'What he!' say they of me; 'now I dare swear
He cannot love. No, no, let him alone.'
And think so still, if Stella know my mind!
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find
That this right badge is but worn in the heart:
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove:
They love indeed who quake to say they love."

Another reason for the exclusion of this sonnet from Lamb's selected twelve may be found in its occasional lapses from perfect expressional grace, several of the lines being, to say the least, sus-

ceptible of improvement either in transparency or music: but if we are to deal severely with fine points like these, there are few sonnets of the period that can escape a whipping, and the last line betrays a penetration into the true mysteries of love which, if more general among Sidney's contemporaries, would have slain before birth many of their "vain amatorious poems," which confer honor upon love, and give value to literature in an equally infinitesimal degree. Still, it must be admitted that the sonnet quoted is in workmanship inferior to at least three of Lamb's twelve—notably to that exquisitely beautiful invocation to Sleep, the felicity and grace of which might win the suffrages of many a harsher critic than the gentle Elia.

Spenser is one of our greatest poets, but he is far from being a great sonneteer, and of his sonnet-like poems Mr. Main utters the opinion of most readers when he calls them disappointing. They are deficient in body, frigid in tone, and altogether wanting in the graces of manner we might naturally expect from the author of the *Faery Queen*. Among them all only one leaves on our own mind any sharp impression, and that one has certainly a dignified movement and tender chastity of diction which make it worthy of its high parentage. We may not all admit the perfect appropriateness of Lord Macaulay's characterization of Milton's "Avenge O Lord" as "a collect in verse," but this sonnet of Spenser's has really a very appreciable affinity to the style of the collects—those unique jewels of devout inspiration.

"Most glorious Lord of Life! that on this day
Did'st make thy triumph over death and sin,
And having harrowed hell did'st bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win:
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin;
And grant that we, for whom Thou diddest die,
Being with thy dear blood washed clean from sin
May live for ever in felicity!
And that thy love we weighing worthily
May likewise love Thee for the same again;
And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear love, like as we ought:
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught."

As a poet, in the broadest sense of the word, Drummond of Hawthornden ranks far below Spenser; but in the "sonnet's scanty plot" he rules as of right divine, and even the lord of the world of faery must stand uncovered before him. There is not the same weight of matter in his sonnets that there is in the irregular sonnets of Shakspeare, nor is there the same penetrative vigor of language; but there are qualities equally precious if not equally impressive—exquisite keenness of sensibility, attested by peculiar delicacy of touch; imaginative vision and notable power of rendering it; native spontaneousness happily allied with fine mastery of

the secrets of meter and melody ; and the rare art—carried to perfection in the sonnets of Mr. Rossetti—of making his verse the expression, not of crude passion, which, as Edgar Poe pointed out, is not genuine poetic material, but rather the reflection of passion in the still deeps of imaginative reverie. In Drummond's sonnet work, we certainly miss one characteristic which is almost a constant note of high genius, the magnificent recklessness which takes no thought of finite limitations, but boldly essays the impossible. He knew what he could do and what he conld not do, and the outcome of this knowledge is a pervading equality of craftsmanship. Though almost all his sonnets are beautiful, there is not one of such overmastering beauty that it storms the citadel of the soul and takes the memory captive. We feel, and cannot help feeling, that when Drummond had exhausted his expressional possibilities, he had still a store of the raw material of poetry which remained unworked and unworkable, and he therefore remains for ever what Dr. George MacDonald, with fine insight, calls him—"a *voix voilée*, or veiled voice of song."

Time would fail us were we to attempt to speak of the minor singers of that vocal age ; of Sir Walter Raleigh, George Chapman, Robert Greene, Michael Drayton, John Donne, William Browne, and other less known poets ; and, if the truth must be told, there is—despite the rhapsodizing eulogies of a few critics—little in their contributions to sonnet literature to repay the study of any one but an editor or a specialist. Indeed some of the verdicts passed upon their performances even by men of real eminence, seem of use only as proofs of the dulling effect upon the finer sensibilities of long poring over essentially second-rate work. No one who has any feeling for the truly poetic in poetry can refrain from a sardonic smile when he finds one of these critics speaking of a far-fetched, extravagant, and utterly unimpressive concert of Sir Walter Raleigh's, entitled *A Vision upon the Faery Queene*, as "alone sufficient to place Raleigh in the rank of those few original writers who can introduce and perpetuate a new type in a literature." If the false and frigid rhetoric of this *Vision* be the note of the new type, we certainly prefer the old ; but the very badness of this sonnet seems to have fascinated its critics, and made them feel that it stood in all the more need of praise. Even Mr. Main, who is as a rule singularly free from extravagance, actually quotes, apparently with approval, the remark of Dr. Hannah, that it has received the tribute of the imitation of Milton in his sonnet on his deceased wife. Both poems certainly begin with the word "Methought," and both mention a tomb—"there is a river in Macedon and there is a river in Monmouth ;"—but that is absolutely all, and this being so, it is hardly likely that Milton's "tribute" can add much to Raleigh's fame.

We have said that the sonnet writers of the Shakspearian age

have left little really memorable work, but that little may fairly claim a recognition of its virtues. The one grain of wheat in the bushel of chaff is wheat still, and in this chaff heap there are more grains than one, though they undoubtedly need some seeking for. One of them is an irregular sonnet of Michael Drayton's, to which Mr. Henry Reed in his "Lectures on the English Poets" does no more than justice when he says, "From Anacreon down to Moore I know no lines on the old subject of lovers' quarrels distinguished for equal tenderness of sentiment;" though when he adds "and richness of fancy," we confess that we are not able to follow him. The octave is, as will be seen, entirely unadorned, and the single metaphor in the sestette is a little marred by the double personification of Love and Passion, which is rather confusing, and which might easily have been avoided by some slight alteration in the line we italicize, such as—

"When, his pulse failing fast, he speechless lies."

Of fancy we have enough and to spare in the poetry of that period; but the charm of this sonnet lies in its perfect simplicity, in its singular directness, in its unforced pathos, in that adequacy of treatment which makes us feel that what had to be said is said in the best possible way.

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion sleepless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death
And Innocence is closing up his eyes—
Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover."

Another of the wheat-grains is a true sonnet by John Donne on that one subject which, with the single exception of Love, has been the most favored motive of lyrical poets, and which for the singers of our own dreamful day, seems possessed of a peculiar fascination. It is to be doubted whether the English language has any invocation to Death which, for manliness, weight, and dignity, deserves a place beside this high utterance of the first of our miscalled "metaphysical poets."

"Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor death; nor yet canst thou kill me.

From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go—
Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past we wake eternally
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die."

We know of nothing of the same kind in English poetry more impressive than this solemnly triumphant close; and the only parallel which occurs at the moment is the magnificent conclusion of Mr. Swinburne's exquisite lyric, *A Forsaken Garden.*

"Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead."

The remarkable, and in many respects pre-eminent, series of fourteen-line poems known as the sonnets of Shakspeare, present a dilemma on one horn of which the writer of an article like the present must be impaled. They fill such a space and hold such a rank in the sonnet literature of England, that to ignore them is impossible, and to treat them adequately is not one whit less so. Numberless volumes, the outcome of long and loving study, have been devoted to a theme which we must needs dismiss in a few brief and necessarily unsatisfactory sentences. True, most of these volumes have been occupied with matters which are irrelevant to our main purpose. Wordsworth, whose briefest criticisms are generally full of insight, surely erred when he said that in these poems Shakspeare unlocked his heart, for the precious collection is still, like the book in the Apocalypse, "sealed with seven seals." We know by whom the poems were written, but we can hardly say without uncertainty that we know to whom they were addressed; and, with regard to their true significance, speculation has followed speculation, and theory has set itself against theory. Perhaps it is impossible to repress the desire to penetrate those occult mysteries of literature of which the Shakspeare sonnet problem is among the most fascinating; but it is certainly unfortunate that perplexing questions concerning the genesis and final cause of these poems should so largely have diverted attention from those positive qualities which give them their main value and interest.

The first of these qualities—or rather that quality in which all others are included—is what must be called, for want of another word, their pervading Shakspearianism. We smile at the "Correggiosity of Correggio," and we may smile at the Shakspearianism of Shakspeare; but, after all, how can the bringer-in of a unique type be defined in the terms of an established nomenclature? Shak

speare has this and that quality which belonged to his predecessors—the insight of one, the imagination of another, the expressional felicity of a third; but he unites them all in a new synthesis, and for the product of this synthesis we are bound to make a new definition. Until Shakspeare has a compeer he is a class by himself, and as the world seems to have decided that the compeer has not yet arrived, he remains above all else Shakspearian. And in his poems, notably in these so-called sonnets, which are the richest and completest of them, this unique personal note is as clearly discernible as in the noblest of the plays, and much more discernible than in some of those earlier dramatic efforts which mark the tentative stage of his development. If we could imagine the existence of a person of cultivated taste who was still ignorant of the recognized place of Shakspeare in literature, he could not pass from the sonnet work of Shakspeare's contemporaries to that of the master himself without an instant sense of an enlarged outlook, of a freer, clearer air, of a more impressive spiritual presence. There is the recognition of an unmistakable amplitude of treatment, a large utterance, and ensuing upon this a feeling of fellowship with a soul wealthy enough to disdain the smaller economies of the intellect. In these sonnets there is no sense of strain; we do not feel, as in reading Drummond, that the poet has touched his possibilities, but that even in his farthest reaches they are still long ahead of him. Even when the intellectual level attained by an author is not absolutely high, as it is here, there is always a felt charm in his work if it leave such an impression as this; a charm like that which belongs to the feats of some trained athlete who performs what seem muscular miracles with the graceful ease of effortless strength.

Coleridge has spoken of the "condensation of thought" in these sonnets, Dyce of their "profound thought," Archbishop Trench of their being "double-shotted with thought;" but, if we mistake not, the thing which gives to them their specific gravity is not what is usually understood by thought, but what may rather be described as intellectualized emotion—that is, the incarnation of pure emotion, which is itself too rare and attenuated an essence to be adequately and at the same time sustainedly expressed, in a body of symbol or situation which is supplied by the intellect. The simple pouring out of passion is apt to become tiresome to all save the lover and the beloved; but in reading Shakspeare's sonnets we are sensible of no loss of gusto; the last is as piquant as the first; and this because the mere passion, which is in itself an ordinary thing—though the passion of a Titan must needs be Titanesque—is supplemented by the tremendous intellectual force which lies behind and beneath it, and bears it up as the foam-bell is borne on the bosom of the great sea.

The connoisseur in these delicacies of verse loses little by passing *per saltum* from Shakspeare to Milton, whose sonnets as unmistaka-

bly as his epics bear the impress of the modeling of a Michael Angelo of literature. Dr. Johnson and Hannah More, after quietly assuming that Milton's sonnets were very bad, set out upon an investigation into the causes of their badness; and it was in the course of this edifying and fruitful inquiry that Johnson distinguished himself by his description of Milton's genius as one "that could hew a Colossus out of a rock, but could not carve heads on cherry-stones." This curious remark has often been quoted in proof of Dr. Johnson's absolute insensitiveness to the appeal of essential poetry, and it does undoubtedly prove this very conclusively; but it has not, we think, been noticed that it betrays an equally absolute ignorance of the true character of the sonnet. Critics have been more careful to maintain Milton's ability to carve heads upon cherry-stones than to inquire whether cherry-stone carving and sonnet writing have any real artistic affinity. A head upon a cherry-stone is at best an ingenious trifle, which can but show the dexterity of its artificer; a sonnet is of the nature of a cameo, which is either a satisfying work of art or nothing. The pre-Miltonic sonnet had certainly been largely devoted to the elaboration of amorous fantasies: Milton, as Landor gracefully said—

> "Caught the sonnet from the dainty hand
> Of Love, who cried to lose it, and he gave
> The notes to glory;—"

but thus to apotheosize any literary form is the surest evidence of supreme mastery of its conditions and possibilities. It would not be too much to say that every sonnet from Milton's hand betrays this mastery as fully as the O of Giotto. They are unequal in conception; some are the utterances of a more and some of a less happy mood; but "the spirit of the handling" is the same in all. We perceive everywhere the splendid sweep of a soul which revolves through vast circumferences around a fixed center, with its centripetal and centrifugal forces in impressive equipoise; and the emotion born and maintained within us is that which would be roused by the swimming into our ken of a new planet, moving through the stellar spaces as through the halls of an ancestral home.

Even when Milton's matter repels or fails to interest, there is always something in his manner which compels an attentive and fascinated hearing. The personal quality, which was of pure and high self-containedness all compact, informs the language and gives it a magical power. He, on his mountain-top had learned from the silent stars and voiceful winds a speech which was not the dialect of the crowd, and, whatever be the burden of the saying, there is a spell in the mere intonation. We feel the spell sometimes almost humorously, as in the rough-hewn sonnet with its harsh, unpoetic, bald, monosyllabic rhymes—"clogs," "dogs,"

"frogs," "hogs"—which leaves almost the same sense of weight and mass that we derive from his nobler and more delightful utterances. Among these, it is needless to say, one stands apart in unapproached and unapproachable majesty The great sonnet *On the late Massacres in Piedmont* is one of those achievements in which matter of the noblest order molds for itself a form of the highest excellence, matter and form being, as in music and in all supreme art, so bound up and interfused that, though we know both of them to be there, we cannot know them or think of them apart. Much has been said in eulogy of this sonnet, and said worthily and well; but there is a perfection which mocks praise, and it is this perfection that is here attained; not the perfection which consists in this quality or in that, but which comes when all qualities which may be displayed, all potentialities which can be exerted, meet in triumphant, satisfying, utter accomplishment. When Lord Macaulay called it a collect in verse he was on the right track, for such comparisons are more expressive and less misleading than the more definite characterizations of criticism; but it would have been safer to compare it to some great work of nature, or even to some equally moving product of pictorial or plastic or musical art, than to any other work of literary craftsmanship, howsoever perfect. To undervalue the collects would simply be to show a total want of feeling for exquisiteness of form; but when one broods over them with sensibilities quick to be touched by the peculiar quality of their indwelling virtue, one finds that it has a subtle but quite apprehensible difference from the something which makes Milton's sonnet just what it is. The collects have grace, pliancy, symmetry, and compactness; they have both stately phrase and tender cadence, and they are impregnated with an undying aroma of devotion; but they have not, and it would not be fitting that they should have, the splendid and sonorous rhetoric, the solemn majesty as of a judge pronouncing doom, the white heat of prophetic passion, which give its unique character to this invocation of divine vengeance.

Of Milton's other sonnets, "soul-animating strains, alas too few," we have not space to speak as they deserve. In the great utterance of which we have been discoursing all their varied virtues are gathered up and concentrated. What is true of it is true in less measure of its companions, and they are worthy of grateful study, not merely for their absolute perfections, but because they are the first successful attempts to vindicate on a large scale the possibilities of the true sonnet. The mighty intellectual and ethical force of which all Milton's work is the manifestation cannot blind us to the supremacy of his purely æsthetic instincts. Whatever else he might remember, he never forgot that he was an artist, and in several of these sonnets his art achieves some of its finest triumphs. Even in those which are, comparatively speaking,

of minor importance and interest, there is a restful adequacy, a satisfying fulfillment, which all sonnet-writers must necessarily strive after, but which so few attain ; and, in addition to this inestimable quality of the sonnets as poetic wholes, there is not one without some line or lines which, for elevation of thought or magnificence of music, impress us at once with an ever-enduring sense of final mastery.

Between the age of Milton and the age of Wordsworth the sonnet literature of England is but a desert, with spots rather than patches of poetic verdure. Even in Mr. Main's *Treasury*, which errs, if at all, on the side of undue copiousness, the whole period is represented by only twenty-one specimens, selected from thirteen poets, and of the best of these it can only be said in the words of Dr. Johnson that they are "not bad." It is curious, however, to note that in the fetters of an artificial form the singers of an essentially artificial age lose much of their artificiality, and though we do not altogether escape from conventional epithets and hackneyed allusions, we find a grateful freshness and freedom which are missing in most of the poetry of the time. Perhaps one of the most interesting, though one of the least familiar of these growths of an ungenial soil, is the work of one who gained distinction by his prose rather than his verse. William Roscoe, the biographer of Lorenzo de' Medici, having met with business misfortunes, found himself compelled to bring his property to the hammer. Even his beloved books had to go, and from these he could not part without a heart-pang, which found expression in this touching sonnet :—

"As one who, destined from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, yet hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers as he may affliction's dart—
Thus, loved associates ! chiefs of elder Art !
Teachers of wisdom ! who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you ; nor with fainting heart;
For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore ;
When freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more."

One or two of Cowper's sonnets, particularly that addressed to Mrs Unwin, which begins with the line—

"Mary ! I want a lyre with other strings,"

are worthy of remembrance. The single sonnet of Gray hardly deserved the savage treatment by which Wordsworth has immortalized it ; and the sonnet work of William Lisle Bowles has a certain literary interest on account of the influence—a somewhat inexplic-

able one, it must be owned—which it exercised in the formation of the poetic taste of Coleridge; but, on the whole, the prospect hereabouts is hardly a cheerful one. In the study of the sonnets of Wordsworth, we feel at once that we are ascending to a new altitude, and gazing round on an ampler horizon. If we take into consideration both quality and mass of work, we may well agree with Mr. John Dennis, that Wordsworth is "perhaps the greatest of English sonnet writers." Milton, indeed, reached a height which Wordsworth never gained; but, while the one takes us to a lofty and solitary peak where we can never fail to be conscious of the distance of the vale beneath, the other leads us to an elevated table-land of such expanse that we can wander at will, and in our wanderings forget that there is a lower world. Milton, to change the figure, overshadows us: we do not lose our personality, but feel his rising before us, and shutting out all besides. Wordsworth, on the contrary, unless our mood be unalterably alien to his own, possesses us, pervades us, transfuses his spirit into our spirits, and makes us feel with him. He does this in virtue of his strong humanity, his abiding sympathy with what the author of *Ecce Homo* calls "the man in men," this being, as we take it, the living aggregate of those thoughts and passions which are distinctive of men in whom the moral development has been consentaneous with the emotional and intellectual growth. Wordsworth moves us by the sheer directness of his ethical and imaginative insight; and the craftsmanship of his sonnet-work is noteworthy, for the most part, only as a means of making this directness thoroughly impressive. Few poets so great as Wordsworth have been so deficient in what Goethe called the dæmonic element, the incalculable force which touches and sways us, we know not why or how. Wordsworth's effects are all explicable and calculable; we see "the hidden pulse of the machine:" he is, save in one or two memorable instances, wanting in what has been called natural magic; and the existence of this very deficiency makes the charm and power of his work all the more remarkable. Now and then, in the sonnets, he catches a splendor beyond the reach of art, as in the concluding lines of the sonnet *Composed on Westminster Bridge*:—

> "Dear God! the very houses seem asleep
> And all that mighty heart is lying still;"—

but, as a rule, we are struck by the collectedness of the poet; by the fact that he is the master of his conceptions, not their servant, saying to this "Go," and it goeth, and to another "Stay," and it stayeth. And yet he was throughout guided by a sure instinct. He felt, if we may so put it, the responsibilities of the sonnet; and, in spite of his imperfect theory of poetic language, which so often led him astray, the style of the sonnets, though sometimes austere, is hardly ever bald. Nor do we find here any traces of

Wordsworth's other besetting sin, the sin of diffuseness and limp expatiation. The poet whose work is self-conscious, who writes what he will rather than what he must, will always feel, as Wordsworth felt, "the weight of too much liberty," and the fetters of an arbitrary form like the sonnet, seem less like fetters than supports and wholesome restraints. In the sonnets Wordsworth's style is at its finest; it is nervous, sinewy, compact, and yet always clear and fluent. His natural language had a note of simple dignity, but its naturalness was not always preserved; for the simplicity sometimes sank into puerility and the dignity deteriorated into bombast. In the sonnets, however, these lapses are almost non-existent. They are not dithyrambic, but they are always gravely eloquent, striking at the opening a clear resonant key-note of lofty emotion which is nobly sustained until the close. A score of the best known—and in Wordsworth's case the best known are the best—of the sonnets would be a collection of verse the companionable value of which would be in its way unsurpassed. Such poetic treasures as "The world is too much with us," "Earth hath not anything to show more fair," "Great men have been among us," "Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour," and a dozen others which linger in the memory, have a tonic and invigorating quality which it is difficult to over-estimate. Critics of the Rydal poet have been wont to divide readers into Wordsworthians and non-Wordsworthians; but in the presence of these utterances, whose grace is the grace of perfected strength, these distinctions fade away. A refusal of homage would not merely stamp a man as a non-Wordsworthian, but as one for whom the highest poetical motives and the most exquisite forms have no preciousness, to whom they make no appeal. Concerning the entire body of Wordsworth's work there will always be wide differences of opinion, founded on inherent and ineradicable differences of taste; but upon the greatest of these sonnets only one verdict is possible—that they are an addition of inestimable value to the world's accumulated store of imaginative wealth.

The true signs of the poetic nature were perhaps more clearly discernible in Coleridge than in his great compeer; but as a sonneteer he was certainly Wordsworth's inferior. His sonnets seem to us altogether wanting in distinction and charm, with the further disadvantage of being occasionally marred by the intrusion of a quality for which, in Coleridge's time, the name "spasmodic" had not been invented. Poor Hartley Coleridge, who promised so much and performed so little, produced many sonnets, and is, as a sonnet-writer, as far in front of his father as he is behind his father's friend. The beautiful sonnet beginning—

> "What was't awakened first the untried ear
> Of that sole man who was all human kind?"

would have been more content-giving if the interrogatory form had been dropped before the close; but many of his sonnets have indubitable quality, and one or two of them—such, for example, as "If I have sinned in act I may repent," and "Let me not dream that I was made in vain"—betray a combined vigor and subtlety which makes us feel that great possibilities were extinguished by the blight which withered the singer's mournfully ineffectual career. Concerning a host of Wordsworthian sonnets, of which Sir Aubrey de Vere was the earliest and the Rev. Charles Tennyson Turner the latest producer, nothing needs to be said but that they have everything of Wordsworth save the informing power which made his sonnets so monumental and memorable. Wordsworth's work is easily imitable by congenial spirits, and these imitations—probably for the most part unconscious reproductions of the master's manner—are by no means unworthy; but they have no place in the history of art. The latter of the two poets just mentioned did, however, produce one sonnet of singular beauty, a sonnet not in the least like Wordsworth, but with a strong suggestion of George Herbert; and it seems to us to be in its own way so perfect and delightful, that we break the order of our survey to reproduce it in connection with our passing mention of its author's name.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

"As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice prankt upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—
A sunny phanton interlaced with shade;
'Thanks be to heaven!' in happy mood I said,
'What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see! we are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
His luster pierceth through the midnight glooms;
And at prime hour, behold! He follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms!'"

Byron wrote a few sonnets, but those few are good; and the sonnet *On Chillon*, with its fine opening and its impressive close, may, without exaggeration, be called great. The London group of nineteenth-century poets, the Cockney school as it was irreverently called, had its defects and weaknesses, but it certainly maintained the high traditions of the English sonnet. The far-echoing fame of *Hyperion* and the odes has done much to drown the faint, sweet music of the sonnets of Keats, but they remain a possession from which no lover of the precious things of verse would care to part. The best known and among general readers the most highly esteemed of these delicately cut cameos of poetry, is undoubtedly the sonnet *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*, and the singularly

impressive images to which the sestette is devoted fully account for this high popular estimation; but it may be more than doubted whether the comparative rank assigned to this sonnet can be defended by disinterested criticism. The majority of discriminating judges will award the palm to that overpoweringly beautiful composition which was his last legacy to the world, a sonnet rounded and perfect as the "bright star" which it invokes, of moving conception and flawless workmanship, every line a delight; and the whole an enduring joy. It is unfortunate that so many of Keats's editors, Mr. Main among the number, should, in reprinting this last sonnet, have adopted as the final line—

"And so live ever or else swoon to death,"

instead of the alternative reading, which has at least equal sanction—

"Half passionless, and so swoon on to death,"

which is so much more in keeping with the body of the sonnet, so much more characteristic, so much more beautiful. Only less fine than this supreme effort are the sonnets, "The poetry of earth is never dead," "When I have thoughts that I may cease to be," "O, soft embalmer of the still midnight," "The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone," each full of the essential music, the mobile grace of nature with which Keats was so richly dowered, and each containing at least one triumph of phrasing which touches the very heart of the matter, and masters us at once. "The frost hath wrought a silence," "the magic hand of chance," "that queen of secrecy, the violet," the poppy's "lulling charities," "curious conscience,"

"holinight
Of fragrant curtained love begins to weave
The woof of darkness thick, for hid delight;"—

how exquisite are these things; how altogether delightsome; in one word, which means so much, how entirely Keats-like! Keats's sonnets were very frequently cast in the Shakspearian mold; but his handling is so deft, that in most of them we lose the feeling of the recurring quatrains, and even of the concluding couplet, and have the sense of inwrought unity which seems to belong as of right to the true Italian form. It is only the comparatively small mass of Keats's sonnet work, certainly not any deficiency in quality, which hinders him from taking rank among the greatest of our sonneteers, as well as among the greatest of our poets.

Of Shelley this holds still more noticeably, though Mr. Main has added to the number of his sonnets by printing as such the successive strophes or stanzas of the *Ode to the West Wind*, which are certainly written in the sonnet form, though they have too much

abandonment, too little restraint and individual completeness—have, in short, too much of the purely lyrical quality—to find a place among genuine sonnets. Leigh Hunt, the ardent lover of both Keats and Shelley, was a nineteenth-century troubadour rather than a poet in the broadest and deepest sense of that word · but he had quick sensibilities and a nimble hand, and in one well-known wit contest he distanced his great compeers. Every one remembers that Shelley, Keats, and Hunt each undertook to write a sonnet on the subject of the river Nile, and whether we select *Ozymandias*, or, as we certainly ought, the more recently discovered sonnet, "Month after month the gathered rains descend," as Shelley's contribution, it must, we think, take either the second or the third place, the first being undoubtedly held by Hunt. Hunt's sonnet is fairly familiar, but we cannot forbear to quote it ; and it may safely be said that even in his most spontaneous productions the poet never excelled this little bit of pleasant task-work :

"It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young world, the glory extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us ; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake."

From this time forward noticeable sonnets grow thicker and thicker in the field of English poetry, and adequate criticism within the limits of a single article becomes less and less possible. Hood's extraordinary gift of a certain kind of humor, and the insistent and tragical power of his world-famed social lyrics, have hindered many from fully recognizing the flower-like grace of his more purely imaginative serious poetry, and as a sonnet-writer he is seldom mentioned, though all his sonnets are delicately and richly wrought, and at least two of them, *Silence* and *Death*, deserve an honored place in the most select sonnet anthology. Those individual qualities which give their peculiar flavor to such poems as *The Haunted House* and *The Dream of Eugene Aram*—their pervading weirdness, their occasional grotesqueness—are here sublimated and ethereal-ized ; the body of them has vanished, but the aroma remains, and the charm is complete. To this first half of the nineteenth century belong also the names of Charles Lamb, Bryan Waller Procter, John Clare—whose numerous sonnets are not among his best things—Thomas Noon Talfourd—whose sonnet *On the Death of Queen Caroline* is a noble poem on an unworthy theme—Thomas Lovell Beddoes,

Samuel Laman Blanchard, and Joseph Blanco White, who, like the often-mentioned "single-speech Hamilton," is remembered as a poet by one solitary utterance.

White's magnificent sonnet on *Night* has been too often quoted for it to be necessary to reproduce it here, and so much criticized that all possible comment seems exhausted. Few will withhold a general agreement from the verdict of Coleridge, that it is "the most grandly conceived sonnet in the language;" but it is certainly unfortunate that the execution of so great a conception should not be more perfect. The first impression it makes is almost overpowering, but it bears hardly so well as might be expected the test of repeated readings—a disappointment which is wont to occur when the strength of a poem resides in its thought rather than its craftsmanship. Concerning the two extant versions we disagree with Mr. Main, who regards the first as superior to the second; but even from the latter there is absent some needed touch of perfecting grace, which, were it there, would give the sonnet an assured and unassailable supremacy.

As we progress farther into the century we reach another of the great sonnet groups of our literature, and are compelled to make another pause. If we except Sappho, who is little more than a shade, the role of the women poets of the world must be headed with the name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; and her sonnets, notably the series entitled "Sonnets from the Portuguese," are at the apex of the mass of work which is her enduring pyramid of fame. What Wordsworth in his sonnets did for the high things of thought and ethical emotion, Mrs. Browning and a later poet, yet to be spoken of, have done for the deep and secret things of passion, using the word not in a mere special sense to which usage has almost confined it, but as comprehending all intense and fervid outgoings of our nature towards God, or country, or our human fellows, or those aspects of nature wnich rouse within us love or awe, wonder or hushed delight. The poet in whom emotion generates thought will almost inevitably have a narrower range than the poet in whom thought supplies a justification for emotion, and Mrs. Browning's sweep is certainly less extensive than Wordsworth's; but there is in her sonnets a concentrated intensity of feeling and a piercing, resonant utterance—strong, yet with a pathetic quaver in it—which thrill and melt us as we are thrilled and melted by the voice of no other English singer. In her verse, Godward aspiration, human love and grief, the passion of sympathy and the passion for beauty, the longing of a full nature to pour out its fullness, reveal their very naked heart, and we are impressed not merely by high poetry, but by a great "apocalypse of soul." In the case of any human being such an apocalypse would have a strange and peculiar interest, but when the revelation is of such a soul as Mrs. Browning's it becomes a thing of priceless value. As we read

we know not whether we are most keenly touched by the poem or by the beating of the poet's heart behind it, by the throb of warm blood in its pulsating lines. The fine issues reveal the spirit that has been finely touched; a spirit to whom the things of the spirit were as palpable as the things of sense—to whom, as to the eye-blind but soul-seeing Hugh Stuart Boyd—

> "The sensuous and unsensuous seemed one thing,
> Viewed from one level—earth's reapers at the sheaves
> Scarce plainer than Heaven's angels on the wing."

The purity and delicacy of Mrs. Browning's nature were attested by her power of distinguishing very finely graduated shades of the higher emotions, of beholding subtle correspondences, of rendering what for most poets would be merely sighings that cannot be uttered. In such sonnets as *Grief* and *Perplexed Music*, strings which would have been snapped and silenced for ever if struck by duller hands, yield tones that are sweet and clear and full—tones to which other hearts vibrate in faint but distinguishable echoes. It is, however, in the series purporting to be "From the Portuguese" that Mrs. Browning reveals the total potentialities of her genius. These poems are the very apotheosis of love; they form an avenue from the outermost courts of a pure and profound passion to the innermost recesses of its curtained sanctuary; and yet in no one of them is there any violation of sacred reserves, any profanation of the shrine of love; for the last solemn veil of the temple remains unlifted, though we are brought near enough to catch the odor of the incense which clouds the altar, and the hymeneal song of the invisible singers who chant before it.

In matters of mere art-*technique* the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* represent Mrs. Browning at her point of highest achievement. Intense as was her Shaksperian enthusiasm, she clearly felt that in his so-called sonnets Shakspeare had adopted an inferior form, and she remained faithful to the nobler Italian model, which, in the hands of Milton and Wordsworth, had been turned to such triumphant account. Nor was the effect of a choice of perfect form marred by any of those eccentricities of treatment which interfere with the fullness of our delight in some of this poet's most delight-giving work. The individual flavor is as distinct as elsewhere; never was personality more clearly discernible; but the style has cleared itself of its dross, of its undue archaism, its ruggedness, its occasional grating grotesqueness, and has, without losing force, gained ease, clearness, balance, and those qualities which in the mass we call classical. To appraise this collection adequately is difficult; to overrate it is all but impossible. The most commonplace man or woman who has known what it is to love purely and unselfishly feels that his soul or her soul, not less than the soul of Mrs. Browning, finds a voice in these high poems; and it can hardly be presumptuous to predict that for generations to come the *Son-*

nets from the Portuguese will remain, what they undoubtedly now are, the noblest anthology for noble lovers which our language has to show.

The singers of what may be called the Tennysonian period are many, and most of them have been sonneteers to a greater or less extent, but the field is too wide to be reaped or even tithed here. Mr. Tennyson himself has written few sonnets, and these few include one or two of his feeblest things and none of his best. No friendly critic would ever quote such an effusion as *The Bridesmaid;* and even the sonnet on the Montenegrins, strong and sonorous as it is, seems more like a Miltonic or Wordsworthian echo than an original strain. Mr. Tennyson's early friend Arthur Henry Hallam wrote sonnets charged with a quiet beauty; and Mr. Frederick Tennyson, as well as his brother the Rev. Charles Tennyson Turner, was a sonnet-writer needing not to be ashamed. Of the sonnet work of Alford, Faber, Clough, the younger Roscoes, John Sterling, R. S. Hawker, and many others we must not stay to speak. The sonnets of Mr. Matthew Arnold, generally devoted to the crystallization of some elevated ethical sentiment, have a simple austerity of style which may almost be called ascetic. Those of Alexander Smith, on the other hand, emulate, sometimes with fair success, the rich color and lavish imagery of Keats, who found another follower in the young Scotch poet, David Gray, whose early death robbed the world of a sweet if not of a strong singer. The sonnets of Julian Fane, particularly those addressed to his mother, are thoroughly Shaksperian both in form and flavor, and are saturated with a true and touching tenderness. Mrs. Pfeiffer's sonnets have been much admired, and justly so, for they are indeed admirable, but some of them would be even more admirable if the condensation and elaboration of the thought interfered less with the transparency of the expressional vehicle. Those of Miss Christina Rossetti have grace, sweetness, unction, with a pensive charm as of a violet growing on a grave. Miss Dora Greenwell is a disciple of Mrs. Browning, and has caught very happily some of the delicate *nuances* of both her feeling and style. Mr. Robert Buchanan is a poet of no mean rank, but his sonnets, though often full of his special power, impress and charm us less than some of his other work. The solitary volume of verse which we owe to Mr. Edward Dowden, though it has not been much talked about, cannot be read by any genuine lover of poetry without ardent admiration, and some of the sonnets contained in it are of singularly delicate beauty. Mr. Philip Bourke Marston and Mr. John Payne have done some very exquisite sonnet-work; but their peculiar quality is to a large extent derivative. Their master is one who has many more followers than he perhaps cares to acknowledge—a poet of fine and subtle genius, and undoubtedly the greatest of living sonneteers—Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It is very unfortunate that disinterested

and dispassionate criticism of some of Mr. Rossetti's most characteristic sonnets has been rendered all but impossible by the action of polemical moralists or anti-moralists, who have made them a peg on which to hang a controversy which is neither properly ethical nor properly artistic. When a critic knows that if he expresses admiration for such a sonnet as *The Kiss* or *Nuptial Sleep*, he will be denounced as fleshly or perhaps filthy, and that if, on the other hand, he says he dislikes it, he will be held up to the derision of cultured humanity as the insensate Philistine, he will probably hold his tongue, even though he may have something to say which would be worth listening to. The course which is suggested by discretion or cowardice—call it which we will—is, however, the course which at present will probably be most serviceable to true criticism; for happily Mr. Rossetti's work as a whole is too purely artistic to lend itself readily to these irritating pseudo-ethical controversies; and it is upon this whole that final judgment must be pronounced.

Perhaps the most obvious positive characteristic of Mr. Rossetti's poetry is its picturesqueness. He is not merely a painter *and* a poet, but a painter-poet, which is a different thing. He has too true a sense of the dignity of each separate art, and of the inevitable limitations of each vehicle of expression to endeavor to paint poems or to write pictures; but his imagination is so concrete that its creations always present themselves to him as things of form and color, and his sonnets spread themselves out like fair paintings on the walls of the gallery of the mind. Every poet's instinct prompts him to embody thoughts and feelings in sensuous symbols which can be grasped by the imagination; and one of the tests by which we award precedence in the poetic hierarchy is the measure of success with which this embodiment is achieved. In Mr. Rossetti's case it is a large measure: we know of none larger, and his place is among the highest. We will not say that every one of his sonnets would provide a motive for an actual picture: both the form and color may here and there be too faintly indicated for reproduction by palpable lines and pigments; but the effect upon the mind of any one of them is analagous to that produced by one of his own glowing canvases. There are in both the same restful harmonies, the same solemn splendor, the same sad insatiate yearning, the same bounteousness of beauty; and those of us who have been privileged to behold some of those special drawings or paintings to which certain of the sonnets are avowedly twin children of the master's art, turn from the picture to the poem and from the poem back to the picture, and know not which to choose, because both are so full of all delights.

Mr. Rossetti's imaginative treatment is both spiritual and impassioned, the sensuous and the super-sensuous are inextricably blended, and when love is the theme of his utterances it is a love of

which we know not the body from the soul There is a noteworthy integrity in his love sonnets which gives them a peculiar interest and value. No element is wanting, none is unduly preponderant. The poet can sing to the hautboy of the flame-winged Passion of Love, or to the sweet notes of the white-winged harpist, who is Love's Worship, declaring that—

> "Through thine hautboy's rapturous tone
> Unto my lady still this harp makes oan,
> And still she deems the cadence deep and clear."

The first twenty-eight of Mr. Rossetti's sonnets, like the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, form a continuous series ; but in the former the situations are more varied, and the gradual transition from brightness to gloom, instead of, as in Mrs. Browning's poems, from gloom to brightness, leaves us in an entirely different mood. Mr. Rossetti's genius is, however, essentially somber in tone ; and even one of the earliest sonnets which are the exultant outburst of a victorious love, closes with the question of mournful passage :—

> "O love, my love ! if I no more should see
> Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
> Nor image of thine eyes in any spring—
> How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
> The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
> The wind of Death's imperishable wing ?"

This somberness of effect is brought about in a strange and subtle manner. We have spoken of these sonnets as pictures, and in carrying out the comparison one may say that this effect is produced not by the use of dull colors, of browns and grays and faded tints, but rather by a miraculous mingling of rich and gorgeous hues. Mr. Ruskin has somewhere observed that good color cannot possibly be gay color, and here the color is always good, but gay never. Seldom in literature has there been such a combination of splendor and sadness, and both the splendor and the sadness are made all the more impressive by marvelous manipulative art. No poet has ever gained a greater amount of expressional effect by the mere sound quality of words, singly and in combination, than Mr. Rossetti. He has a habit, not sufficiently obtrusive to become a trick, of ending the sestette, and occasionally the octave, with a line containing some one long sonorous word of open vowels and the most producible consonants, with now and then an additional weak syllable, which prolongs the movement and gives a felt weight and solemnity. An example may be found in the lines just quoted, but there are many others :—

> "With sweet confederate music favorable,"—
> "His hours elect in choral consonancy,"—

"Follow the desultory feet of Death,"—
"Their refuse maidenhood abominable,"—
"Sleepless, with cold commemorative eyes,"—
"The shame that loads the intolerable day."

These, and such lines as these, infringe upon sense and soul like a cannon-ball, and bury themselves so deeply in the memory that they cannot be unearthed. Then, too, Mr. Rossetti is a master of monosyllabic words, generally so hazardous both to dignity and grace, and uses them freely, often through a whole line, and sometimes through two consecutive lines, and even into a third, with no loss, but a clear gain of both literary and emotional effect. These may seem trivial things; but those to whom poetry is an art as well as an inspiration know that nothing is trivial which can be used as a means for stamping fine and enduring impressions. There was inspiration enough and to spare for the tuneful breath to which we listen in such sonnets as *Love-sight*, *Love-sweetness*, *Winged Hours*, *Secret Parting*, and *Mary Magdalene;* but inspiration alone would never have realized their accomplished perfectness. It is the inspiration that masters us in such intense and somber utterances as *Vain Virtues*, *The Sun's Shame*, *The Refusal of Aid between Nations*, and the great and terrible *Lost Days;* but it is art which assures to inspiration the mastery. The man who wrote the sonnet *For a Venetian Pastoral by Giorgione*, which for beauty, pure, absolute, inviolate, has no equal in the volumes of any English poet, is above all things an artist; and for sonnet craftsmanship which realizes the ideal, which leaves us with the pleasant languor of supreme satisfaction, the delicious drowsiness of fulfilled delight, we know of nothing comparable to these great gifts which we owe to Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

We here necessarily conclude our survey of the history of "The Sonnet in England." Our task has been a pleasant one, for the record is one of continued and beautiful growth. There seemed little promise in the Italian exotic which Sir Thomas Wyat planted in English soil, but it has flourished and blossomed and borne fruit abundantly. Arbitrary as is the form of the sonnet, its arbitrariness must be in accord with great expressional laws, or so many poets would not have chosen it as the vehicle for their finest fancies, their loftiest thoughts, their intensest emotions. This choice, made so often and vindicated so splendidly, has produced a literature within a literature, a domain within a domain, and though it is composed of scanty plots of ground, they spread over a wide expanse through which we may wander long, and yet leave many of its flowers unseen and unculled. Rich as the sonnet literature of England is now, it is becoming every day richer and fuller of potential promise, and though the possibilities of the form may be susceptible of exhaustion, there are no present signs of it, but only of new and

bounteous developments. Even were no addition made to the store which has accumulated through more than two centuries, the sonnet work of our English poets would remain forever one of the most precious of the intellectual possessions of the nation.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE, *in The Contemporary Review.*

LIFE IN THE HOMERIC AGE.*

WHETHER Homer ever existed or not, whether the life described in the Homeric poems is a reality of earth or the fabric of a vision, are questions which may be left to serious moments; when we read Homer for enjoyment we may still believe in the blind old man as a creature of flesh and blood, and look on Nausicaa's game at ball as a form of amusement current in some early "Prehellenic" period. We may do this with a good conscience. For in any case there is and must be a large amount of realism in Homer; whatever the origin of the poems, the poets who composed them were the children of their days, with imaginations more or less limited by what they saw and knew of the world around them, or heard of as belonging to the past. Realism of this kind is inseparable from all poetry. Soar as he will in his imagination, the poet is still rooted to the earth on which he stands. However childlike his audience in an early age may be, he must not go beyond their range, and speak of things which have no meaning and reality for them, or he will cease to give pleasure, and his mission as poet is then at an end. For us, then, the Homeric age may still exist, prehistoric indeed and hardly fixed in locality, but still an age of living men and women, whose joys and sorrows, loves and hates, aspirations and thoughts, have an undying interest.

Though it is the ethical rather than the religious thoughts in the poems which are of abiding value, the religious aspect of the Homeric life is nevertheless a matter of deep interest, because it is in this direction that the first conscious reflection on human existence finds utterance. Man quickly personifies the powers of Nature in some form or another, and begins to ask what is his relation to those powers. He surrounds himself with a multitude of deities, gods of the storm or the clear sky, of growth and decay, of water or fire; and to these forms of the natural world he adds the deified passions of his own nature, gods of war or love. His relations to this multitude of divine powers soon become of a complicated nature. Yet among them there emerge as of the first importance

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* Homer's *Iliad*, translated by Lord Derby.
Homer's *Odyssey*, translated by P. S. Worsley.
Homer's *Odyssey*, done into English by S. H. Butcher and A. Lang.

the great facts of life and death, of birth and burial. These are the limits within which all lesser changes, whether in the inward or outward world, take place. Whatever variety there may be in the lives of men, they have all one beginning, one end. Hence, it is natural that, even at an early period of reflection, the power which brings life and death should be regarded as different from other divine powers, and superior to them. And it would be reasonable to suppose that this power should be denoted by words significant of its equal, impartial and unavoidable nature.

In Homer we find such a power; the "doom of death which lays men out," "the doom attached to the thread of birth." It is spoken of sometimes as the lot which comes to every man, extending beyond birth and death to the whole of life—its weal or woe—and sometimes as the goddess who apportions this lot. It is denoted sometimes by the word *aisa*, which seems to mean "equal portion," sometimes by the word *moira*, "part," or "share;" sometimes we find it spoken of as *potmos*, that "which falls" to a man, a metaphorical expression probably derived from the drawing of lots. This *Moira*, for that is the name by which the power in its highest manifestation is usually known, is the supreme divinity. She is higher than the gods, who may know but cannot thwart her devices; prophets and seers may bring to men a knowledge of their fate, but no one can escape his doom. Nor, on the other hand, can any man be slain before the time appointed for him; this is the thought which nerves the courage of the Trojan hero when he turns away from his sorrowing wife to join the battle.

> "In his mother's arms he placed
> His child; she to her fragrant bosom clasped,
> Smiling through tears; with eyes of pitying love
> Hector beheld, and pressed her hand, and thus
> Addressed her—'Dearest, wring not thus my heart!
> For till my day of destiny is come,
> No man shall take my life; and when it comes,
> Nor brave, nor coward can escape that day.'"

He will not die before the appointed time, and when that time comes, he will not escape his doom. Neither labor nor rest can defer the evil day.

> "Alike the idlers and the active die."

To the mass of men this day of doom is unknown, "it will come when it will come;" but in two instances the secret is partially divulged. Achilles, who is indeed the son of a divine mother, is allowed to know that two fates are in store for him, and to choose between them.

> "I by my goddess-mother have been warned
> The silver-footed Thetis, that o er me

A double chance of destiny impends:
If here remaining, round the walls of Troy
I wage the war, I ne'er shall see my home,
But then undying glory shall be mine:
If I return, and see my native land,
My glory all is gone: but length of life
Shall then be mine, and death be long deferred."

It adds to the grandeur of the Grecian hero that he should be allowed his choice, and choose the lot of glory and death, just as in the Odyssey it adds to the nobility of the steadfast Ithacan that he should choose to return home to Penelope through all the threatened perils of the sea rather than abide in a safe and quiet existence with the divine Calypso in her gorgeous island. Life is the first of blessings, but life to be a blessing must be free.

In the other instance Helenus, the Trojan seer, bids his brother Hector go fearlessly forth to challenge the noblest of the Achæans to single combat.

"Helenus, the son of Priam, knew
The secret counsel by the gods devised;
And drawing near to Hector, thus he spoke:
'Hector, thou son of Priam, sage as Jove
In council, hearken to a brother's words,
Bid that the Greeks and Trojans all sit down,
And thou defy the boldest of the Greeks
With thee in single combat to contend;
By revelation from the eternal gods
I know that here thou shalt not meet thy fate.'"

Here the ethical effect is just the reverse. For us, at any rate, it takes away somewhat from the bravery and nobleness of Hector that he should challenge the bravest Greek, when well aware that he cannot himself be slain. *For us*—for whether we are justified in reading so much between the lines is doubtful, and Hector's joy at his brother's suggestion is perhaps no more than a touch of the naïveté so characteristic of Homer.

In another passage, while Zeus and Heré are watching the battle on the plains of Troy, Patroclus and Sarpedon are seen approaching each other Sarpedon is the beloved son of Zeus, whose doom it is to fall at the hands of Patroclus. The king of heaven is touched with pity at the sight, and hesitates for a moment whether he shall put forth his divine power and save Sarpedon or not. "Woe is me that it is the doom of Sarpedon to perish at the hands of Patroclus. My heart within me is divided. Shall I take him alive from the battle and place him in the land of Lycia? or shall I suffer him to fall beneath the hands of Patroclus?" Heré replies that if Zeus intervenes to save his own child, other gods who have sons fighting on the plains of Troy will desire to do the same by them, or chafe at the exemption allowed by Zeus.

"'But if thou love him, and thy soul deplore
His coming doom, yet in the stubborn fight

Leave him beneath Patroclus' hand to fall ;
Then when his spirit hath fled, the charge assign
To Death and gentle Sleep, that in their arms
They bear him safe to Lycia's wide-spread plains :
There shall his brethren and his friends perform
His funeral rites, and mounds and columns raise,
The fitting tribute to the mighty dead.'
"Thus she : the sire of gods and men complied,
But to the ground some drops of blood let fall,
In honor of his son, whom fate decreed,
Far from his country, on the fertile plains
Of Troy, to perish by Patroclus' hand."

It is not life and death only which are regulated by *aisa* or *moira*, for, as has been said, the suffering and joy of a man are part of his doom. Alcinous, the Phæacian king, will convey the sea-worn Odysseus safely home to Ithaca, and there he must suffer "whatever things fate has in store for him." Yet the measure thus dealt out, and even the end of life itself, is not absolutely fixed ; the folly and wickedness of men may increase the evil allotted to them at birth, or bring on the day of doom before the appointed time. It was thus that Ægisthus brought upon himself woe beyond what was appointed, because he transgressed with the wife of Agamemnon in spite of the clear monitions of the gods ; thus did the folly of the companions of Odysseus in eating the oxen of the sun take from them the safe return to Ithaca which would otherwise have been their lot.

Such in the abstract are some of the most important conditions of the life described to us in Homer. To examine them in detail would be useless, if we expect to find in them anything like a consistent system. They imply a fatalism which is not absolute and a freedom which is limited. Hector tells us plainly : "A man will not die before his day, nor live beyond it," yet Ægisthus by his crime brought upon himself an early death, and Sarpedon's doom might have been delayed. To the ordinary mortal there is no certain foreknowledge what his doom is ; he enjoys a certain freedom from his very ignorance, but a great spirit like Achilles is allowed to know and choose his fate. The mass of men live on from day to day ; if it is a man's doom to die, he dies ; if he escapes, the day of his doom is not yet. Offenses against a deity may bring punishment, as the companions of Odysseus were punished, but this rule is not maintained consistently. angry as Poseidon the sea-god is with Odysseus for blinding the Cyclops, he does not slay him, he only delays his return homeward. Sarpedon and Achilles, though beloved of the gods, perish in their early youth. If there is a growing tendency to believe that life may be shortened by offenses against heaven, there is no reason to believe that piety necessarily brings a long life. The thought of a moral order of the world is perhaps dimly emerging, but as yet it is far off and fragmentary.

These general conditions of life are complicated still more by the

personal caprice of the gods and goddesses who exhibit likes and dislikes, often in no sort of connection with the real worth of their objects. Though it is true that their partiality or aversion can be traced to some definite act or quality of the person loved or hated, they are not dependent on moral qualities in our sense of the word. When Odysseus wakes on the shore of Ithaca—where he has been placed by the Phæacian mariners—Athene comes to him in disguise, and he attempts to deceive her with a lying tale :

> "and Athene smiling there
> Quick with her hand caressed him, and put on
> Mien of a woman very tall and fair.
> Skilled in all splendid works, and spake anon :
> 'Shrewd beyond reckoning were th paragon,
> Or man or god, in fencings of keen wit,
> O versed in knavish wiles, insatiate one !
> Wilt thou not here in thine own land remit
> These forgeries, which so firmly to thy soul are knit ?
> * * * * * *
> Thou all thy fellow-men dost far exceed
> In word-inventive wit ; and I excel
> In fame of counsels all the gods that dwell
> In the wide heaven.'"

"Word-inventive wit" is only a convenient phrase to veil a capacity for lying. Autolycus, the maternal grandfather of Odysseus, like his namesake in Shakspeare, is an adept in thieving and perjury. This skill he owes to the special grace of Hermes, whose favor he had won by liberal sacrifices of lambs and kids, "wherefore Hermes abetted him gladly !" Thus good and evil in themselves are no passports to the divine favor, which is rather to be won, as Ægisthus and Odysseus won it, by liberality. Moreover the gods, from whence comes all prosperity, are often at variance in regard to the same man. Poseidon would keep Odysseus far from his home, while Athene is eager for his return ; and the gods take advantage of the absence of Poseidon among the Ethiopians, where he is attending a sacrifice, to set on foot measures for the return of their favorite. When Poseidon discovers what has been done, and sees Odysseus on his way from the island of Calypso to the land of the Phæacians, he in his deep anger promises that the hero shall have no reason to complain of the misery he will still suffer ere reaching Ithaca. Thus man is the sport of divine caprice, buffeted to and fro, as his friends in the divine abode are present or absent ; he tends to lose himself amid the conflicting multitude of gods and spirits, and can find no central truth in which to rest.

It is no wonder, then, that the conception of human life presented in the Homeric poems is tinged with sadness. "Nothing feebler than man doth the earth nourish among all the creatures that move and breathe." These words are spoken by Odysseus to Amphinomus, but in another passage they are put in the mouth of Zeus himself. The father of men and gods turns his eyes on the mourn-

ing horses of Achilles, and asks: "Why did we give you to prince Peleus, you that are immortal to a mortal man? Was it that ye might have woe amid the miserable race of men? Of all creatures that move and breathe on earth none is more miserable than man." "Men," we are told—and it is Apollo who speaks—"are miserable, and change even as the leaves of the tree, at one time blazing in fullness of bloom, at another dead and withered." "There are two jars placed at the threshold of Zeus, wherein are the gifts which he gives to men; one contains good, the other evil gifts. On some he bestows from both, and they meet with good and evil; on another evil only, and he is driven over the earth by consuming hunger, without honor among gods or men." That any man should receive unmixed blessings from the gods is an alternative which the poet does not even contemplate. Nor is it only in general terms that life is spoken of as miserable; even the greatest heroes, men of half-divine birth, are not exempt from this general lot, which indeed extends to those who, themselves immortal, are brought into contact with men. Thetis, the sea goddess, the wife of Peleus and mother of Achilles, thus laments: "To me above all has Zeus given sorrow; me, me only, he made subject to a man, to Peleus, the son of Æacus, and sore against my will I became his wife. And my son whom I nursed as a plant in a fruitful garden, and sent in the ships to Ilium—him I shall not welcome again in Peleus' hall." The life of Achilles is one of grief and disappointment. He is dishonored by Agamemnon, his friend Patroclus is slain—and this friend he cannot avenge without slaying Hector, on whose death his own will follow quickly. Or, to take another example: Menelaus, the king of Sparta, whom the gods love and will deliver from death because he is "Helen's lord, and the husband of the child of Zeus," speaks with a chastened softness of his peaceful life at Sparta. Amid all his wealth he has not what he most longs for:

"Thus I in wealth rule here with little cause to smile."

"These things ye haply may have heard before
From your own fathers, whosoe'er they be,
Since evils neither few nor light I bore,
Who lost a house built well and pleasantly,
Teeming with treasures and all luxury.
Yet gladly would I in my place enjoy
Even but a third part of the wealth ye see,
So they were living whom the wars in Troy
Far from this knightly land of Argos, did destroy.

"Here in these halls I sit and still bewail
The fallen, and one time my soul I steep
In sorrow, and one time my weepings fail."

If this is the lot of princes, what is the common lot of those who are dependent on the favor of fortune? This question we cannot answer, because great poems are not concerned with the average life of men, though it is easy to conjecture that the general burden

would be heavy enough. It is only in the half mythical region of the Odyssey that we escape from this undertone of sadness. With Calypso, and Alcinous, and Æolus, there is no touch of human sorrow except in so far as Odysseus carries it with him even there.

So deeply is this mysery felt, and so openly is it recognized, that lamentation is not hidden, and indulgence in grief brings with it no shame or sense of unbecoming weakness. The greatest heroes in Homer are by no means stoics, who take evil indifferently, or treat it as a god ; on the contrary, they complain constantly of their lot, and give way to vehement expressions of anguish when any great sorrow overtakes them. There is hardly a more striking passage in the whole Iliad than the description of the grief of Achilles when the news of the death of Patroclus is brought to him. "A dark cloud of grief overshadowed him, and with his hands he caught up the swart earth and showered it on his head, so that his fair face was marred, and the black ashes settled on his immortal garments. There in the dust he lay, huge in length outstretched, and tore his hair with his hands, while all the women, his handmaids, cried aloud in anguish of heart, and ran round the warrior prince, beating their breasts with their hands, one and all, and their knees failed beneath them. On the other side Antilochus shed tears of woe, and held the hands of Achilles, for he feared that he might gash his throat with the steel. And Achilles cried with a great cry, and his mother heard him, as she sat beside her ancient sire, in the depths of the sea." In other passages, also, we have descriptions, though less elaborate, of the grief of heroes. They express vividly the emotional nature of the Greek, who was before all things human, and "took no shame" at expressing his humanity, whether in love, or grief, or rage. It was the same freedom from restraint which, at a later time, made plastic art possible, for the artist, who had seen the working of passion on a living face, learned to express it accurately in marble.

But life is not all sorrow ; it has its brighter side. We cannot, indeed, in Homer see a peaceful, settled order of life : the battle is to the strong, and the strong are not over-scrupulous about the way in which they exercise their strength. Slavery is the fate of the conquered, and "when the day of slavery comes on a man, Zeus takes away the half of his goodness." There is a feeling of reality surrounding the pictures of the orphan and the widow which makes them painful almost beyond expression.

> "No young companions own the orphan boy:
> With downcast eyes and cheeks bedewed with tears,
> His father's friends approaching, pinched with want,
> He hangs upon the skirt of one, of one
> He plucks the cloak; perchance in pity some
> May at their table let him sip the cup,
> Moisten his lips, but scarce his palate touch;
> While youths, with both surviving parents blessed,

May drive him from their feast with blows and taunts:
Begone! thy father sits not at our board.'

"Even as a wife, who sees her husband die,
Flings herself round him with a piteous wail,
Where he the foe met in his people's eye,
And fell down, pierced, beneath their iron hail,
And all to ward off wrong and bitter bale
From home and fatherland and children dear;
Him when her help can now no more avail,
Dying she marks and the last sob can hear;
Deep in her arms she folds him; the long shriek rings clear.

"And lo! the foemen to her side advance,
Led by the wildness of her yearning cry,
Spurn the weak shoulders with the shafted lance,
Unclasp her to the doom of slavery
Alone in sorrow, weeping bitterly,
Lead her too hard in their inhuman haste!
Thenceforward in extremest agony
Wrongs undeserved, the living death, to taste;
While still the then white cheeks for ever pine and waste."

The misery of the orphan and widow points to its contrast—the happiness of home. In the Homeric poems there is a sound feeling that the love of wife and child is the chief source of happiness in life. "There is nothing better and nobler than when man and wife are of one heart and mind in a house." "Are the Atridæ alone among men in loving their wives?" asks Achilles in his indignation. "Why! any man that is good and wise cares for his own." When Odysseus meets the shade of his mother in the under-world, he inquires by what death she perished—was it pain or sickness or the arrows of Artemis that brought her too soon to death? She makes reply: "It was not the archer-goddess who slew me with her soft shafts, nor did sickness come upon me, such as draws the life from the limbs! it was my yearning for thee, and thy wisdom, glorious Odysseus, and for thy loving-kindness, which reft me of sweet life." The same love of home-life prompts Odysseus to resist the wiles of Calypso, who would fain keep him with her in her island, there to live in peaceful immortality. "I know that Penelope is not beautiful as thou art, still even so I long to return. And if my ship is wrecked on the dark sea, I will bear it with a patient heart. Other evils have I suffered; let this be reckoned among them." The same tenderness of spirit within the circle of home and friends is shown in the treatment of children. Phœnix, whom his father's curse made childless, lavished on Achilles the love that should have gone to his own offspring.

"Thee too, Achilles, rival of the gods,
Such as thou art I made thee; from my soul
I lov'd thee; nor would'st thou with others go,
Or to the meal, or in the house be fed,
Till on my knee thou satt'st and by my hand
Thy food were cut, the cup were tendered thee;
And often, in thy childish helplessness,

The bosom of my dress with wine was drenched:
Such care I had of thee, such pains I took,
Rememb'ring that by heaven's decree, no son
Of mine I e'er might see; thee then I made,
Achilles, rival of the gods, my son,
That thou might'st be the guardian of mine age."

Equal gentleness towards children is found in Odysseus, who even as a king was "mild as a father" to his subjects. When the false Eurymachus, among the suitors, seeks to calm Penelope and convince her of his love to her son and desire to shield him from harm, he goes back to his own childhood, when Odysseus took him on his knee many a time and put roast meat into his hand, and held the red wine to his lips.

"For this I owe
Telemachus much love, and far more dear
Hold him than all men whom on earth I know.
* * * * *
Thus her he cheered, but weaved in his own heart
Destruction for her child "

Such gentleness prepares us for the touching scene between father and son when in the swineherd's hut Odysseus made himself known to Telemachus, and the latter fell upon his father's neck and mourned and wept. "In both their hearts rose the desire of lamentation; aloud they wailed, with unbroken cry, more piteously than birds whose young have been taken from their nest ere they are fledged!" Even those members of the family who are entirely outside the connection of blood, and occupy a humble position in the household, are nevertheless held together in bonds of affectionate regard. When Telemachus returns from his journey to Pylus, safe from the snare which the suitors have laid for him, it is not Penelope only who sheds tears of joy: Eurycleia the aged nurse drew near him in tears, and the other handmaidens of Odysseus flocked round about him, and kissed him tenderly on head and shoulders. The heartlessness of the treacherous maid Melantho, like that of Eurymachus, becomes yet more heinous when we know that as a child Penelope showed her kindness, even as she had been her own daughter, and gave her her heart's fill of playthings! More complete is the picture given by the swineherd Eumæus of his bringing-up in the house of the Ithacan king Eumæus was a king's son who in early childhood had been carried away from his home by Phenicians and sold to Laertes the father of Odysseus, and this is the treatment he received as a slave child, in his new home, at the hands of Laertes' wife—the mother who, as we have seen, died for love of her son.

"Herself with tender care
Had trained me with her child in years gone by,
Her own dear child, my playmate, whom she bare—
Ctimene, best-beloved, her youngest and most fair.

"So in the house I grew, and little less
She loved me than the fruit of her own bed.
But as our years moved, and sweet life did press
Fast on the flower of youth, the maid was led
From Ithaca to Samè, and there wed
With countless dowry and exceeding store.
Fair robes her mother on my shoulders spread,
And, shod with sandals, sent me from her door
Forth to the fields, and loved me in her heart yet more."

Even towards domestic animals something of the same thoughtful care is exhibited. Andromache feeds with her own hands the horses of Hector; the disguise of Odysseus fails to deceive his old dog, Argus, who alone of living creatures, after a lapse of twenty years, knows his master at first sight—knows him and dies!

It is the natural sequel of the affection thus prevailing between those whom blood or fortune has united, that the happier scenes in Homer should be for the most part drawn from family or social life. "I know no pleasure more perfect or delightful than when a whole people makes merry, and men sit at the feast in the hall, listening to the minstrel, while the tables are laden with bread and meat, and a wine-bearer carries around the wine, and pours it into the cups. To me this is of all things the fairest sight to see." These are the words of Odysseus as he sits in the hall of Alcinous, the king of the pleasure-loving Phæacians, to whom the gods had given splendid gifts, whose joy was ever in the banquet and the harp and the dance, in changes of raiment, and sleep. In the Æolian isle, the abode of Æolus, dear to the gods immortal, we learn that "they feast evermore, and dainties untold lie ready to hand; the house is full of the savor of the feast, and the noise echoes in the court, even in the day!" There the sons marry the daughters, and the happy family life never comes to an end. These are, it is true, scenes drawn from a mythical region in which happiness may be supposed to be more lasting than the life of ordinary men will allow; yet pictures, not dissimilar in kind, can be found even in the more strictly-human world. Here also feasting and good cheer make up much of the joy of life, though the delight of friendship and the tender charm of family life are needed to complete the sum of happiness. The suitors of Penelope feast largely day by day, and the banquet is crowned with the song and the dance. At other times they take their pleasure with the casting of quoits and throwing of spears. Such are their enjoyments, in their reckless life, at another's cost—the wild, wasteful pleasures of youth, defiant and uncontrolled. The household of Nestor, on the other hand, is pre-eminently a quiet family circle. The business of life is done, the chief source of pleasure lies in living over again the scenes of the past, in recalling the deeds and prowess of a noble youth. There is also the sadness of a vacant place, for Antilochus the swift of foot, the valiant in fight, had not lived to return with

his father from Troy. Yet all is peaceful with the peace of age ; it is a time of rest from labor, of kindly hospitality, of reverent worship, in which old and young are gathered together to make up the picture of a perfect life. In another part of the Odyssey we are brought into the home of Menelaus at Sparta. It is a gorgeous palace, replete with creature-comforts of every kind, and yet a shadow rests upon it. The want of happiness is not due so much to any sad memories of the past which may linger in the mind of Helen, whose wondrous charm is beyond the "touch of earthly years" ; it is the absence of children, the loss of old friends and companions, which bring a sense of loneliness and desolation into this splendor. The "gods had shut up Helen's womb from the time that she bore Hermione, her lovely daughter, fair to look upon as golden Aphrodite!" and the only son of Menelaus was born to him from a handmaid, the son of his sorrow, Megapenthes. Menelaus had hoped to establish Odysseus in some city near at hand, on his return from Troy. "Then oftentimes could we have taken sweet converse together, and nothing would have sundered our mutual joys!" This is what might have been ; a life of happy hospitality with old comrades in arms ; but Odysseus is lost, and no man knows whether he is alive or dead.

But life has other pleasures besides the feast and the delights of friendship and family life. There are times of merriment, when the young gather together for dance and song, as in the scene of the vintage on the shield of Achilles. There is the renown which men win for themselves in contests of skill and strength and martial exercise. "There is no greater glory for a man while he is yet alive than that which he wins by his hands and feet," are the words with which Laodamas urges Odysseus to try his strength in the games of the Phæacians. There is the fame of great deeds in war, such as falls to the lot of the chief Homeric heroes. There is also the delight attending the recital of the famous exploits of old. When Achilles is visited by the messengers of Agamemnon he is found singing of the deeds of heroes. Even if experience is sad, it becomes sweet in remembrance. "The memory of griefs is a joy to the man who has been sorely tried and has wandered far."

This brief summary of the leading features of the life of the Homeric age may be closed by a sketch of one or two of the great characters of the poems. Nothing displays the ideal nature of Homer's men and women so much as the failure of any attempt to change or re-create them. They are like plants which will only live and blossom in their native air and soil ; if transplanted, they fade and die. In a later age when the Greek poets drew over again the Homeric heroes and heroines in the light of their own views of human nature and society, the result was disastrous. No drama has indeed come down to us containing a description of Penelope

or Nausicaa, but Helen and Andromache, Menelaus and Odysseus have suffered grievously. The craft and guile of Odysseus are in their right place when he is dealing with the evils which beset his return home; they become revolting and mean when employed to deceive a merely human opponent, especially one so open-hearted and guileless as Philoctetes. In the old poet there is no strict account taken of the motives which induced Menelaus to regain his faithless wife; her beauty is motive enough; it is no shame for Trojans and Achæans to struggle long for such a woman, for she is fair to look upon as a goddess. A later age was more reflective: Menelaus becomes a craven, without spirit to break loose from his affection for a worthless wife. It is worse still when, as in the Ajax of Sophocles and the Andromache of Euripides the politics of the day are introduced, and the characters of Menelaus and Agamemnon are degraded to satisfy the prejudice of the Athenians against anything Spartan.

In his "Philosophy of History" Hegel tells us that the noblest, most perfect form which floated before the imagination of the Greeks was Achilles. Greek life is essentially young, he says; it begins in Achilles, the ideal youth of poetry, and ends in Alexander, the ideal youth of reality. A general statement like this, though we cannot accept it entirely, nor regard it as expressing the whole truth, is of great value. It points out what is very true—that the qualities which we find in Homer's hero were qualities held in honor by the whole nation, and therefore in some degree typical of it. Like Achilles, the Greeks of the historical time were fierce and unrelenting, pitiless to their enemies, and selfish. Like him, too, they took delight in games and martial exercises, and were nobly hospitable; like him, they cultivated music, and listened with delight to the lays of famous heroes. In all this Achilles is the ideal of Greek life, but there is also another type of character running through Greek history which has its counterpart, not in Achilles, but in Odysseus. If Alexander may be said to reproduce the former, the latter lives again in Philip. The resources which are never exhausted, the patience which nothing can tire, the unwearying energy and endurance which founded the Macedonian empire, are less common perhaps, but not less Greek, than the more brilliant qualities of the younger hero. The two together make up the sum of the Hellenic character as it was conceived in its earliest, freshest bloom; this is the ideal of which history gives us partial and degenerate copies.

Achilles is the son of Peleus by the sea-goddess Thetis, and thus from his birth is raised above the level of the merely human. His wrongs and sorrows deeply touch his mother, and through her find direct expression before the gods. Thetis ascends to Zeus, and tells him of the wrong that has been done to her son; she asks for vengeance, and her prayer is granted in spite of the fear of Heré's

displeasure. Thetis seeks to console her son in his grief at the death of Patroclus, and at her request the immortal arms are fashioned by Hephæstus, in order that Achilles may wear them in place of the arms which have become the spoil of Hector. And when Achilles is dead Thetis assembles the sea-nymphs, her companions, to do him honor. "Forth from the sea came thy mother with the deathless maidens of the waters when they heard the tidings; and a wonderful wailing rose along the deep, and trembling fell on the limbs of all the Achæans. Round thee stood the daughters of the ancient one of the sea, making piteous moan, and they clad thee in raiment incorruptible. And the Muses nine, each to the other replying, with sweet voices began the dirge, and there was not an Argive but wept, so mightily rose up the clear strain. Thus for seventeen days and nights continually did we all bewail thee, immortal gods and mortal men."

The progress of life is in accordance with its beginning. The preceptors of Achilles were Phœnix and Chiron, the most righteous of the Centaurs. Phœnix was sent to Achilles, while yet a child, to teach him to be a speaker of words and a doer of deeds. Hence arose a relation of affectionate regard between the master and his pupil. For this reason he is chosen, with Ajax and Odysseus, to visit Achilles in his tent, and move his resolution not to assist the Greeks. He entreats Achilles to relent: "Subdue thy mighty heart, it is not fitting for thee to cherish a pitiless spirit; even the gods may be moved, whose power and honor and might are greater than thine. Yea! even them with sacrifice and fat of victims a man may turn aside, offering up prayers whensoever he has gone astray and done amiss." If, on the other hand, Achilles is resolute in his determination to return home, and leave Agamemnon and the Greeks to their fate, how can he remain behind? "Nay! I would not, even though God himself were to give me the assurance that he would strip off my age and make me young and strong as when I left Hellas. I it was who made thee what thou art, O godlike prince!" Achilles remains immovable even to the entreaties of Phœnix, but he bids him stay in the tent while the others return with his refusal to Agememnon. The strong spirit is not swayed by promises of reward. He knows well what is in store for him; that his own death must follow close on the death of Hector; why then should he make haste to draw on his doom by fighting for those who have done him such dishonor? Nor will he accept the hand of Agamemnon's daughter:

> "There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
> Who would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

He remains inactive by the sea-shore with his friend Patroclus, delighting himself with music and song, the arts learned from Chiron.

One concession only, as the distress of the Greeks deepens, will he make: Patroclus may take his armor and join in the battle. Patroclus is slain at the hand of Hector. Then an uncontrollable grief and desire for vengeance possesses him; he is reconciled to Agamemnon, and takes the field in haste, for his rage will allow him neither to eat nor sleep. The fierceness of his nature causes him to treat the dead body of Hector with inhuman cruelty; he attaches it to his chariot and drags it in triumph round the walls of Troy. But the Iliad does not close till this fierce outburst is passed away; warned by superhuman voices he surrenders the body for burial. The will of the gods is conveyed by Thetis to her son; in the dead of night Priam arrives, by divine guidance, at the tent of Achilles to ask for Hector's body. Achilles and all with him are struck with wonder at the sight of the aged king, who addresses himself in tones of supplication to the chief. "Think of thy father, who is even as I am on the threshold of age. It may be that those who dwell about him are pressing him sore, and there is no one to ward off bale and bane. Yet, even so, he has the joy of hearing that thou art living still, and all his days he is in hope to behold thee on thy return from Troy. Have respect unto the gods, have pity on me, remember thine own father, though I am more worthy of pity, for I have done what no man upon earth has yet borne to do—I have put to my lips the hand which slew my son." Then all wept, Priam for his son, Achilles for his aged father, and for Patroclus his dead friend.

At length Achilles raises Priam from his suppliant posture and places him on a seat. "Let us cease from sorrow and woe; nothing is gained by lamentation: it is the fate which the gods have decreed for men, that they should live in grief and pain." Priam refuses to be seated so long as Hector lies in the tent without funeral rites. Achilles rushes forth and gives command that the body be washed and anointed and duly clothed; not so much from reverence for Priam as for fear of himself. Should Priam see Hector in his bruised and mangled state, he might be unable to restrain his grief, and the heart of Achilles would then be stirred within him to slay the king. This attention to the corpse he cannot show without breathing a prayer to Patroclus. "Be not angry with me, if in Hades thou hearest that I have restored Hector." When the corpse has thus been tended and ransomed, Achilles insists that Priam shall remain for the feast, and till the morning. He also undertakes to restrain the Grecian host for nine days that due honor may be done to the dead.

Thus the poet softens the almost superhuman fierceness of the great chieftain. He is hospitable; he weeps at the thought of his aged solitary father; he pities Priam and knows well how melancholy is the lot of mankind. He surrenders the body of Hector, but not without a pang; friendship and humanity are at war with-

in him. The description of Horace—*impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*—does not express the whole man; he is all this and something more. The harsh side which he shows to the Greeks and to Hector covers a gentle feeling for Briseis, Patroclus, Phœnix, and Peleus. In his lips also are put some of the great ethical sayings of the Homeric poems, as "Hateful to me as the gates of Hell is the man who saith one thing with his lips and hideth another in his heart." Nevertheless, the harder side is the more prominent, and in this Achilles is typical of the historical Greek, whose decisive qualities were not "sweetness and light." If we do not meet with an Achilles in the history of Athens, we meet with an Alcibiades, that lion's whelp who destroyed the womb from which he sprang.

Let us turn from Achilles to Nausicaa, the Phæacian princess, so well known to all readers of the "Odyssey." If, as some have thought, we may judge of the civilization of an age from the feeling which it exhibits towards women, we shall certainly have to regard the Homeric age as highly civilized. Hardly in any other character of fiction—certainly in no other character which has come down to us in Greek literature, shall we find the same mixture of freedom and intelligence, of gentleness and firmness, of perfect truth and perfect modesty, as we see in Nausicaa. She mingles with grace among her maidens, yet, like Artemis amid her nymphs "easily is she known though all are fair." She expresses with simple truth to her companions the impression made upon her by Odysseus: "Would that such an one were my husband, dwelling here, and that it might please him to stay with us." Yet she will not tell her father the true reason which makes her so busy in taking the household clothes to the river pools to wash them there. "She was ashamed to speak of marriage to her father."

To Odysseus, as he emerges from the river, after his long sea journey, and supplicates her aid, she appears a goddess, or if not, "Thrice blessed are thy father and mother, thrice blessed thy brethren; surely their hearts glow with gladness when they see thee, so fair a flower, entering the dance. Never have mine eyes seen thy like among mortals—nor man nor woman. In Delos once I saw so goodly a thing, a sapling of a palm-tree springing by the altar of Apollo." Her intelligence is shown in her advice to Achilles on his entrance to the town; king's daughter though she be, she is well aware of the existence of scandal and prudently avoids giving occasion to any on her own account. For this prudence her father subsequently chides her, and holds her guilty of inhospitality, because she did not conduct Odysseus straight to the palace. Odysseus shields her by a statement which is not quite the truth, ascribing to his own hesitation what is really due to the caution of the princess. She had said: "So long as we are passing along the fields, go on quickly with my maidens behind the mules and

chariots, and I will lead the way; but when we come to the city wait there in the grove of Athene till I and the maidens have reached my father's house." But Odysseus in relating the incident alters it thus: "She bade me follow with her company, but I would not for fear and shame, lest thy heart should be darkened at the sight." Lastly, when Odysseus is preparing for his departure, Nausicaa stands by the door of the hall and speaks a parting word: "Fare thee well; see that thou remember me in thine own country, for to me thou owst thy life's ransom."

Fresh as the morning, beautiful as day, "like a dew-drop, purer than the purest," fairest vision where all is magically fair, Nausicaa is unique in the poetry of Hellas. She is not a Helen whose beauty is at once a nation's wonder and its woe; nor a vestal whose soul, like an altar fire, consumes her very being in its heavenward flame. Gentle and courageous, simple and prudent, modest and naïve, dignified and gracious, she stands at the threshold of life, in the bright hope of her girlhood, which whispers to her in dreams the joy that is to come. Of this ideal loveliness, which even Homer has placed in a fairyland beyond the reach of human fear and sorrow, the outward and visible form remained in the works of plastic art; it lived again and lives for us in the maidens of the Panathenaic procession; but the inward spirit died out, never to revive. Women bearing themselves nobly in moments of supreme trial, like Antigone and Electra, women amiable and gentle like Ismene, the later Greeks knew how to depict; they sympathized with the affectionate tenderness of Dejanira and the devotion of Alcestis. It was more difficult for them to conceive a delicate and responsive nature living in the lap of pleasure yet simple and natural as a flower of the field, a maiden speaking freely to a man without boldness, a woman neither ignorant nor finding evil on the tree of knowledge. *Temple Bar.*

IRELAND.

I.

SEVEN hundred years have now passed since Henry the Second attached Ireland to the English Crown: for all those years successive English administrations have pretended to govern there; and as a result we saw in the last winter the miserable Irish people sending their emissaries, hat in hand, round the globe to beg for sixpences for God's sake to save them from starving. The Irish soil, if it were decently cultivated, would feed twice the population which now occupies it; but in every garden there grow a hundred weeds for one potato. If a landlord ejects an inefficient tenant, and

gives the land to some one who will grow potatoes and not weeds, gangs of ruffians with blackened faces drive out the new-comer, or the landlord himself is shot, like Lord Leitrim, at his own door, as a warning to his kind. The Irish representatives in Parliament tell their constituents to pay no rent except when it is convenient to them, yet to hold fast by their farms, and defy the landlord to expel them ; while the only remedy which the English Government could devise, since the people would not obey the law, was to alter the law to please them, and to propose that for two seasons at least the obligation to pay their rents should be suspended. What was to happen at the end of the two seasons we were not informed. It was easy to foresee, however, that, like the spendthrift's note of hand, the bill would have had to be renewed with interest. Lord Leitrim's assassins were known throughout the neighborbood. Persons present saw the shots fired, yet no one dared to give evidence. Men, otherwise well disposed, will not risk their lives to assist authorities which allow their own officials to be murdered with impunity. Talbot, a detective policeman, was shot in Dublin in the open day. His crime was that he had been exceptionally active in discovering treasonable conspiracies. Kelly, who killed him, was taken with the smoking pistol in his hand. Here, at any rate, there was no room for doubt ; but when Kelly was brought to trial it was said that the wives of the twelve jurymen received widows' caps by post. Whether the story is true or not matters little ; the murderer was acquitted on the ground that Talbot had lived twenty-four hours after he was shot, that he had therefore not died of his wound, but of the unskilful treatment of the surgeon. And the strangest part of the business was that no one was surprised ; the law has so long become a garden scarecrow that nothing else was expected—society shrugged its shoulders and laughed ; the ruling powers in Dublin Castle were perhaps in their hearts not sorry to be rid of an inconveniently efficient public servant.

This has been the history, except at rare intervals, of seven hundred years, and the question arises whether the experiment of an English government of Ireland has not lasted long enough. An ill-success so enduring must be due to causes which will not cease to operate. As it has been in the past, so it will be in the future. There appears to be some ingrained incapacity in the English nature either to assimilate the Irish race or to control them ; and, however politically undesirable it might be to us to set Ireland free, it is doubtful whether we have a right to sacrifice thus ruinously the moral and material welfare of a whole people to our own convenience, when we are unable to discharge the elementary duties of protecting life and property. We may make the best resolutions : so our fathers made resolutions : but they availed nothing and ours will avail nothing. We have failed—failed ignominiously ; and bad as any government would be which Ireland could establish for her-

self, it could hardly be worse than the impotent mockery with which the English connection has provided it.

The Irish people are said to be unfit for freedom—of course they are, but it is we who have unfitted them. It is our bitterest reproach that we have made the name of Irishman a world's byword. There is no reason in the nature of things why Irishmen, whenever they are spoken of, should suggest the ideas of idleness and turbulence. The Celts of Ireland, before the Teutonic nations meddled with them, were not a great people: they had built no cities; they had scarcely a home among them with stone walls and a roof over it; they had no commerce and no manufactures; they had arrived imperfectly even at the notion of private property, for a chief and his tribe held the land in common, and shared the produce of it. They quarreled and fought; war was their glory, and the killing of enemies the single theme of their bards' triumphal songs. But contemporary nations were not so very far in advance of them: English life in those times has been described by high authority as the scuffling of kites and crows; before Charlemagne, France and Germany and Italy were but stages on which each summer brought its score of battlefields. The Irish were no worse than their neighbors, and they had the germs of a civilization of a peculiarly interesting kind. Their laws, however afterwards corrupted, were humane and equitable as they came from the first Brehons. They became Christians sooner than the Saxons. There were schools of learning among them, where students gathered from all parts of Europe; and Irish missionaries carried the gospel into Scotland and Germany. Their literature speaks for itself: the ancient Irish hymns and songs compare not unfavorably with the *Edda;* their Latin hagiology, their Lives of St. Patrick and St. Bride and St. Columb, contain, amidst many extravagances, genuine and admirable human traits of manner and character.

The Danish invasions destroyed all this. At the time of the English Conquest the island had become a den of wolves; Giraldus Cambrensis and the Irish annals tell the same story. But the element of better things was still in the people, and under wise treatment might have blossomed as it blossomed elsewhere. Under the spell of English cultivation it has borne thistles instead of figs, and for grapes, wild grapes. The history of political blunders is not an edifying study. We preserve the good work of poets and artists, we leave the bad to be forgotten; and the management of Ireland by successive generations of English statesmen might be cheerfully consigned to a place where they would never more be heard of. The same hand, unfortunately, is still busy at the same office of mischief; and though there is small hope that it will cease from its baneful activity, yet a course of failure, prolonged as it has been through so many ages, is worth examination, if but as a scientific curiosity.

A continuous principle there must have been to account for the sameness of result. Yet there has not been a continuity of system. We have tried many systems. We have been tyrannical and we have been indulgent, we have been Popish and we have been Protestant. We have colonized Ireland with our own people, taking the land from the Celtic tribes and giving it to strangers; and, again, we have repented and made what we have considered reparation. We have repeated these processes time after time, and all that we have effected has been to alienate our own colonists, without recovering the confidence of the Irish. We have piped to them, and they have not danced; we have mourned to them, but they have not believed in our sorrow. Conscious in ourselves that we have meant no ill to the poor people—that we have desired only to see them free and happy, so far as their freedom has been compatible with our own security—we ask in wonder what more we could have done? Unhappily, we have left unaccomplished, and scarcely attempted, the one return which a conqueror is bound to make to those whose independence he has taken away for his own convenience. *We have never given Ireland a firm, just, and consistent administration.* We never have tried to do it in the past, except for an interval so brief that there was not time for the result to be seen. We do not any more attempt to do it at present. There is no inherent difficulty. We have ruled India well: we might rule Ireland well if we chose; and yet it is impossible for us to choose. A spell more powerful than was ever wrought by wand of enchanter warns us off, and condemns us to travel helplessly round and round on the track which was marked by the steps of our forefathers. The holy Brigitta inquired of her good angel "in which Christian land most folks were damned." The angel pointed to a country in the western part of the [then known] world, and "there she saw the souls falling into hell as thick as hail-showers."

The name of this land, so unhappily distinguished, the saint either never knew or left untold. But at the beginning of the sixteenth century it was inferred that she must have meant her own Ireland, so miserable, so hopeless it appeared three hundred and fifty years after the Conquest. Then, as now, politicians were perplexing themselves over the problem, asking eagerly for a medicine which neither they nor their ancestors could find, and driven to suppose that there was a fatality about Ireland—that "the herb which would heal her wounds did never grow." Another three hundred and fifty years are gone, and it is the same story. The herb has not grown yet. And under England's husbandry it seems as if it could not grow. If for a moment anywhere a few green blades have appeared, our instant effort has been to tear them up as weeds. One common principle can be traced from the first in Anglo-Irish policy. We have insisted on transferring to Ireland our own laws

and institutions, whatever they might be. We never cared to inquire whether they suited the Irish conditions. We concluded that because they suited us they must be good everywhere. We have been a free, self-governed people, therefore Ireland must have freedom and self-government—if not the reality, then some counterfeit or parody of it to save appearances. Popery, Feudalism, Parliaments, trial by jury, the English land system, Anglican Protestantism, the Act of Uniformity, and lately, again, modern toleration, the extension of the suffrage, and a free press—these one after another we have established and disestablished in Ireland as the evolution of our own constitution brought changes among ourselves. We have flattered ourselves that we were bestowing on Ireland the choicest of our own blessings, forgetting willfully that free institutions require the willing and loyal co-operation of those who are to enjoy and use them; that the freedom which the Irish desired was freedom from the English connection; and that every privilege which we conferred, every relief which we conceded, would be received without gratitude, and would be employed only as an instrument to make our position in the country untenable.

At the Conquest the Irish tribes were governed by elective chiefs, independent one of another, and generally at war. The Irish Church, though orthodox in doctrine, paid neither Peter's Pence nor obedience to Rome. Needy Anglo-Norman barons saw an opportunity of improving their fortunes and doing heaven a service by carrying their swords across St. George's Channel. The Pope's blessing gave the expedition the character of a crusade. Henry the Second at first hesitated; but, finding it necessary to earn his pardon for the murder of Archbishop Becket, put his hand to the work. As the country was subdued, it was treated as England had been by William—parceled out under the Norman lords; and the Irish chieftainships were superseded by military rulers who held their land from the English sovereign by feudal tenure. The authority of the Pope was submitted to without opposition. It was the one exotic introduced by us which took root and prospered. The Church and the invaders at first worked together in maintaining order and law, and for a time the state of Ireland was improved. The feudal system was a discipline of obedience in all classes of society. Liberty was submission to just authority; and during the two centuries which followed the Conquest towns were established with municipal institutions on the European model; monasteries were built, and cathedrals and churches and baronial castles. Stone houses were scarcely known to the Celts. In 1170 Baron Finglas says that there were not four castles in all Ireland; at the Reformation there were many hundred. The finest architectural remains, ecclesiastical or secular, are due to the Anglo-Normans. Ireland was being trained into order, and for those two hundred years was happy, according to the proverb, in having no other history.

But the Normans were few; their kinsmen both in England and France were busy fighting Saracens in Palestine or Spain, or working out their own problems at home. The Plantagenet kings had too much work on their hands to attend to a country of which it was enough to know that they were titular lords. A Lord President in Dublin represented the sovereign, but he brought over no force with him to make his power a reality. The invaders, cut off from home, grew into the habits of the country of their adoption. Their authority was the more easily admitted the more independent they made themselves. They governed by Irish customs, they learned the Irish language, they married into Irish clans. They held their ground, but it was by becoming Irish themselves. There is a phrase in use in Ireland applied to families which have known better things, but have receded into Celticism and barbarism. The simile is borrowed from the land which, having been once reclaimed, has relapsed into its natural moisture, and such families are spoken of as having "gone back to bog." So it was with the Norman Irish in the fifteenth century. They went back to bog.

The better sort of them struggled for a while. The sea towns were points from which communication was kept up with the outer world. A "Pale," as it was called, including four counties, was drawn round Dublin; there were smaller Pales round Cork and Waterford: and within these lines English law and manners still prevailed. There was a Parliament in Dublin after the English pattern, with a first edition of the penal statutes. Within the Pales no Irish might be spoken, no Irish dress might be worn, At last no Irishman of the old race might enter without special permission. But spiritual influences cannot be kept at bay by acts of Parliament. The Irish element which had been crushed at the Conquest was reoccupying the country by subduing the hearts of the garrison. Beyond the Pales, the chiefs and barons ruled openly each by his sword, independent, if he was strong enough to defend himself, or if he was too weak, then in alliance with some more powerful neighbors. The great Anglo-Norman earls, the Geraldines of Kildare, the House of Desmond (the Munster branch of the same clan), and the Butlers of Ormond—each ruled in their own district by conniving at Irish manners, or by openly adopting and imitating them.

So the first attempt by England to civilize Ireland by feudalism went to wreck. It succeeded so long as the Normans retained the nature which they brought with them and ruled as a superior race. It failed when they ceased to be supported from home, and were left exposed to a contagion too strong for them. We have a glimpse in Froisart of an Irish interior as described to him by an acquaintance who had been a prisoner there. The Dean of St. Patrick's might have improved his picture of the Yahoos from it. Occasionally the anarchy became intolerable. An English king would take over an

army, and kill a few hundred or thousand wretches, and go home again. Attempts such as these were but like stones thrown into the sea : the water closes over them, and all is again as before.

Thus on the accession of the Tudors, Ireland had become once more Celtic—Celtic with a Norman cross, which only made it the more dangerous. The anarchy was as complete as it had been at the Conquest, but it was anarchy organized into fighting condition, with arms and fortresses. Loyalty to England there was none, either within the Pale or without it. England's difficulty was already understood to be Ireland's opportunity. The Earl of Kildare took up Lambert Simnel and crowned him in Dublin. The English Council considered that Irish treason could best be cured by making concessions to it. Kildare was sent for to court and flattered, and made Lord President, and so Lambert Simnel was got rid of. But concession produced its natural effects : such effects as melted fat produces upon a fire. Fresh violence followed. The Dublin Parliament became troublesome, and there was a turn of vigor. Sir Edward Poynings, a soldier, was sent over to strap the Parliament into a strait waistcoat. It was left standing for decency's sake, but its teeth were drawn by an act forbidding the discussion of any measure which had not been first approved by the English Council. The Parliament was made into an imposture, and though it cannot be said that imposture always fails, yet when it does fail it fails badly. Had Henry the Seventh possessed the means and inclination to take Ireland resolutely in hand, he might have restored order there as any English Government might do, and might have done at any period of history ; but the work would have been troublesome, and the new dynasty had other things to attend to, and for another forty years coercion and indulgence followed in alternate decades. When the Kildares became unendurable, their rivals, the Butlers, were placed in office instead of them ; when the Butlers could not stand without support from England, it was found that Ireland could best be managed by humoring "Irish ideas," and that the Geraldines represented those ideas. "All Ireland," the English Council was told, "could not govern the Earl of Kildare." "Then," answered Wolsey, like a modern Prime Minister, "let the Earl of Kildare govern all Ireland." Ireland, Wolsey thought—Ireland, the young Henry the Eighth thought with him—would be loyal to England if she were allowed to manage her own affairs in her own way. If English law did not suit the people, then they might live by their own laws. Unhappily it was a policy which reason might approve while it was disowned by fact. Loyal Ireland would not be till the truth was brought home inexorably to her, that the bond which fastened her to England could never be broken, nor could England with the best intentions persist long in a course which it was soon evident must end in a violent separation.

Luther's Reformation came, and the quarrel of Henry with the

Pope. The Catholic powers could not tolerate heresy, and Europe was divided into hostle camps. The Irish leaders held themselves emancipated from obedience to a sovereign out of communion with Rome. The Earl of Desmond began to correspond with Charles the Fifth. . . . The Geraldines of Kildare openly rebelled. Irish ideas thus expressed could not be borne with. Lord Thomas Fitzgerald and his five uncles had to be hanged at Tyburn, and the fiction of an Irish Parliament, held tight in leading strings, was required to follow the English example and declare the Pope's authority to be at an end. Henry by this time understood his work. He had a strong hand, and he was not afraid to use it. He bribed the chiefs with peerages and with the confiscated abbey lands. He persuaded or overawed into compliance a certain number of the bishops. Between force and address he carried his point, and had Henry lived ten years longer, and had the conviction been driven fairly into the Irish mind that in essentials no difference of ideas would be tolerated, Ireland's later history might have worn a fairer complexion. Henry had not meddled with the Church's doctrines —the priests could sing their masses undisturbed, if they left the Pope unprayed for—and it is likely enough that if their creed had been left alone they might have remembered that the Pope, after all, had been forced on them by the Normans, and that they were happily rid of him. But Edward's Council chose to go into Calvanism, and, as usual, must drag Ireland along with them. Then came Mary and put back the Pope into the Service Book, and the monks into the ruins of the monasteries ; and when the crown came to Elizabeth, Ireland broke into flame from end to end.

The Irish administration of the Great Queen deserves to be studied, as exhibiting in epitome all the faults of the historical English method of dealing with the problem, and the consequences fully developed and rendered clearly visible. What Ireland wanted was first a vigorous police, and next some effective spiritual teaching, delivered in earnest, and therefore capable of being believed. Elizabeth furnished neither one nor the other. It was necessary to have some church or other which the law recognized. The Church of Rome she could not come to terms with, for the Church of Rome declared her illegitimate and a heretic ; so she set up an Anglo-Irish hierarchy with a liturgy and articles. Ireland had her act of uniformity and her oaths of allegiance precisely as in England. But the ecclesiastical establishment was a mockery, and Elizabeth never meant it to be more. The clergy had no protection ; they could not reside in their benefices ; the parish churches went to ruins ; her laws were laughed at, for she would not allow them to be executed. Her fixed idea was to keep the people quiet by avoiding practical interference with them, and letting them live in their own way with an outward appearance of loyalty—a pleasant theory, so pleasant that statesman after statesman adopts it, nothing daunted by past

failures ; but to a people like the Irish it is simply an invitation to rebellion. Chief after chief rose in revolt against Elizabeth. Her viceroys, to save expense, set the bear and the ban dog to tear each other, as one of them expressed it. Toleration had not disarmed the anger of the Catholics. The Earl of Desmond raised the Pope's banner. The Butlers, the hereditary enemies of the Geraldines, were let loose upon them, and in the fury of the struggle the whole of Munster was wasted. Tens of thousands of men were killed, tens of thousands of women and children crawled into the woods and perished of hunger. So frightful was the desolation that it was said "the lowing of a cow or the whistle of a plowboy was not to be heard from Waterford to Dingle." Such was the fruit of indulging Irish humors and neglecting or refusing to discharge the duties which belonged to Government. But there was no improvement. The war had cost little, but that little was too much. Ireland had been chastised, and it might perhaps take the correction to heart. The old system was to continue. London companies offered to colonize the desolated southern province with English settlers. Elizabeth would not allow the estates of the Irish owners to be confiscated. Lord Grey, who was then President, declared himself ready to make "a Mahometan conquest" of the whole island. Cruel surgery it would have been, but in the long run merciful if the Queen intended to keep Ireland subject to her. But Lord Grey was rebuked and removed ; and wars continued ever fiercer and more destructive to the very end of her reign. She had hoped to preserve the country for its own people. She might have succeeded had she maintained an adequate army of police ; but the burden would have been heavy for the English taxpayer, and if Ireland was to be self-governed and to pay its own expenses, the alternate was another Norman occupation in a new form—a plantation of loyal Scotch and English farmers in sufficient numbers to control the disaffected.

When James the First came to the throne, the experiment was tried. Ulster had been the scene of the latest troubles. The greatest part of it was forfeited to the Crown. Many thousand Protestant families were introduced and set down upon the northern counties. Their presence and the severe example produced its natural effect. The land began to be cultivated ; industry introduced order and prosperity ; rebellion ceased, and there were thirty years of peace.

But the Irish were waiting their time. They knew the meaning of the presence among them of alien proprietors. That they would ever under any circumstances acquiesce willingly in the English domination was and is a sanguine illusion. There were two ways only in which that domination could be maintained, either by magistrates with an effective force behind them, as we now govern India, or by a garrison of colonists rooted into and supported by the soil.

Experience had shown that from the first method they had nothing to fear. It was too costly to begin with ; and England, proud of her own freedom, would not tolerate a vigorous despotism so close to her own shores, carried on in the name of her own sovereign. Protestant colonization was the real danger. If they could ruin or cripple the settlers they would be secure. An English viceroy created the opportunity. The Ulster colonists were chiefly Presbyterians. Lord Strafford had manyof the qualities of a great ruler ; but he was a Tory and a High Churchman. He had come to Ireland with schemes which went beyond the welfare of the miserable island under his charge. He had as slight respect as Lord Grey for Irish ideas. He too understood the means by which they could effectively be combated. He aimed at extending the Ulster principle, but by introducing settlers better inclined to the English monarchy than the northern Calvinists. Perhaps he imagined that English churchmen would have a better chance of bringing Papists into conformity. At any rate he hoped so to organize Ireland that he could maintain an army there which might be useful to his master at home.

The Irish problem was sufficiently difficult in itself without introducing into it ulterior aims. Strafford's brilliant ability commanded for the moment extraordinary success ; but it was for the moment only. The Ulster men distrusted his politics and his Church propensities. The Irish distrusted him ; for he had compelled the proprietors in the west to produce their titles to their estates. Titles such as an English lawyer could recognize they had none to show, and he was suspected of intending to expel them to make room for a fresh importation of Anglican settlers. He raised an army for the defense of Charles against the Scots, but it was an army of Celts and it was used for a darker purpose.

It is curious to see for the first time in history the English Liberal party raising capital out of the wrongs of Ireland. A common enmity makes strange bedfellows. In Strafford's impeachment by the Long Parliament, his violent handling of the old Irish proprietors formed an important element. The Long Parliament before the year was out understood their nature better. Then, as always when any gleam of hope has presented itself, the Irish idea, the most intense of all their ideas, has been to recover the land from the Protestant settlers. The civil war in England gave the chance ; the cause for which Strafford had raised his army gave Sir Phelim O'Neil a pretext for asserting that he was acting in the king's interests and under the king's commission ; and in the memorable October of 1641 a conspiracy was secretly organized for an Irish day of St. Bartholomew. The intention was the complete eradication of the colonists. Forty thousand men, women, and children actually perished, either by the sword or by famine and cold. Their houses were burnt, and those who were not killed were turned adrift naked to starve.

The Irish pretend now that there was never any massacre at all. They call it a Protestant fiction, as they call the Bulls of Adrian the Fourth and Alexander the Third Norman fictions. They might as well pretend that there was no civil war in England. There is not a fact in history more completely authenticated. The evidence taken in 1642 before a Commission in Dublin lies in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. It has not been analyzed and calendared, out of deference, I suppose, to Irish susceptibilities. Irish patriotism, if it is sincere in its disbelief, should rather insist on a fresh commission to examine and report upon it. Could it be proved that the English Government permitted or enabled an enormous calumny to be imposed upon the world, to justify the confiscation of the Irish soil, they would establish a claim for compensation, even now after two centuries of Protestant ownership, which the conscience of mankind would indorse.

On the Irish insurrection of 1641 the later history of the country entirely turns. Cromwell ended it. The representatives of the Ulster families were replaced; all the rest of Ireland, except Connaught, was divided among the troops who had conquered it, and for the few years of the Protectorate there was a real government, such as there had never been before, and never has been since. Doubtless it was a hard thing to seize the property of an entire nation and give it to strangers. It is a hard thing, also, to compel an unwilling people to submit to a rule which they detest. But the hardest thing of all is the hesitating so-called policy which maintains the unpardonable grievance of domination, yet feeds a hope of ultimate deliverance by yielding and weakness in detail, and drives the people when maddened by disappointment into fury and fresh rebellions.

The Norman plantation had created order after the feudal pattern, which lasted for a hundred and fifty or two hundred years. It had then run to waste, and was swallowed in the general wilderness. Again, the work had been done, and this time thoroughly. The new settlers were Calvinists of the sternest type, no lukewarm Episcopalians, half-fledged Romanists, Laodiceans neither hot nor cold, but soldiers of the Reformation, of the sort without whom neither Anglican, nor Arminian, nor mild advocate of the *via media* could have had ground to stand on—such men as had fought the Guises in France, and Alva in the Low Countries, and Tilly and Wallenstein in Germany, Covenanters and Puritans, men who had a real belief, by which they would live and die. Once in seven centuries an opportunity had been found and used to make an end of the Irish hydra. The work was done, and thenceforward it had but to be let alone to maintain itself.

Unluckily there were two Englands—the England of the Commonwealth and the England of Charles the Second and the bishops. Oliver died, and Charles and his bishops came in again, and

the Irish Catholics clamored for what they called justice. They declared that they had all along been loyal subjects of his father. His father's murderers had crushed and plundered them, and they demanded to have their lands given back to them. The answer ought to have been that the Crown could recognize no loyal service in the murderers of 1641. Once for all Ireland had been made Protestant, and Protestant it was to remain. But compromise was the order of the day—all sores were to be closed, and all quarrels forgotten. A complete restoration was not possible. A partial restoration was allowed instead of it. Just enough was done to weaken the plantation, to concede the principle that the Catholics had been wronged, and to encourage them in the hope and determination to recover the whole of what had been taken from them. The usual language was then used, that the arrangement was final, and that thenceforward there was to be no change. The Protestants were to yield part of their possessions to be secured in the rest for ever. On these lines was drawn the Act of Settlement of 1662, one more of the fond half-measures which have been the delight of English statesmen, and have been the certain preludes of increased misery and confusion.

The colonization had been made, however, so effectively, that the Act of Settlement alone would not have materially impaired its value. But it was exposed at the same time to another and deadlier mischief. The High Church party were in the ascendant; the colonists, having been soldiers of Cromwell, were almost all Nonconformists; and Nonconformity was under a ban; and Jeremy Taylor and his brother bishops were allowed to close the Calvinist chapels, imprison the ministers, and disable the Puritan population from holding any office of any kind, from magistrates to parish constables, unless they submitted to the Church. It was not to be treated thus that the Cromwellians had grappled with the Irish Fury, pared her claws, and chained her in her den. With a consent almost universal (for Lord Clarendon says that in 1680 not ten of those families were left in Ireland), the stern Puritan soldiers sold their grants to English speculators, and sought a more congenial home beyond the Atlantic; where their grandchildren a century later gave us reason to regret the prelatical zeal which had sent them thither. With them went the only element which could really have leavened Ireland. In the Cromwellian the Irish Catholic encountered a faith as intense as his own; and the Calvinism which naturalized itself so easily among the kindred Celts of the Highlands, of Wales, and of the Isle of Man, might possibly enough, if so recommended, have been accepted in Ireland. But it was not to be. They went, and they left in their places a body of enterprising adventurers who came over to improve their fortunes. The new comers were not like the Ironsides, but they were made of sensible Saxon stuff. They had bought their estates on the secur-

ity of the Act of Settlement, and they went to work manfully to improve them. Even encountered thus the Irish difficulty would not have been insurmountable. Again there were twenty-five quiet years. In that time the towns had risen from their ruins; the harbors were full of ships, the soil was fenced and plowed and planted. Cromwell had left Irish trade unhampered, and English jealousy had not yet meddled with it. There was no need for Parliaments, there were no eloquent orators spouting from patriot platforms, and Ireland really prospered. Judge Keating, summing up what had been done in 1690, could speak of "buildings" rising everywhere, of "trade and commerce," of "vast herds of cattle and sheep equal to those of England," "great sums of money brought in by those who came to purchase," "manufactures set on foot in divers parts, whereby the meanest inhabitants were at once enriched and civilized," "overflown and moorish land reduced to the bettering of the soil and air," "so that it could hardly be believed to be the same spot of earth."

These were the fruits which the Cromwellian settlement, lamed and emasculated as it had been, had still been able to produce; and the English Government, if not the Irish people, ought to have been gratified. But the people had been taught to believe that the land, with all its improvements, would soon be their own gain, and they waited and watched for their opportunity. In England came the Catholic revival; the king was Catholic, the court was Catholic. The nation, it was hoped, was sick of its Puritan fanaticisms, and would soon be Catholic too. Those who directed the English policy concluded that the time was come when compensation must be made in full to the race who fought so long and had suffered so disastrously in the Catholic cause. Justice was to be done to Ireland, and of course at the expense of the Protestant landowners. She was to be governed according to the Irish ideas, and the idea uppermost was to carry out completely the principle of concession which had been admitted in the explanation of the Act of Settlement.

Dick Talbot, a pattern specimen of the Irish blackguard, who rarely spoke a sentence without an oath, or spoke the truth except by accident, was chosen by the king to clear out the landlords, having been made Earl of Tyrconnell for the occasion, and appointed viceroy to succeed Lord Clarendon. The storm was soon raised. Tyrconnell said openly that the Act of Settlement, so far as it affirmed the confiscations, had been robbery, and that the soil of Ireland belonged to the Irish. The tenants were encouraged to withhold their rents. Land disputes in the law-courts were decided uniformly against the Protestant settlers. Their stock was stolen, and the police were not allowed to protect them, for fear the peace might be disturbed. Their own liabilities were not diminished; they had the land tax to pay, and the interest on their mortgages,

and all their other expenses. Their cattle were houghed, they were themselves shot at, or their houses entered and their families outraged. The avowed object was to make their situation intolerable and their estates valueless to them; while the government, whose duty it was to maintain the law, were in sympathy with the aggressors. There is nothing new in Ireland. It is interesting to observe how very nearly the present situation was anticipated.

A few years of such experiments would no doubt have given Tyrconnell the game. If the people are at war with the landlords, and the administration of the day takes the people's side, the landlords must of course surrender. So it would have been in Ireland had James the Second remained on the throne. The Protestant colonists, if left entirely to themselves, might perhaps have held their ground successfully; but the weight of England would have been thrown into the scale against them—an absurd position, which, however, has repeated itself more than once in that country, and will repeat itself again. But events move too fast. The Revolution came. The Stuart dynasty departed, carrying with it the Catholic revival. The English Government was Protestant again; and from the new king the Protestants of Ireland could look for justice.

Even so, had Tyrconnell been moderate, William would have agreed to a compromise extremely dangerous to the Protestant interest; but the viceroy saw, or thought he saw a constitutional opportunity of asserting the Irish national independence, and so at one stroke winning the whole campaign. The English might change their own sovereign if they pleased to commit treason. They could not compel the Irish to commit treason. William might be king across the channel, but James was still king in Ireland with the Catholic nation at his back The Irish Parliament was called together—the single really national Parliament which has ever met in that country. With an affectation of Liberalism, prophetic of future combinations, it abolished distinctions of creed, and proclaimed opinion free; but it declared every Protestant proprietor who did not come forward in James's support to be guilty of treason, and to have forfeited his estates. The whole effect of Cromwell's conquest was destroyed at a blow. This was too much. Could the Irish have maintained their legislation by the sword, all history would have applauded them. England had never been intentionally cruel; but the alternations of weak indulgence and spasmodic violence had been worse than cruelty. She had taken possession of Ireland. Her duty had been to govern it, and except Cromwell no English ruler had ever seriously tried to govern it. Unhappily for themselves, the Irish, though they can conspire and agitate, and occasionally murder, have never in their own country been worth much in the field. They fought and lost two battles, and the English yoke was again riveted on their necks. As the

Catholics had twice tried to extirpate the Protestants, so their own religion was now proscribed in turn. The Penal Code both of England and Ireland, borrowed with ingenious irony from the Edict of Nantes, forebade thenceforward the succession of a Catholic to real estate. Thus at last there was to be an end of the difficulty with them. They must either conform or leave the country, or dwindle into serfs. The Irish Parliament was allowed to stand, but the Protestant peers and gentry were alone members of it. The Catholics were all excluded. Under these conditions, with their enemy tied up and padlocked, the colonists were left to take care of themselves.

And this was supposed to be government—self-government, the best of its forms! To err on one side or to err on the other was England's fate or England's folly; but in both the cause was the same—an insolent and careless neglect of its own obligations, a determination to escape trouble, to pass unpleasant duties over to others, to have the advantage of possession without the expense and responsibilities of it.

The Protestant gentry were individually men of character and intelligence; but the Protestants were but a fifth of the population, and their interests were not identical with the interests of the four-fifths who were disfranchised, but directly opposite to them. If Ireland was to be governed by a local Parliament the Penal Laws were inevitably necessary; but parliamentary government, when it means the supremacy of a privileged minority, is not the best form of government, but the worst. The landowners would have been admirable instruments of a vigilant and wise executive. With irresponsible authority either individually or collectively it was unsafe and unjust to trust them. But parliamentary government was an English institution, therefore Ireland must have parliamentary government. An unpaid magistracy was an English institution, therefore Ireland must have an unpaid magistracy. So with trial by jury, with the Established Church, and the rest. Ireland was to be a copy of the English model; and instead of a copy it became a parody. Ill, however, as in many ways the Irish Parliament used its powers, the English Government used considerably worse the powers which they reserved to themselves; and if not happy under her own Protestant gentry, she would have been less miserable than through England's interference she actually was

The Irish Protestants were not looked on with much favor in England. Trouble and expense had been incurred to secure them in possession of their estates. The colonies, according to the theory of the time, existed for the sake of the mother country. It was not good to allow them to be too prosperous, lest their rivalry should be dangerous; and for the sacrifices which she made in defending them the mother country was entitled to indemnify herself.

If Ireland had a Parliament on one side of the Channel, England had hers on the other. The ministers of the day had to consult the parliamentary majority, and the majority represented the interests of the constituencies. The Irish colonists, after the war was over, had gone on with their improvements. Their wool crop was abundant and the best in Europe; their water-power was unlimited; and everywhere, even in the wilds of Kerry, they had started manufactures where it was woven into cloth. Their forests furnished ship timber, and Cork and Dublin began to fill with vessels built in Ireland and manned by Irishmen. Droves of Irish cattle were landed in Bristol. Irish bacon and butter, even Irish corn, made its way into the English markets, threatening the farmers with ruin. Merchants, manufacturers, shipowners, landowners, clamored for protection against the Irish cockatrice which had been hatched at England's cost; and no Ministry could encounter the combined indignation of such powerful interests. Irish industry was deliberately destroyed. An extension of the Navigation Act ended their shipping. The Woolen Act killed their manufactures; even the wool itself they were permitted to sell only to England, and at a price which England was to fix; while agriculture was placed under every disadvantage which could be decently inflicted upon it. Industrious habits, the one remedy for all the woes of Ireland spiritual and material, were thus at the start ingeniously blighted, and the mass of the people condemned to poverty, out of which no effort of their own could raise them. The intense injustice produced a natural animosity which united Protestant and Catholic against the common oppressor. All means were thought legitimate to defeat the provisions of so abominable a code. The harbors and coves round the coast became the depots of a universal smuggling trade; and before the middle of the last century the country had become a general institute for the education of the entire people in defiance of the law. I should recommend the Sultan to study Irish history, that he may be ready with an answer when Mr. Goschen next lectures him on the maladministration of the Turkish Provinces. We may have repented of some of our sins, but the confession of the Irish Secretary in this present year seems to show that, however ashamed we may be of the misdeeds of our fathers, our repentance has not yet been productive of particularly improved results. The Sultan might recommend us to study the parable of the mote and the beam.

The trade legislation was but the beginning of sorrows. Had church preferment been competed for in an open market, no doubt there would have been in England a similar jealousy of Irish scholars and divines. English patrons happily had the English appointments in their hands, and could protect themselves. No protest was necessary to prevent Fellows of Trinity from being advanced into the high offices of the Church of England. Ireland

suffered, however, in another way and in a worse way. The Irish Church became a receptacle for persons whom English ministers desired to promote, yet at home did not dare to promote. Swift's story of the highwaymen who killed the bishops elect, stole their letters patent, and were consecrated in their places, is no extreme caricature. Even in the present century, after the lesson of the last rebellion, a correspondence passed relating to one of the Irish sees which in any future history of Ireland should hold as conspicuous a place as the largest type can give it. A certain prime minister wished to give an Irish bishopric to the younger son of a certain noble family. The Irish Primate, when the name was mentioned to him, replied that "the young man's character was notoriously infamous," and that he would rather resign than consecrate him. Yet the English Cabinet persisted. The Primate's scruples were got over, I know not how, and the young man of notoriously infamous reputation was forced upon the Bench. Mr. Gladstone, when he disestablished the Church of Ireland, spoke of it as a missionary institution which had been tried and failed. Under such conditions its failure is not surprising.

There were other ways, too, in which Ireland was used as a convenience. England had a Pension List for honorably distinguished services. Ireland also had a Pension List—for services dishonorably distinguished. On the Irish Pension List are found the names of royal mistresses, favorites, poor foreign relations, or corrupt senators whose votes had been bought. It was a frequent subject of complaint in the Irish Parliament, and the complainant was silenced by being himself admitted as a recipient of the polluted bounty. The Viceroys' letters for seventy years contain reports humorously uniform, at the close of each session, of the members of the two Irish houses who had been corrupted, and of the terms which had been agreed on.

Less than all this would have ruined a country already prosperous. It was not to be expected that Ireland would thrive under it. With fair treatment, the colonists could at least have improved the condition of the peasantry, and thus their own relations with them. The action of the English Government left them no interests in common, unless it was a community of resentment. There was another point also in which the Protestants were treated with unintentional but more real injustice. The Penal Code had been adopted as a supposed necessity. The Irish acts were transcripts of the English, and the English Parliament was responsible for them. Policy may excuse such laws, if the creed or institution proscribed has been fairly shown to be an irreconcilable enemy. It is fatuity to place such laws on the statute-book and to leave them unenforced; for of their nature they can never be forgiven, and therefore, in common prudence, should be carried out till their end is attained. Catholics now refer to those laws with indignation, and

Protestants with shame. It is natural that it should be so. Catholics might remember, however, that the arrow with which they were wounded was borrowed from their own quiver. In every country where they have had the power, Protestantism has been placed under precisely the same disabilities. If circumstances could be conceived which would justify a Protestant Power in retaliating, those circumstances existed in Ireland, although the experiment certainly was of a kind which, if tried, should not have been allowed to fail. But it pleased England to leave the odium of the Penal Laws on the colonists, while she herself was to interfere with their execution. We had provoked the resentment of the colonists ; it was convenient to secure the gratitude of the native population by appearing as their protectors. When the object was not so immediately sinister, it gratified our feelings of humanity to prevent oppression ; and it served to smoothe our diplomatic relations with Catholic allies on the Continent. But the effect was to produce the utmost amount of evil and least possible degree of good. The Protestant landlords have been reproached, like the Established Church, with having failed in their mission. It may be asked whether England ever allowed to either of them a chance of succeeding.

For another fault they cannot be themselves excused. There had been still left in Ireland a considerable number of Dissenters, some the descendants of the original Ulster settlers, and others who had purchased from the Cromwellians. In the North the majority of Protestants were Presbyterians, and were the very bone and sinew of the English interest. Jeremy Taylor's traditions, however, still governed the Establishment ; and while England was destroying Irish industry, the passion of the bishops and gentry was to enforce the Act of Uniformity. So intense was the animosity that even Swift affected to believe that the Presbyterians were a real danger to Ireland. They were long subjected to every sort of persecution. Their schools were closed, and even their chapels, except in particular districts. They were shut out from public employment. The Tory landlords ejected them from their farms at convenient opportunities. At length too many of them turned their backs on a country where industry was frowned on and trade blighted, and themselves feared and hated as schismatics and republicans. Every one of these men (could the Anglican gentry have but known it) was of priceless worth to them ; but they were blind and could not see ; and a second flight of hardy Protestant yeomen winged their way across the Atlantic, to be heard of again at Bunker's Hill and Lexington. It was not merely the loss of so much life-blood to the Protestant interest, but the small estates were sold, and, as there was no longer any competition for land in Ireland, were bought up by the large proprietors, whose domains grew more extensive and unwieldy as the numbers decayed, and of whom an ever-increasing proportion became absentees.

To these conditions England's policy and its own want of wisdom had by the middle of the last century reduced the "colony" which wiser men had so carefully planted. And yet, blighted and blundering as it was, Protestant ascendency represented the principles of order and the authority of intelligence over ignorance; and the period of which English politicians affect to be most ashamed was that in which Ireland did to some extent really wear the aspect of a civilized country. The two rebellions which shook Great Britain in 1715 and 1745 did not disturb the peace of Ireland. Crippled, insulted, plundered as they were, Arthur Young found thousands of gentlemen reclaiming land, introducing improved systems of agriculture, planting, and building. English manners, even the graces of English country life, reproduced themselves; and instead of mud cabins and naked beggary, there once existed an Irish "Auburn." Excellent schools were established, where brilliantly gifted men were trained to do honor to their native land. Strike the Anglo-Irish names from the rolls of fame in the last century, and we lose our foremost statesmen, scholars, soldiers, artists, lawyers, poets, men of letters. Voltaire was not a person to be taken in by plausible appearances. I commend to the believers in the progress which has been brought about by what are now called Liberal opinions, the following passage from the *Essai sur les Mœurs*. Voltaire, speaking there of Ireland, says: "Ce pays est toujours resté sous la domination de l'Angleterre, mais inculte, pauvre, et inutile, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin dans le dixhuitième siècle, l'agriculture, les manufactures, les arts, les sciences, tout s'y est perfectionné, et l'Irlande quoique subjuguée est devenue une des plus florissantes provinces de l'Europe."*

To speak thus of poor Ireland now would be impossible, even in mockery. The prosperity which Voltaire witnessed was the result of Protestant ascendency. The emancipation of the Celts has brought with it the return of misery.

But by this time the dragons' teeth which England had sown about her Empire had sprung up, and her insolent colonial system was to end. The American States revolted. The Irish Protestant gentry, too naturally, but in an evil day for themselves, raised the flag of Irish patriotism. They broke their trade fetters; they armed, and wrested from their oppressors the Constitution of 1782. Dreaming that they could make allies of a race whom neither flattery could cajole nor reparation could reconcile, they repealed the Penal Laws; and in repealing them they revived the old traditions, and blew into flame the hopes which had been smothered and lain dormant since the Boyne and Aghrim. The English Liberal party, not to be behindhand, and to share the gratitude of the Catholics, agitated for their admission to the franchise. Grattan had lighted

Essai sur les Mœurs, cap. 50.

the fire of an Irish nationality. Alas ! the Irish nation, if a nation it was again to be, was not to be composed of the shining regiments of volunteers who had marched through Dublin and Belfast behind banners of liberty. These fine enthusiasts were the unconscious instruments of their own ruin. The Irish nation, in the days of reform and government by majorities, was to be the nation of Celts, and could be no other. Too late they saw the error ; but the tide was too strong for them, and once more the Irish of the old blood rose in arms to make an end of British authority. For a time the Presbyterians of Ulster, having their own wrongs to remember, were inclined to make common cause with them. Happily, the alchemy had not been discovered which could combine Catholic Celt and Scotch Protestant. The glamour of the unnatural union disappeared before Vinegar Hill and the barn of Scullabogue ; and the northern Protestants, who had caused more fear in Dublin Castle than Lord Edward Fitzgerald or Father Murphy, or even the French fleet, recoiled from such allies in disgust, and became Orange and loyal.

Concessions to Irish agitation lead necessarily to rebellion, and rebellion can only end in one way. The Irish are taught to believe that England is afraid of them. Their demands rise to something which cannot be granted, and then they rise in insurrection. They do not know that England has no fear of *them.* She is afraid, but not of an army of peasants led by blustering patriots. She is conscious to the heart of her own misdoings ; she dreads the public shame of having again to put Ireland down, and she precipitates the catastrophe by the weakness with which she tries to avert it. 1798 was but 1641 and 1690 over again ; in all the three insurrections the object was the same, to recover the confiscated lands. It was a miserable business, and it was miserably ended. In the useless endeavor to cover our own disgrace, English opinion has extenuated the ferocity of the Irish, and ridiculously exaggerated the "atrocities" of the Protestant yeomanry. The impotent peace which was concluded by Cornwallis left the fire smoldering to be blown again into flame, and the moral authority of the Protestant gentry almost extinguished. It was a crisis the meaning of which is only now beginning to be understood. Ireland ought to have been completely conquered, but the most entire subjugation would have availed nothing unless we had been prepared thenceforward to maintain a real government there : and we had not realized, we have not even realized yet, that it is our duty to do anything save to put an end to Protestant ascendency.

The one indispensable requirement in Ireland is authority armed with power to make the law obeyed. This principle in an objectionable, but still a real, form, Protestant ascendency had represented for three-quarters of a century, with the effect which had been observed by Voltaire. But Protestantism as such is no longer

entitled to a place of exclusive superiority, nor is Catholicism as such any longer exchangeable with a spirit of revolt. Authority has to find some other form for itself if the English connection is to be anything but a curse to Ireland, and what that form is to be has yet to be considered. The Union, which was to have settled everything, has settled nothing, and has created only fresh difficulties. The ruling power of the Irish landlords ended with the Parliament on College Green. The unjust reflections on their action in the Rebellion had not improved their relations with their tenants ; they lost heart, and they lost their personal interest in their country. Their estates became more neglected, absenteeism more shameless ; and such of them as continued to reside grew notorious chiefly for wild manners and reckless extravagance. Much of this there had always been. The air of Ireland was never favorable to sobriety of temperament, but there had been along with it the high qualities of a ruling race, which after the Union disappeared. The functions of the landlord were reduced to the shooting his game and the exaction of his rent ; the population multiplied and became more and more miserable ; while the Irish members in the House of Commons, since Catholic emancipation, have held in their hands the fate of Ministers by controling the balance of parties ; they have thus offered temptations which neither Whig nor Tory has had virtue to resist, and by extorting concession after concession have now almost completed the destruction of Cromwell's work, and made their beggared and ungovernable country once more the opprobrium of English administrations.

We remember Mr. Gladstone's Upas-tree with its three branches. According to Mr. Gladstone Protestant ascendency has been Ireland's poison-plant. One of these branches was hewn off ten years ago. The second was cut half through, and it appears that his present mission is now to make an end with this.

The Anglican Church ought never, perhaps, to have been established in Ireland. An institution which was neither Catholic nor Protestant, but a combination of the two adapted to a peculiar condition of the English temperament, was as ill fitted as any institution could be for purposes of conversion, especially when confronted with a creed which was bound up with the national traditions and aspirations. The efforts of the bishops in expelling the Presbyterians might have been advantageously dispensed with ; and of all the instruments of mischief to the Protestant interest, they were perhaps in their way the most effective. Yet Mr. Gladstone might have remembered, in reproaching the Irish Church with its failures, that it might have succeeded better than it did if it had received fair play. It was not the Irish clergy who appointed bishops of "notoriously infamous character," and they had deserved and won for themselves at the time of the disestablishment the affection of millions who did not belong to their communion. It was not de-

sirable, it was not possible, for them to retain their exclusive privileges ; but being what they were, their overthrow as the branch of a Upas-tree served chiefly to weaken English authority, which one day will have to be asserted again. To disestablish the Church in obedience to the dictation of agitators for immediate political convenience was but to strengthen the elements in Ireland inveterately and irreconcilably opposed to the English sovereignty.

The same must be said of the Land Bill of 1870. The intention of Cromwell was to cover Ireland with a race of Protestant Saxon freeholders who would permanently take root, and control and assimilate the Celtic peasantry by superior force and intelligence. The shifts and changes of policy at the English court, the ecclesiastical intolerance in the heads of the Irish Church, and the scandalous commercial jealousy by which Irish industry was discountenanced, had defaced and mutilated the original purpose. The small freeholds had been absorbed in the overgrown estates of the peers and county families ; the Protestant landowners became, like the Spartans, a privileged aristocracy in diminishing numbers surrounded by a nation of helots. When the helots were emancipated and by their numbers controlled the representation, the ownership of land became a mere investment of money or commercial transaction ; and to attach a power to it, to drive from their homes families able and willing to pay their rent, whose forefathers had lived in the same spot for immemorial generations, was to give the landlords rights which, if unwisely exercised, might cause a revolution in our whole system of landed tenure. Even in England, where confiscations have been unknown for centuries, and the tenures of the proprietors have never been challenged by rival claimants, such an authority, when exercised only for pleasure and in interest of the owner, becomes at times intolerable. Not a mile from the place where I am now writing, an estate on the coast of Devonshire came into the hands of an English Duke. There was a primitive village upon it occupied by sailors, pilots, and fishermen, which is described in Domesday Book, and was inhabited at the Conquest by the actual forefathers of the late tenants, whose names may be read there. The houses were out of repair. The Duke's predecessors had laid out nothing on them for a century, and had been contented with exacting the rents. When the present owner entered into possession, it was represented to him that if the village was to continue it must be rebuilt, but that to rebuild it would be a needless expense, for the people, living as they did on their wages as fishermen and seamen, would not cultivate his land, and were useless to him. The houses were therefore simply torn down, and nearly half the population was driven out in the world to find new homes. A few more such instances of tyranny might provoke a dangerous crisis. In ages less enlightened than ours the right itself did not exist in its present shape. The serfs and villains under the feudal system held their farms originally at their lord's

pleasure ; all that they possessed belonged to him if he chose to claim it, and by a word he could strip them bare. But time and custom created rights where none had before existed. When families of villains had remained for centuries at the same spot, and the lords for any reason wished to dispossess them, the English Courts of Law decided that so long as the customary rent was paid they could not be ejected without reason shown ; and thus even under the despotism of the Norman nobles the peasant tenures became copyholds and eventually freeholds. That was a wise, humane, and rational arrangement. Land is not, and cannot be, property in the sense in which movable things are property. Every human being born into this planet must live upon the land if he lives at all. He did not ask to be born, and, being born, room must be found for him. The land in any country is really the property of the nation which occupies it ; and the tenure of it by individuals is ordered differently in different places according to the habits of the people and the general convenience.

All this must be freely admitted ; and it applies with peculiar force to Ireland. The form into which landowning has drifted in England is but one of many possible arrangements. Perhaps in Ireland's present state, the happiest method would be one in which the State should be the owner and the landlord (if we still pleased to call him so), should be the State's agent, with ample powers, but responsible to the Government for the use of them, holding his position like the governor of a Crown colony, or the captain of a man-of-war, to be continued in office and promoted if the estate under his charge was wisely managed, to be dismissed if he was found unjust or incompetent. But this is theory. Governments as they are now constituted are unfit for so invidious a duty. Land is bought and sold under the guarantee of the law. The purchaser must receive value for what he has purchased in good faith, and any change to be hereafter introduced must be the result of the gravest and protracted deliberation. "*La propriètè c'est le vol,*" says M. Proudhon, and it is possible that hereafter society may be constructed on that principle. But the alteration will be the work of centuries, and may be postponed to the millennium. To confiscate or to propose sudden and unheard-of restrictions upon the property of individuals under an impulse of political enthusiasm is *le vol* also, and a breach of faith besides, and the government which tries it does not deserve to survive the experiment. The purchaser of land is entitled to his money's worth. If, for political reasons, the State interferes to prevent him from collecting his rents, the State must compensate him. But he is not entitled to more. If he desires to expel solvent tenants who disagree with him in opinion, or because he wishes to improve his estate, or to enlarge his park or his shooting grounds, he in turn must compensate them ; and so far there is no fault to be found

with the famous Land Act of 1870. It was a fair corollary from the existing condition of Irish social institutions. The tenant's solvency was the test of his right to remain. If he could not, or would not, meet his engagements, the landlord was robbed of what belonged to him, and might appoint a fitter person in the tenant's place. In itself, therefore, the act was a just one. But, like so many other Irish reforms, it was introduced with language which gave it a double meaning. Mr. Gladstone's "Upas-tree," his bold admission that his Irish policy was due to Fenianism, and the Clerkenwell explosion, turned a measure right in itself into so much fuel for disaffection; it encouraged hopes which can never be gratified, save with the final release of Ireland from the English connection; it raised incendiaries and assassins to the rank of patriots, and encouraged them to go on with their work by telling them that if they were only violent and mischievous enough, they would have their desires. If it be answered that what Mr. Gladstone said was true, and that under a constitution like ours, it is only by such means that justice is ever practically done, we can but say so much the worse for the constitution; but the fact, if fact it be, will not prevent the confession from producing its natural consequences.

The "Upas-tree" was a singularly unlucky metaphor. It corresponded precisely to the fixed idea of the Irish that the land had been unjustly taken from them, and it encouraged them to believe that Mr. Gladstone shared their conviction. The Irish agitators regarded it as a step towards a repeal of the Act of Settlement. Mr. Gladstone insisted, when he brought his Land Act forward, that it was not intended to convey any right whatever of property to the tenant. He has discovered since, or his colleagues have discovered for him, that if he did not intend to convey a right of property to him, he at least intended to confer on him a proprietary right. The tenant himself and the local money-lender took the same view of it from the beginning. The tenants have raised loans everywhere on the security of their occupancy. The interest on these loans has become a second rent, and has been the chief cause of the present distress. One useful result has come of it. The coitier tenants have shown what their fate would be if, by any means, they were raised into the condition of a peasant proprietary. The present landlords would have been "evicted," only that their places might be filled by the local capitalists of the country towns, who in a few years would have foreclosed their mortgages. And what mercy the wretched peasantry might expect from men of their own blood, who had them in their power, may be read in the history of the middlemen. No harsher tyrant over the poor was ever known than an Irishman, a degree above them in social rank. An experiment which would destroy so many beautiful illusions might be worth trying completely if it were not so expensive.

A statesman who understood Ireland would never have spoken of Upas-trees unless he was prepared to sanction a revolution. The patriot orators in the last ten years have profited by Mr. Gladstone's hint. The cry has been steadily, "The soil for the Irish people! Pay no rent if you can help it; and keep your grip upon the land." The policy has been to make the property of the landlords worthless, and their position so dangerous that they would find their estates not worth keeping. Lord Leitrim's murder was part of the same conspiracy—if not prompted by the leaders of the agitation, yet an outcome of the spirit prevailing. The English administration looked helplessly on. When a Government is not afraid to exert itself, it will find in Ireland as elsewhere sufficient well-disposed people who will stand by it and maintain the law. But where the anxiety is merely to keep the outside of things tolerably smooth, such persons will not expose themselves in a thankless service. The assassins of Lord Leitrim were notorious, but a witness who had told the truth would have been shot as a traitor to his country, and would only have fallen uselessly as another unavenged victim. And this state of things was allowed to go on. Lord Beaconsfield had a majority which made him independent of Irish support, and might have made him careless of Irish enmity. An honest effort to put down agrarian terroism and a frank appeal to England for support would have created a respect for the Conservative Ministry which might have kept them in office to the end of the century. Some of us were fond enough to hope in 1874 that such an effort was about to be made, and that Ireland would cease to be a national disgrace. "The wise man mindeth his business, but the fool's eyes are in the ends of the earth." Lord Beaconsfield was no fool, but Ireland was too poor a stage for his high-vaulting ambition, and was left to go its own wild way, till Mr. Gladstone's return to power reopened the revolutionary chapter.

The secret history of Mr Forster's Compensation Bill will perhaps never be known. Mr. Forster's part in it is clear enough. He was appointed Secretary for Ireland, knowing little or nothing either of the country or of the passions of the people. He found that there had been a bad harvest, that there was a real or professed difficulty in the payment of rents, and on the landlords' part, in some quarters, an abuse of their powers of eviction, which he, as the head of the Irish executive, was called on to support by armed force. He wished, as he said, to make the law respected; but it was necessary for him first to be assured that he had justice on his side, and he therefore proposed that over about half the country the power of these hard landlords, whom he considered to be only a few, to extort their rents by forcible means should be suspended for two seasons, in cases where the tenant's disability could be shown, to the satisfaction of a county court judge, to be due to misfortune. It seemed to him so natural, so obviously right, so plain a carrying

out of the precepts of the Gospel, that he never anticipated that it could do any harm or even meet with an objection. The rich country gentleman on one side, the Connemara peasant with his starving family on the other! What could be more desirable in the eternal interest of Dives himself than that he should be compelled to show mercy to Lazarus? And yet no responsible English minister ever committed himself to so unfortunate a suggestion. There is no occasion to thresh over again the straw which has been already beaten into dust, or to point out for the thousandth time the complicated injustice which Mr. Forster's equity would inflict. If a benevolent State is to claim the right of supervising contracts and deciding where an act of God requires them to be canceled, it will have work enough upon its hands. The principle cannot be confinad to Irish landlords. It is either unsound in itself, or its application is universal.

But I confine myself to the political aspect of Mr. Forster's action as it affects Ireland. He supposed himself to be dealing with an accidental state of things, which in a couple of years would have passed away. Had he been tolerably acquainted with Irish history, he would have known that he was taking an irrevocable step on the most critical and inflammable of all Irish questions. He was telling the people that in the opinion of the Cabinet the Irish landlords had not the same right of property in their estates which they had in England or elsewhere. He might pretend that the act was to be temporary only, and confined to particular districts. He never asked himself whether at the end of the two years the reluctance to pay rent would not be as emphatic as at present, and immeasurably more difficult to overcome, or whether, meanwhile, every occupier in Ireland would not raise the same objection, and claim the same protection. We have been told of the legitimate application of the principles of the Land Act of 1870. If Mr. Forster's proposal is a development of the Land Act, then, if it had been carried, it must have developed equally naturally into a transfer of the land from the present owners to the occupiers. He was telling the Land League that they were right, that they had but to persevere, and that they had won the battle. Mr. Gladstone said, in excuse for the bill, that Ireland was already "within measurable distance of civil war." To enforce the landlords' claims again when the two years were over would have made civil war a certainty, if the then inevitable demand for further change should be refused.

All this was obvious to every one who knew Ireland and the Irish people. Already, between the landlords and tenants themselves, such mutual confidence and good feeling as survived has been destroyed. Their relations were already severely strained. They must now each of them fall back upon the rights which they suppose themselves to possess, and a struggle has begun which cannot end till one or other has given way. The tenant has been

told by the Cabinet, and by a vote of the House of Commons, that, whether he pays his rent or not, he has an equitable property in his holding; and he will defend what such high authority has declared to belong to him. The landlord, threatened as he has been with an interference which may mean the loss of everything which he possesses, will rely upon the law as it now stands, and the refusal of the Peers to allow it to be changed, and will insist upon his due. The form which the conflict will take is uncertain, and depends, probably, on the course which Mr. Parnell and his friends consider most politic. With cards in their hands so favorable, they may be careful how they play their game. If left to themselves, the people would certainly have recourse to their usual methods. Evictions would be resisted by force. Tenants willing to pay their rents would be threatened, cattle would be houghed, and agents and landlords shot at. Mr. Biggar's open commendation of the killing of Lord Leitrim in the House of Commons suggests that, if rifles are used again for a similar purpose, some at least of the popular leaders will not disapprove. Mr. Forster may congratulate himself that he has brought on a crisis in the Irish land question more momentous than any which has occurred since the renewal of the Act of Settlement after the treaty of Limerick. His bill was one of those measures of conciliation, so called, of which there have been so many, and which have been the invariable preliminaries of a catastrophe. He considered, perhaps, that he was producing something original. The dress may be changed, but the figure inside it is a very old acquaintance indeed.

But there is another and very serious question. What did Mr. Gladstone mean by sanctioning this act of his Irish Secretary? Mr. Gladstone does not know Ireland well, nor its history well; but he has attended to both, he has formed views about both, and to some extent must have understood what he was doing. It may have been that he was merely careless, that he wished to please his Irish supporters, to pass pleasantly through the remainder of the Session, and to save himself from being troubled, for a few months at any rate, with Irish disturbances. But Mr. Gladstone is not a person to act in so serious a matter without a clearer purpose; and expressions have dropped from him which betray a feeling of another character. The landowners were a branch of the Upas-tree, a surviving symbol of Protestant ascendency. The House of Commons was reminded that Irish land was not like other property, that money held in trust might not be invested in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone intimated, too, that if he could have had his way ten years ago, a clause in his original Land Bill would have made the present proposal unnecessary. It would seem, therefore, that he at least did not look on Mr. Forster's suspension of rent paying as merely temporary, but as the preliminary of a permanent change, equivalent to the disestablishment of the Church—as if he was ap-

proaching step by step to some disendowment of the Irish landlords as he had disendowèd the clergy, and was preparing for revolutionary alterations. Mr. Gladstone is an enthusiast for liberty, and considers, from the point of view of modern radicalism, that Ireland ought to be governed according to Irish ideas. But as with Tyrconnell, so now with Mr. Gladstone—before the ideas of the Irish can be carried out, the prejudices of Englishmen on the security of property must be encountered and overcome. The Premier, with his forty-eight years' experience of parliamentary life, must have known that the House of Lords would refuse to pass his Bill. Very probably he anticipated the extent of the majority. It is to be presumed, therefore, that he has considered what he intends to do. He has brought about a situation in which the two Houses are at issue on a subject which touches the quick of Irish feeling. If he leaves things as they are, the language which he used about the Fenian outrages is an invitatiou for a repetition of them. This much respect the Irish are likely to show to a vote of the House of Commons, that where it has been given in their favor they will consider it to justify them in anything which they may please to do, and the civil war which he described as within measurable distance will be brought a good many degrees nearer. Civil war indeed, century after century, has been the inevitable outcome of attempts to caress the Irish into loyalty. They are led on to hope that they are to have their own way. They find that they are not to have it after all, and then they rebel, and a great many of them have to be killed. Any way we are at the first act of an extremely interesting political drama, and who can say where we shall find ourselves at the end of the fifth? Mr. Gladstone will not willingly allow himself to be foiled, yet if he perseveres he may bring on the struggle, so long foretold, between democracy and the rights of property, and in a great Empire like ours, with such enormous interests at stake, it is not difficult to foresee on which side the victory will be. However this may be, another apple of discord has been flung into Ireland, there to spread its poison. Cruel stepmother has England been for seven hundred years to that unhappy island, and cruel still she remains. One by one we have thrust our political inventions upon her, and called it governing. We are now giving her our latest discovery, that there ought to be no such thing as governing, that the power of man over man is to be abolished, that every one must look out for his own interests, with a fair stage and no favor. "And Cain answered and said, I am not my brother's keeper." From the ruined fields and wasted potato gardens, from a million miserable cabins where human beings have lived under our charge for twenty generations more like wolves than men, the silent cry appeals to us—Take charge of us, rule us, guide us, help us out of our wretchedness; and the remedy, it seems, which we are to try next, is to be the extension of the

borough franchise. The Irish require order, and we give them anarchy. They ask a fish and we give them a scorpion. Let no one say that we live in an age of scepticism. The faith of England in the present object of her worship is worthy of all admiration; but if we offer sacrifices to liberty, we should offer them at the expense of ourselves, not of others. It was England which introduced landowning and landlords into Ireland as an expedient for ruling it. If we choose now to remove the landlords or divide their property with their tenants, we must do it from our own resources; we have no right to make the landlords pay for the vagaries of our own idolatries. But liberty, as now understood, is a local divinity, peculiar to the modern English and Americans, and will never save Ireland. Protestant ascendency is gone. But what Protestant ascendency really meant must be realized in some new shape, or there is no hope.

In Ireland, as everywhere else in this world, there is a minority of sensible, loyal, well-intentioned people of all creeds who understand what are the real conditions under which their country can prosper. A government which will win the confidence of such men as these, and try to do what they would wish to see done, instead of bidding for the Irish vote in Parliament by submitting to the dictation of pseudo-patriots and patrons of assassination—a government which would make the law respected and obeyed, which would hang murderers caught in the act, would insist on hanging them, and, if juries would not convict, would call on Parliament to suspend trial by jury in Ireland, and pass an act for trying of criminals by a commission of judges—such a government would repeat the miracle of St. Patrick and drive the devils out of the country. As soon as authority had been properly asserted, and a resolution to do justice cannot be misinterpreted into cowardice, the land laws might then be dispassionately revised, with a resolution to consider only what would tend most to make the people of Ireland really prosperous. To treat land, with the present privileges attached to the possession of it, as an article of sale, to be passed from hand to hand in the market like other commodities, is an arrangement not likely to be permanent either in Ireland or elsewhere. But changes, if changes can be made, must be deliberate and tentative, and carried out with a resolved superiority to terroism. Agrarian outrage, at all hazards and by any means, must be brought to an end; and the future state of Ireland depends entirely on the courage of a Ministry to propose, and the willingness of Parliament to allow, such measures as may be necessary for the purpose. It depends, therefore, on the virtue of the Liberal party. If they can resist the temptations of the Irish vote, they may have a storm to encounter, but they will have the support of every single person in the two kingdoms whose approval they ought to desire. If not, if Ireland is still to remain the plaything and the victim of the English con-

stitutional system, there is nothing to be looked for but the continuance of the chronic misery which the fatal contiguity of the two islands has created from the hour of Henry the Second's conquest.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, *in The Nineteenth Century.*

A WEEK IN ATHENS.

"On the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades."

—MILTON

WE had ridden across the Peloponnese from shore to shore, and now in three, or at the most four, hours' time we were to be in Athens. So we thought. But *dis aliter visum est.* The south-west wind before which we sped merrily out of the little harbor of Epithavro (Epidarus) about 4 P.M. on an April afternoon, dropped as soon as we were in the open waters of the Saronic Gulf, to be succeeded by a stiff nor'-wester blowing right athwart our track from where, in the far horizon, the mighty Acrocorinthus towered above the low-lying Isthmus of Corinth.

Our captain did not care to venture across to the Piræus in his small boat under these altered circumstances; so as night was coming on we ran for shelter into the harbor of Ægina. Here meeting with a collision which shattered one of our bulwarks, and might well have sent us to the bottom, we were fain to throw ourselves upon the mercy of a Greek naval officer, Captain Miaoulis, whose steam-launch we found lying at the quay. He also had been driven into Ægina by stress of weather. He kindly agreed to take us across with him on the morrow, and named four o'clock in the morning as the hour of his start.

Though the morning broke gloriously fine, the north-west wind was still blowing, and continued to do so all the forenoon. This gave us time to see something of Ægina, though not, unfortunately, the famous temple of Zeus, Panhellenios, which stands on a height some four hours' ride from the town. We saw, however, the remains of the old harbor, and of a temple of Aphrodite, built on a cliff about a quarter of a mile to the east of the town. From this point we could see distinctly the opposite coast of Attica, though Athens is not conspicuous enough to be seen at such a distance; and the rugged back of Salamis, which is higher and more imposing than I had expected to find it.

Modern Ægina is a busy port, with a frontage of tall buildings —warehouses, inns, coffee-houses, and shops—along the quay, which is thronged with sailors. Behind the town rise heights covered with white villas, picturesquely set in gardens of olives, oranges, and mulberries; while here and there a single palm-tree reminded us that we were now in comparatively eastern climes. In the back-ground are the rugged peaks which make the island so conspicuous an object from Athens and from all the surrounding country.

Among the inhabitants of Ægina, especially the boys, we noticed more heads and faces of the type familiar to us in old Greek sculpture than we had met hitherto, or were destined afterwards to meet, in the Greece of to-day. Three or four of these young fellows, with their large eyes, low foreheads, finely-cut profiles, and luxuriant heads of hair, might have sat as models for the Pan-Athenaic procession with which Phidias adorned the frieze of the Parthenon. Our hostess, too, a comely woman of forty, with two beautiful children, had a face and figure cast in true Attic mold.

By two o'clock at last the adverse wind had dropped, and we were able to set off in a trim little yawl, in tow of the steam-launch.

Now were we indeed in the very heart of historic Hellas. The dancing waters over which we were speeding, and in which now and again the fabled dolphin showed his tawny back, had been crossed and recrossed by all the fleets that Greece had ever equipped, and by all the great men who had ever left or visited her shores. Greek heroes must have sailed over them on their way to Troy. Here at any rate, was the central point of that splendid maritime dominion which Athens, in the days of her greatness, wielded over all the coasts and islands of the Ægean. To the west, following the gulf till it narrowed to a point, the eye fell upon the huge Acrocorinthus. To the north rose mountain-masses, stretching back, as we knew, to Helicon and Parnassus, though those peaks were not in view. Cithæron, in the foreground, wore a crown of luminous golden haze.

Looking eastward, the low coast of Attica could be traced as far as Cape Sunium. Beyond loomed three or four of the "shining Cyclades." In front, but somewhat to the left of our course, a white row of houses along the shore betokened Megara, that troublesome neighbor and stubborn foe, whom Athens found a very thorn in her side. It is easy to see, when the scene is before you, how it was that this little State so long held possession of Salamis, which lies along the shore not much further from Megara than from the Piræus. And we must remember, too that in those early days before Solon's eloquent appeal had shamed his countrymen into seizing the island, the Piræus was not bound to Athens by the tie with which the genius of Themistocles afterwards united the city and the port. So that in fact, Salamis was nearer to Megra than to Athens.

But now right in frout of us the sun catches some white buildings on the shore which must belong to the Piræus, and as we look inland a low conical height strikes the eye. It is too peaked to be the Acropolis. It is Mount Lycabettus. Before long, however, another elevation can be made out a little way to the right—an oblong mound, of a deep orange-brown, and with a remarkably level surface. And there, surely, are buildings upon it! An earnest gaze leaves at last no doubt in our minds that this mere speck in the landscape, but faintly visible against the background of hills, is in truth that which we have longed all our lives to see, the rock which seems to sum up in itself the supremest effort that art has achieved in the world—the Acropolis of Athens! Every moment we are drawing nearer to the shore, and the objects upon it become more distinct. One by one the buildings upon the Acropolis fall into their true relations, and the shattered wreck of the Parthenon stands out by itself. The main outline of the picture being thus stamped upon our minds, we must wait for a closer inspection to show us its details.

Salamis is now quite close to us on the left; and while crossing the east end of the bay which lies between it and the shore, we are busy in our conjectures as to the exact scene of the battle. However far we may have been from forming a true idea of the positions of the rival fleets, we had at least no difficulty in recognizing a tiny little islet within a few yards of which we passed, as Psyttaleia, whereon the flower of the Persian army was cut off, and round which at last the struggle raged most fiercely.

Meanwhile the Piræus, the Athenian Acropolis, and even Mount Lycabettus, have quite disappeared from view, and we are nearing an apparently harborless shore, when of a sudden, rounding a rocky point which runs out from the left to bar our path, we find ourselves in a roomy harbor full of shipping, of life and stir of all kinds. A few minutes' bustle, and we are in an open carriage, bowling along the dusky tree-fringed road between the Piræus and Athens. We have scarcely passed the outskirts of the port when the Acropolis again comes prominently into view, touched to purple by the sun now setting behind Salamis. To its left rises the conical peak of Lycabettus, and in the background the view is closed by Pentelicus, which has been most appropriately likened to the pediment of a Greek temple. Hymettus is on our right, parallel with the road; and on our left the plain is shut in by a ridge which near the sea is called Korydallos, and further inland bears the name of Ægaleos. Along the foot of it a belt of trees marks the course of the Kephisos, and the famous olive-groves which stretch away to Kolonos. Further inland, between this ridge and Pentelicus, rises the massive shoulder of Parnes, which, with Cithæron further west, parts Attica from Bœotia. By the time we approach Athens the light has faded, leaving in the western sky

an after-glow of orange fading into a lovely pale blue, while Salamis and Korydallos become black as night. Still there was sufficient twilight to show us the Acropolis and its buildings, the Theseum, the Areopagus, and the Hill of the Muses, and to make us realize that we were in the city of Pericles.

The whole scene seemed strangely familar, the more so that it is just the ancient part of Athens which the traveler first sees on his road from the Piræus. He passes next through what remains of Athens as it was under Turkish rule—low dirty houses, narrow streets, and bazaars. From this quarter one comes into the modern town, fast becoming as trim and bright as Paris itself.

Our slumbers, though well earned by a hard week's traveling, were by no means undisturbed. I should think that no city could vie with Athens in the extent and variety of its night-noises. Dogs, cats, men, and, perhaps most trying of all, the Attic owl, with its melancholy piping monotone, unite to make the blessed silence of night a hollow mockery. The Athenians of old might be excused for preferring the image of the owl in silver to its unmusical and feathered prototype.

If, however, the noises of the night recalled rather some London court than the city of Pericles, a glance in the morning from the windows of our hotel in Æolus Street, reassured us at once. For at the end of the street rose an enormous barrier of orange-brown rock, and upon its summit stood two mighty fragments of a temple, separated by a chasm of blue sky. There, indeed, was the Parthenon, shattered and maimed, but still instinct with beauty and grandeur. It, too, is of an orange-brown tone, and that dark-blue sky forms the most harmonious background one could conceive.

It was not long before we were making our way along Æolus Street, then to the left, past the Temple of the Winds, to where some stone steps lead to the foot of the Acropolis on the north side. Then a winding footpath takes one to the western side, whence a zigzag track through a plantation of giant aloes runs up to the side-door which now serves for an entrance to the rock. The old broad steps up which processions used to pass are now blocked up below by a wall and disused gateway. Passing through an archway on the right, we enter on the left a small doorway which leads us through a little yard strewn with beautiful architectural and sculptured fragments, on to the main steps about half-way up. The Propylæa were immediately above us, on our right the lovely little temple of Wingless Victory; on our left the Pinacotheca, adorned of old with the famous paintings of Polygnotus. But these must not detain us now. Moving upwards and onwards, we had hardly gained the level of the Propylæa, when our eyes fell upon a grand temple-front, seared and discolored with the wear of ages, but majestic beyond belief. Of hue varying from light

brown through rich orange to absolute black, while here and there, where a column has been chipped, the marble shows its dazzling whiteness, the mighty building confronts one with the calm dignity, and yet faultless beauty, which one associates with the goddess herself, to whom, by men of old, this shrine was raised.

Between the Propylæa and the Parthenon the rugged surface of the rock is marked with wheel-tracks, associated by tradition with the chariot processions which went yearly to the Acropolis on the great Pan-Athenaic festival. All around lie huge fragments of marble. But these, and the details of the Parthenon front, were only taken in at a later time. An irresistible fascination, not unmingled with awe, led me now to mount the steps and at once enter the temple. Some people have felt disappointment at first sight of the Parthenon, but I can only say that it surpassed all my expectations in beauty and grandeur. Apart from the historic associations that come crowding into the mind as one stands on a spot so rich in memories, the scene itself cannot but fix contemplation. Now the imagination strives to restore the building, even in its ruin exquisitely harmonious, to its original perfection of form, adding the brilliant coloring which is now generally believed to have adorned it; or to recall to its place round the walls of the *cella*, that wonderful frieze which, born beneath the deep-blue of an Athenian sky, has at length found shelter in the gloom of a Bloomsbury basement. Now vain longings and regrets are stirred by the thought that this building, after surviving some two thousand years, fell a victim, hardly two centuries ago, to the explosion which has rent asunder the eastern and western ends, not only wrecking the inner shrine, but throwing down many of the outer columns on either side. Again, the eye is delighted by the rich tone which the wear of centuries has imparted to the western front, and which contrasts strikingly alike with the original marble where its surface has been laid bare, and with the sky above; or follows lovingly the beautiful lines of the still standing columns, allowing due picturesque value even to the ghastly gap in the center, and drinking in the strong sunlight which beats down upon the whole and throws deep shadows in contrast to its own radiance. And such a scene, if you are fortunate, you can enjoy in perfect stillness, so aloof at times seem the precincts of the Acropolis from the stir of modern everyday life.

For the sake of clearness I will here depart from the chronological sequence hitherto observed, and proceed to mention more in detail certain features of the Parthenon and of the Acropolis which were stamped upon my memory by repeated visits.

To begin with the west front of the Parthenon. It was a most pleasant surprise to find that the frieze of Phidias* is on this side

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* I use this phrase for convenience, and as according with popular usage. But

of the building still in its place, and though somewhat discolored by age, in a fair state of preservation. One is thus enabled to form some sort of judgment as to the effect it was intended by the artist to produce. For of all artists the Greeks most thoroughly understood how to adapt means to ends, and workmanship to the conditions not only of material but of place. Now the first thing that strikes one is that from no point of view could the famous procession, which we are accustomed to see running in unbroken line round the walls of the Elgin room in the British Museum, have been seen even approximately as a whole. Only the friends of Phidias, who saw it in his studio, or who, as Mr. Alma Tadema has pictorially and happily suggested, were allowed to mount the scaffolding and walk round the wall of the *cella*, when the frieze was first installed in its true position, can ever have seen his masterpiece except, so to speak, in detachments, till the time came for it to be taken down from its place, carried across the seas, and exposed to public view in the capital of a nation which neither Phidias nor Pericles could have conceived of as being otherwise than mere barbarians. For the utmost that can be seen from below at one time is commensurate with the distance between any two of the columns of the peristyle. Framed, therefore, between these, the observer, standing some ten or fifteen yards back from them, sees the successive groups of horsemen which compose the one part of the frieze still remaining *in situ*.

One mighty fragment of the group which adorned the pediment, and two or three mutilated metopes, enabled one, by the aid of the imagination, to form some idea of how these further adornments of the west front looked when the temple was still entire. Readers need hardly be told that the most important remains of these masterpieces, again, are to be seen in the British Museum.*

Speaking generally, my impression is that these latter features of the temple must have been on the whole more successful in their ultimate effect than the more delicate and beautiful frieze. But it is really impossible for a modern observer, still less one untrained, to pass judgment on these matters. Given the bright colors which must have materially added clearness to the different groups of the procession, how beautiful may not have been the evershifting vignettes of graceful figures which caught the eye as one wandered round the temple, thrown into strong relief by the darker tone of the intervening columns!

A lover of Greek art is not naturally inclined to feel gratitude to the Turks for any mark that they have left behind on the monu-

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we cannot really suppose the whole frieze, or necessarily even the pedimental sculptures or metopes, to have been the sole handiwork of this artist, though, no doubt, his guidance and care were always present.

* There, too, is a model of the Parthenon, which renders minute description of its construction on my part quite unnecessary.

ments of Athens. But if the staircase which now leads to the roof of the Parthenon was indeed built by them as an approach to the tower which they erected at one corner to mar the perfection of the building, due thanks must not be withheld even from the barbarian. The tower happily has been removed, but the staircase still leads to the roof, and to one of the most lovely views that Athens can boast.

At one's feet lies the whole Athenian plain. Immediately below rise the columns of the Propylæa; slightly to the left the Museion or Hill of the Muses; beyond the Propylæa the dark-brown rocky summit of the Areopagus, sloping down on the left to the hollow which separates it from the Pnyx. To the right of the Areopagus, but on a lower level, stands the Theseum, or, as others prefer to call it, the Temple of Herakles. Beyond these the eye can follow the straight line of road, shaded by gray poplars and plane-trees, which unites now as in old times Athens and Piræus, the city and the port. Beyond the clustered houses of Piræus, where even now more than one tall chimney betokens the presence of modern industry, glitters the blue Ægean, with the peaks of Ægina in the far background, and to the right the rugged back of Salamis, behind which loom the hills of the Morea. Coming northward again, the eye rests on the slopes of Korydallos and Ægaleos, with the dark belt of olives running along their base. Facing these heights on our left hand, the plain is closed by the graceful lines of Hymettus losing themselves in the sea at Phalerum.

Such, then, is the scene which meets the gaze of any one who mounts the roof of the Parthenon; and it was from this point of vantage that I saw one of those rich feasts of color which, night after night, are spread before the delighted eyes of the dwellers in this city of the immortals. So regular are they, that even Murray thinks it necessary to catalogue the various shades of purple and red which the setting sun throws nightly on the hills. As one stands, say on the road to Piræus, with one's back to the west, Ægaleos on the left is of a purple almost melting into blackness; Pentelicus, which closes the view in front of us, dons the rich garb of an emperor; Hymettus, on our right, is rosy pink; and rosy, too, is the tone which touches the Acropolis. But to return to the particular sunset which suggested this digression.

Over the Morean hills and Ægina hung a mass of dark storm-clouds which cast a dull leaden tone on to the waters of the Ægean, shining, nevertheless, here and there with a strange sheen. Gradually the lower edge of these clouds grew fiery red as the sun passed through them on his way to rest; and Ægina, too, borrowed something of his radiance. Above the clouds the sky was orange fading into pale green. But nearer the zenith glowed one belt of rosy cloud; and as I looked, behold! the silver bow of Artemis, newborn, shone forth to greet her brother Apollo ere he sank from

sight. Above Hymettus the sky was pale blue fading almost magically into the warm rose-color which soon diffused itself over the mountain, and tinged the very Parthenon itself where I was seated. In strong contrast to this glow were the grayish-white masses of cloud which weighed close upon the opposite slopes of Ægaleos. One charming and unexpected feature was a distant view over Salamis of the Acrocorinthus, which, before the last struggles of the sun had suffused the heavens with red, stood out in a luminous golden haze above the waters of the Saronic gulf.

The Parthenon is an inexhaustible subject, but I have said as much of it as space will allow, so I will now ask my readers to return to the entrance of the Acropolis, through which, in our eagerness to see its crowning glory, we passed so hurriedly. Let us stand, then, on the marble steps and look about us. The view westward is practically the same as from the roof of the Parthenon. Turning round to ascend the steps we see above us the beautiful avenue of columns which forms the center-piece of the Propylæa, or porch on a grand scale, which guards the entrance of the rock.

The beauty, originality, and perfect appropriateness of this building, which was designed by Mnesicles about the year 436 B. C., have often been extolled, but, I think, not exaggerated. Though the middle portion, the Propylæum proper, is much mutilated—hardly a single column standing entire, and one architrave only remaining to represent the roof, while the two wings are also mere wrecks—the imposing character and successful boldness of the design are still evident. A glorious gateway, indeed, by which to approach the splendors within; glorious now, as its marble front glitters in the clear air, and stands out in bold relief against the sky, but how much more glorious when it shone resplendent with gold and rich coloring, and admitted, on their way to the temple of Athene, the chariots and horsemen, and priests, and young men and maidens, who passed in glittering procession up the steps to bear their annual gift-robe to the goddess! No wonder that Epaminondas, in noble envy of so grand a monument of art, prayed, half in jest, half in earnest, for its forcible removal to his native Thebes!

The Propylæa being an undoubted instance of the lavish use of color in architecture by the Greeks, a few words on this vexed question may not be out of place here. At first sight, to those who have given no special attention to the subject, the idea of laying color on the virgin purity of Pentelic marble is certainly repugnant. It was a shock to the present writer, as it must have been to many others, to realize the notion for the first time. But a little consideration, and, I might add, a little more faith in such perfect masters of artistic taste as the Greeks have otherwise shown themselves to be, may modify this first impression. In the first place, the delicate ornamentation in which, at any rate, Ionic

buildings abound, would, without the aid of color, be in many cases lost upon an observer standing below; while, without such aid, elaborate compositions, like the frieze of the Parthenon, must, in the situation selected for them, have lost greatly in value. But there is another point which at once strikes the traveler who stands beneath an Attic sky, and is brought face to face for the first time with the actual conditions under which the Greeks worked. This is, that the intense clearness, one might almost say radiance, of the air makes it impossible even to look at a white glittering substance like marble except through some medium such as smoked glass. What, then, would have been the use of a Greek sculptor lavishing his skill and invention upon works of which, when exposed in open air and to public view, only the general effect could be appreciated, while the grace and delicacy of design and execution upon which he prided himself was lost in the glare of sunlight? If the Greeks were an artistic nation, they were also an eminently practical one; and I can hardly think that they would have been content with such disproportion of means to ends, of labor to the result produced. Need we wonder, then, that they took the most obvious means of overcoming this difficulty? Let any one walk in the glare of noonday past some of the new houses which the Athenians of to-day have decorated with bare marble, and say whether these men or their ancestors of twenty centuries ago best understood the proprieties.

I have already mentioned the temple of Wingless Victory. It stands on a platform of hewn marble, of which one side forms the right-hand boundary-wall of the steps leading to the Propylæa. It is placed, however, by one of those delicate *nuances* of artistic effect in which the Greeks delighted, not flush, or even parallel, with the edge of the wall, but inclined at a slight angle, so that the light catches it at a different time, and the uniformity of line is broken. In the same way the Parthenon does not exactly front east and west, or stand exactly either at right angles to the Propylæa or parallel with the Erectheum. Any one who studies carefully the art and architecture of the Greeks is met at every turn by those conscious deviations from mathematical accuracy, and is struck by the boldness of a people whose sense of the laws of harmony is so strong that they can dare to violate them and yet never be inharmonious. The fact established by Mr. Penrose, that every seemingly straight line in the Parthenon is in reality a delicate curve, is a yet stronger case in point. But to return to our temple. It is a lovely and perfect example in miniature—for it is not much more than sixteen feet by eighteen—of the Ionic order. There was a beautiful little frieze running round the top of the outside wall (now in the British Museum), and it had formerly one remarkable feature, in the shape of a parapet of slabs, adorned with beautiful draped figures of Victory in various attitudes, which was set on the

platform round the building. Some of these slabs are preserved in the Museum on the Acropolis, and there are casts of them in the Elgin Room at the British Museum. They are remarkable as showing how even violent motion could be treated with freedom and yet perfect grace in the best days of Greek sculpture.*

A few words now about the Erectheum, the general name given to the little block of buildings (including the so-called Pandroseion and the Cecropeion) which, as we pass through the Propylæa, stands on our left hand, close against the outside wall of the Acropolis. Beside the Parthenon it is a mere pygmy, but in the days of its perfection it must have been quite a gem. Even now its remains are covered with delicate and lovely ornamentation. The south porch, which faces its giant neighbor the Parthenon, is supported by the famous Karyatides—six most graceful draped female figures. Four of the sisters are still in their place, but one stands disconsolate in our own Museum, still holding on her head a fragment of the cornice which she was created to support; another is at Munich. These vacancies are supplied by modern casts which help one to realize the general effect of the structure far better than if mere blocks had been put in to fill their place. There is something very beautiful and dignified about this porch, in spite of the objection raised by some critics to the principle of employing the human figure as an essential element in architecture. The objection would be perfectly just were there any sense of strain or unnatural effort in the effect produced. But these stately women bear their burden with perfect ease. Any feeling of difficulty is removed by the delicate device of making them all to rest on the foot nearest the center of the porch.

The northern porch is a lovely specimen of the Ionic order, perhaps one of the most perfect we have. Several columns are standing quite entire. The doorway over which the porch is raised is richly ornamented with the honeysuckle and kymation design, and a line of single rosettes adorns the lintel and doorposts. The honeysuckle occurs again on the top of the columns and along the architrave. This porch we know to have been richly adorned with gold and red and blue, and very beautifully must the delicate tracery of the designs have come out under this treatment.

Between these two porches is an oblong chamber, the shrine of Athene Polias, wherein grew the sacred olive-tree, and where was

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* M. Beulé, to whose exhaustive work on the Acropolis I may refer readers who wish for detailed information on the subject, thinks that the Temple of Victory may have been built in the time of Cimon, and therefore earlier, though only by a few years, than the Propylæa or the Parthenon. The parapet slabs he considers to have been added in the fourth century B.C. We are safe in saying, and it is a fact worthy of remembrance, that all these buildings, with the Theseum and others no longer extant, were built within the space of fifty years, the breathing-time between the Persian and Peloponnesian wars, 480–430 B. C.

kept with reverent care the wooden image of Athene which fell from heaven.

Close to the Erectheum, excavation has revealed a piece of the wall built by Themistocles. It is a splendid piece of masonry, qualified to stand almost any assault before the days of gunpowder. Built into this wall at one point are some of the drums of the old Parthenon, showing at what press of need the wall was raised, the builders working in whatever stones came ready to their hand.

A few yards beyond the eastern end of the Parthenon, but on a considerably lower level, stands a trim little museum, well stored with precious fragments of architecture and sculpture. Here are three or four of the most beautiful slabs of the frieze of Phidias, notably the maidens bearing waterpots in various yet ever graceful attitudes, and two noble youths on horseback from the equestrian procession. Casts of these supplement the originals in the British Museum. Here, too, are the Victories from the temple of Nike Apteros (Wingless Victory), mentioned above, and many other less known but hardly less beautiful remains. Interesting from another point of view are some pieces from the cornice and soffits of the Parthenon, on which traces of red and blue are still visible. In a smaller building—an old Turkish guard-house—between the Erectheum and the Parthenon, are other beautiful things; but the key of the place is not very readily accessible, and I was not lucky enough during our week's stay in Athens to find an entrance. The whole surface of the rock, especially between the Parthenon and the Propylæa, is strewn with fragments of architecture and sculpture which await the ingenuity of scholars to identify and piece them together. Even as they lie they seem to confirm the account given by Pausanias of the countless works of art he saw on the Acropolis.

Now let us descend from the Acropolis, and wander, so far as time will allow, round the other remains of ancient Athens. As we leave the famous rock behind us, and descend the slope, only a small hollow separates us from the rugged summit of the Areopagus. Some steps are cut in the rock toward the eastern end, so that one climbs easily to the judgment-seat, where sat that grave and reverend court. Two scenes in particular occur most naturally to the mind as one stands on this spot—the trial scene in the Eumenides of Æschylus, and the speech of St. Paul. To remind us of the one, there are at our feet the hollow recesses in which, at the sublime close of the great trilogy of the Greek tragedian, the Furies, now turned from their wrath, find at once a resting-place and a shrine. There, too, peering over the summit of the rock above, stands the great temple of Athene, to remind us that she stepped in to arbitrate between Orestes and his fierce pursuers. To the truth of one at least of the charges made by St. Paul against the Athenians—*δεισιδαιμονέστεροι ἐστὲ*—ye are too superstitious:

the Theseum, the Parthenon, and the temple of Victory, still standing around and above, and in the far southward, the grand columns reared to Olympian Zeus, still remain as living testimony.

Descending from the Hill of Ares, and moving westward, we come to the Kerameicus, where were found those beautiful tombstones, or funeral *stelæ*, the discovery of which revealed to us so important, and hitherto so unappreciated, a side of Greek art. These are now for the most part placed in the Patissia Museum, and will be dealt with later. Some few yet remain where they were dug up. Differing widely both in spirit and execution, hardly one but conveys some trait of personal or national character. And the value of such mute testimony, over and above that borne by written memorials, few will deny. Thoroughly to know a nation's character one must know it in all its moods, and what mood strikes such solemn and touching chords in the common heart of mankind as that to which death is the key-note?

The temple of Theseus, to which, after leaving the Kerameicus, we pass, by inclining slightly to the right, stands by itself in an open space, round which some attempt has been made to plant aloes and other ornamental shrubs. Of all extant buildings in the Doric order, this, though the smallest, is the most perfect. It owes its preservation to the fact that it was in early Christian times turned into a church and dedicated to Saint George. The thought reminds one that the Parthenon too, long dedicated to the service of the Virgin Mary, might have been preserved in like manner had not the Turks misused it for a powder-magazine, and the Venetians dropped a bombshell into it!

The beautiful harmony of proportion which strikes one in the temple of Apollo at Bassæ, and in the Parthenon, is hardly less conspicuous in this smaller example of the Doric order. The impression is rather to be felt than described, but it is real nevertheless. To look at such a building has upon the mind the same soothing influence as to hear delicious music. For the time all the senses are satisfied, and nothing is wanting.

Turning eastward again from the temple of Theseus, and passing the western end of the Areopagus, we see on our left, at the foot of the Acropolis, the remains of the Odeum of Herodes Atticus, with its brick proscenium, pierced with many windows. On our right, at the distance of one hundred yards or so, is the Hill of the Muses, crowned with the interesting but unornamental monument of Philopappus. We may note, in passing, that hereabouts lay the most ancient part of the city, as Thucydides bears witness. As we advance along the southwestern side of the Acropolis, we pass the scene of busy excavations which have already revealed the foundations of a temple of Æsculapus, and may be expected to produce yet more valuable results. For the *débris* which conceals the face of the rock is the accumulation of centuries, and who knows what

treasures may not lie beneath? Already more than one important inscription has been found. These are the spoils of history; but art, too, need not despair of some prize from so rich a field.

Not far beyond we come upon the theater itself, laid bare only a few years ago by similar excavations. Next to the Parthenon, no spot in Athens is so rich in associations and memories as this. Indeed, in some ways even the marble shrine of Athene yields in interest to this rock-cut temple dedicated to the rites of Dionysus. When we think of the tremendous part played in literature, in history—nay, in civilization itself—by the Greek dramatists, and then remember that it was here on this very spot that each of those splendid masterpieces—ay, and many more which have not come down to us—were produced; that on these very stone seats were assembled year after year the great Athenian people and their guests; that here therefore must have sat to witness the triumphs of Æschylus, of Sophocles, of Euripides, and of Aristophanes—all those mighty spirits whose names are deathless, whose deeds and words live on in the life of humanity—when we call to mind all this, we may well be excused for emotion when we stand in the theater at Athens. To name but three or four of those who must have been there before us—Socrates, Pericles, Phidias, Demosthenes—is to name men each in his own line supreme.

These, then, being some of the human associations of the place, what of its natural features? Let us sit, as I did, in one of the marble arm-chairs which form the lowest circle of the cavea, and which were set aside for priests, ambassadors, archons, and other officials, that of the priest of Dionysus occupying the central place. We are looking south-east and facing the stage. All that remains of the stage is a low wall adorned with figures in high relief, belonging to about the second century B. C., but still possessing no little gracefulness and decorative effect. Beyond is the Ilissus, and in the background Hymettus sloping down to the sea at Phalerum. Were we sitting in the topmost seats we might by looking westward catch a sight of Piræus and the sea and islands beyond; but from our present position they are hidden by high ground intervening. Looking eastward Lycabettus rises up seemingly close at hand, though in fact much of the modern town lies between. Beyond this soars Pentelicus, closing our view. Quite near to us on the left of the stage stands the arch of Hadrian; and beyond, though still on this side of the Ilissus, rise the few tall columns which remain of the temple of Olympian Zeus, begun by Pisistratus just before his expulsion, but never actually completed till the time of Hadrian, seven centuries later. Hence the use of the Corinthian column, perhaps nowhere in Greece seen to more advantage than here.

If we turn in our seat and look at the Acropolis above our heads we can see part of the eastern end of the Parthenon, and just a corner of the Propylæa, with the temple of Victory. To an actor

on the stage these buildings would of course be more completely visible. He might catch a sight, too, across the Areopagus, of Salamis, with the far mountains of Achaia and Argolis.

Let this imperfect sketch of the theater and its surroundings conclude my notice of the ancient monuments of Athens. The reader who is disappointed at the number of omissions and the meagerness of treatment must remember that a week spent in such a place flies only too quickly, and really allows but little time for accurate observation. All I have attempted has been to convey a general impression of the most obvious remains of ancient Athens.

There is, however, one point which demands a special word of explanation. There was one spot in Athens, even more closely associated with the genius of the people, more bound up with their daily life as citizens, than either the Parthenon or the theater. I mean, of course, the Agora. Why, then, have I passed this by in silence? Because it must be admitted that archæological authorities have not yet agreed as to its site. It were out of place here, even were I competent to deal with the subject, to discuss the various theories that have been in vogue. Suffice it to repeat that no theory has yet established itself beyond dispute. All that one can say is, that it lay somewhere between the Areopagus and the rising ground to the south-west, which is identified with the Pnyx. In this very space, separated from the Areopagus by a grassy slope, shaped somewhat like a horse-shoe and bounded by a semicircular wall of hewn stone, still stands what looks temptingly like a *bêma*, a small stone platform with steps. And this travelers were content to recognize as the genuine relic until the conscientious research of modern archæologists—French, German, and English—threw discredit upon its claims. How much rapturous emotion must these few stones have called forth upon false pretenses! How many people must have fancied that they stood where Pericles and Demosthenes had stood before them—stood to sway the passions or to raise the ardor of the Athenian *demos!* For myself, however, the doubt had already entered into my soul before I saw the *soi-disant bêma*, so that all the enthusiasm which such a scene ought to have summoned up was chilled at the outset, and I did not even stand on the stone platform at all. It is now commonly supposed to be an altar; and I understand that one of the latest theories as to the genuine *bêma* is that it was movable, so that the chance of coming upon it seems small indeed.

I must now say a few words upon the various museums of Athens, wonderfully rich, as in Athens they ought to be, in relics of Greek art. It is a consolation to find that the "eye of Greece" still possesses such treasures, when we remember the rich spoils that have been carried from thence to adorn the museums of Western Europe. The *Varvakion*, a building which stands in a large quad-

rangle approached by a covered passage from Æolus Street, and is devoted to purposes of public instruction, contains a very rich collection of vases, especially those of an early period, and the varieties peculiar to Attica. Here, too, are many of the curious terra-cotta figures found in tombs at Tanagra and elsewhere, and examples of which may be seen at the British Museum, and not a few fragments of fine sculpture. In a small room at the Ministry of Public Instruction are preserved some important relics, such as a remarkable iron circle with an inscription from Olympia, a rude copy of the famous Athene of Phidias, with several beautiful heads, and more vases. I have already referred to the museums on the Acropolis. There remains the new National Museum, on the road leading to Patissia, where are stored the most striking of the funeral *stelæ* dug up in the Kerameicus. Here, indeed, there is enough of beauty and interest to repay many visits. The funeral monuments themselves deserve a month's study at the least, if one is to appreciate fully the exquisite feeling and the beauty of workmanship which distinguish many of them. One I must attempt to describe, because it is so eminently characteristic of the calmness of the Greek mind in presence of death. Among many farewell scenes of touching tenderness, mother parting from children, husband from wife, friend from friend, is one slab on which stands out in high relief the fully modeled figure of a young man. No agony of death is on his brow, no sorrow of parting, no shadow of regret. He leans in an attitude of easy grace against a pedestal. The left leg crosses the right, the whole body being bare save for a cloak flung across the bent left arm and passing behind his back so as to serve as cushion for his seat. The left forearm is gone, and the right arm too, which seems to have been stretched out across the chest, is broken off above the elbow. Though the nose and lips are much mutilated, the rest of the head is perfect, the hair crisp and curly, the eyes steadfastly gazing to the front. The modeling of the whole figure, if an unskilled observer may pronounce upon such a point, seems to recall the best efforts of Greek sculpture. Grace of outline is combined with strength and dignity. The treatment reminds one of the various figures of Hermes, whose original, attributed to the hand of Praxiteles, has lately been unearthed at Olympia. To the left of this principal figure, but on a lower step of the pedestal, crouches a small child, also unclothed, apparently asleep, with his head bowed upon his hands, which are crossed upon his knees. At his feet, on the right, lies a dog, somewhat resembling a stag-hound, and perhaps indicating that his young master was noted as a hunter. On the extreme right the slab is broken away ; but enough remains to show in profile the reverend aspect of an old man with flowing hair and beard, leaning upon a staff which is grasped in his left hand, while his right is raised, as if in meditation, to his mouth. He is clad in a loose garment, falling in simple folds. The right arm,

which is finely modeled, is perfect; so, too, save for a slight defect in the nose, is the head. He looks thougtfully at the young man. Can the figure be a personification of Death come to summon him away? If so, he has found a victim who is calmly ready for the call, whether it came to him in the field of battle, in the chase, or on the bed of sickness.

Space will not allow me to say more of the rich contents of the National Museum, except to mention that the inscriptions are remarkable both in number and interest. I must add to my summary of museums, that some rooms in the adjoining *Ecole Polytechnique* have been set aside for the display of objects of archaic art and manufacture. Here is by this time arranged the famous Mycenæ treasure discovered by Dr. Schliemann, which, when we were in Athens, a few weeks only after the find, was carefully stowed under lock and key in the National Bank. And here are the very similar objects since found at Sparta and elsewhere.

Before summing up the results of "A Week in Athens," I will briefly describe three short trips which we found time to make in the neighborhood of the city, to the olive groves of Kolonos, to the plain of Marathon, and to the tomb of Themistocles at the Piræus.

Kolonos.

It was about noon one day that we drove to Kolonos, along a very dusty road, past pretty villas standing in their own gardens, well planted with orange, lemon and cypress trees, and almonds in full blossom. The day was as hot as an English July, so we were not sorry, on reaching the village, to seek the shade of some grand white poplars which stand in an open space in front of the inn. The heat, too, and especially the glare from the chalky soil (*τὸν ἀργῆτα*—flashing—*Κολωνὸν*, Sophocles calls it), prevented us from going some two hundred yards to the right of the road, just before reaching the inn aforesaid, in order to stand on the undoubted hill, or mound, as it is in reality, which has been glorified by the genius of Sophocles.

A few hundred yards beyond the village-green brings one to the famous olive-groves, somewhat thin and disappointing here, though more venerable trees are to be seen if one wanders far enough into the woods. One cannot honestly say that all the details of the charming description given by Sophocles in the "Œdipus Coloneus" are still to be identified. We at least heard no nightingales warbling shrilly beneath the green glades, or haunting the dark ivy. Dionysus never showed us his radiant face. Narcissus and crocus may still bloom there, but their bloom was over. Still the place has beauties of no common order. The ground was all planted with corn, whose waving green contrasted well with the silver-gray of the olive and the opalescent blue overhead. As one enters the

grove the footpath quickly leads to the bed of the Kephisos, quite dry even in April, sad to say, though Sophocles would have us believe that the sleepless nomad fountains of the stream never grow less. One could not then, as one had hoped, find relief from the heat in the sight, the touch, and the sound of this familiar stream. The gift of the water-nymph was withheld. Yet were we not without immortal aid against the shafts of Apollo the far-darter. For Athene lent the shade of her olive,* and the green gift of Demeter served us for a cool resting-place after the dust ; and as we lay there enjoying the stillness, and musing upon the associations of the place, one of us caught sight, through the trees, of the Athenian Acropolis and the Parthenon, showing a rich golden orange against the blue background of sky. We saw no more effective view of the rock and its monuments than this one vignetted in the olive-wreath of Kolonos. Sophocles may have seen it thus when as a boy he wandered in the woods around his native *deme,* and dreamed of the day when he was to be chosen for his beauty of form and presence to lead the bright Athenian procession to that temple on the great festival of the goddess. If no further thought of his future fame as a poet stirred his mind in those early days, it is at least a fact of no common interest to the modern traveler that a place so closely linked with the name of the most characteristically Athenian of the Greek dramatists should command so suggestive a view of the center-piece of ancient Athens, standing out alone and above all other signs of the city, whether ancient or modern.

Marathon.

From a spot whose main interest lies in the domain of poetry and legend we pass to one of those scenes which stand out in the world's history as witnesses of noble and decisive deeds wrought by men in presence of overwhelming difficulty and danger ; and the name of Marathon somehow arouses a feeling of affectionate reverence such as few other historical spots have called forth. To leave Athens, then, without seeing Marathon, was not to be thought of. Early one morning we secured a carriage, and soon found ourselves passing through the eastern outskirts of the city, under the northern slope of Mount Lycabettus, and into the plain beyond. It was a gray morning, rather wanting in color, but pleasantly cool. At first the country was barren and stony, producing little but wild flowers of the ruder sort. The Attic plain was always known for the poverty of its soil. But as we neared Pentelicus, the soil, though still for the most part uncultivated, became richer in wild vegetation, and we passed through fine plantations of aged olives, of fir, and of plane. The sun now shone

* Γλαυκᾶς παιδοτρόφου φύλλον ἐλαίας, ὅ τᾷδε θάλλει μέγιστα χώρᾳ.—Soph. Œd., Col, 700.

brightly, tempered by a delicious breeze, and the eye was delighted by the most charming contrasts of color, the fresh green of the fir and plane, the silver-gray of the olive—these upon a background of blue sky with banks of white cloud. Beneath was a tangled undergrowth of greens of various hue, relieved by brilliant masses of scarlet poppies and of purple vetch, with a delicate accompaniment of cistus—a little flowering shrub like a dog-rose, with blossoms of pale creamy white peeping out from tiny leaves, thick-set, and of the loveliest shades, from green to the darkest purple. These poppies were quite glorious, some of them nearly two inches in diameter, and with a black cross in the center.

Leaving on our left the little village of Kephisia, picturesquely situated at the foot of the Pentelicus, and on our right the king's summer palace and the northern extremity of Hymettus, we soon got beyond these famous mountains, and in sight of the sea. Even then we had something like an hour's drive before we reached our journey's end. At last the road, which had been running in a northeasterly direction, under a back-spur of Pentelicus, inclined to the left, round the end of the spur, and made across a low-lying grassy expanse to some white houses a mile or so away. We did not need to follow it to that point, for now that the whole plain and bay of Marathon lay stretched before us, our business was to find the mound which is the sole visible memorial of the event which has raised the place to immortality. This was easy enough, for it is the only break in the dead level. Turning sharp to the right, along a very rugged track, among scattered fig-trees just bursting into leaf, with here and there a row of vines and a carpet of green corn, a few hundred yards brought us to the spot. A plunge into the blue Ægean to annul the effects of a hot and dusty drive, quickened our senses to take in the points of the scene. It has been often described, but no description can convey its quiet beauty and grandeur.

Standing on the mound and looking seaward, the bay, with its deep blue waves lashed into little points of white foam by the breeze, and sparking in the sun like diamonds, is shut in, save at its southern extremity, by the rugged bar of Eubœa, whose topmost peaks, snow-clad, glitter against the sky, in contrast with the bare gray rocks beneath. A few hundred yards only from the shore, towards the northern end of the bay, lies the little rocky isle where the Persian leaders bivouacked on the night before the battle.

This, then, was the scene which lay before the eyes of the Greeks as they stood waiting the approach of the foe—the same then as now, but that the dancing waters of the bay were crowded with Persian vessels.

Now let us consider the view which presented itself to the sight of the invaders. First, a shore of white sand, and behind it a marshy plain, so described by Herodotus, probably more so then than

now, when some part of it at least is under cultivation. In the background rises a semicircle of rugged hills, with one bare peak conspicuous in the center, the eastern extremity of a ridge running at right angles from Pentelicus. To the right opens up a pass which winds around the northern end of Pentelicus into the Attic plain. It was through this pass that the victorious Greeks made their way back to the city, and once more confronted the Persian fleet, which, in answer to the traitor's signal on Pentelicus, had in the meantime sailed round to the Piræus. Between the hills proper and the plain are lower slopes covered with herbage: on these it seems probable that the Athenian host was drawn up, and from this point of vantage made their rush upon the foe, already entangled in the morasses beneath. In the midst of these morasses, where even now the soil is luxuriant of tall reeds and a tangled mass of wild vegetation, is the mound beneath which lie buried 300 Athenians of that brave army. To stand on the mound which covers that glorious dust, to think of that struggle and its significance, in presence of the very mountains and sea which beheld it, is a sacred privilege and a lifelong fund of exalted remembrance.

Byron's lines express wonderfully the spirit of the scene, and we may repeat them without feeling the melancholy contrast which forced itself upon his mind, between the Greek patriots of 2,000 years back and their descendants groaning beneath a foreign yoke —for Greece has risen at last and shaken off the yoke, and after half a century of freedom may hold up her head again among the nations with pride and with hope.

"The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord.—
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame,
The battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant glory dear.
When Marathon became a magic word;
Which utter'd, to the hero's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career.

"The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red-pursuing spear;
Mountains above, earth's, ocean's plain below,
Death in the front, destruction in the rear!"

We started back to Athens at about two o'clock, and got in by six, when the sun was setting behind Ægaleos, and casting a rich glow across to Hymettus.

The Tomb of Themistocles.

As if to have stood on the plain of Marathon was not enough for one day's delight, we must needs start off after dinner (and by train, too, on the only railway in Greece!) to the Piræus, to pay

our homage at the last resting-place of the man who, whatever his faults, was the first to see what Athens had it in her to accomplish, and to open her eyes and guide her hands to the fulfillment of her destiny.

Making our way as best we could in the darkness past the shipping and the dockyards, then through the straggling houses which lie scattered above the harbor to seaward, and where, each house being provided with a fierce and obstreperous dog, we had some difficulty in escaping with a whole skin, we at length came out upon the narrow footpath leading through waste moorland along the sea-shore.

A scramble of five minutes or so through the rough boulders brought us to a point where the coast line turned slightly southward and left us looking across S. W. to the Island of Salamis and the mountains of the Morea. Hard by lies the great Athenian. His tomb commands the scene of the battle which rivals the fame of Marathon, and which would hardly have been fought at all save for him. Hitherto the night had been dark, and the moon chary of her light; but now, as we looked, her struggle with the clouds grew more intense, and their efforts to hide her radiance each moment more vain, till at last, shaking off her last foe—a great black fellow, that floated moodily down to join his discomfited comrades upon the Morean hills—she shone forth triumphantly, and amid flocks of white cloudlets, which here and there relieved the blue-blackness of the heavens. And what lovelier scene could she have illumined? At our feet gleamed the dark waters of the gulf, just trembling in the breeze, and beyond the gleam the cone of Ægina rose sheer into the silent air—Ægina, the "eyesore of the Piræus." How easy to imagine, standing where we stood, the impatient indignation which the daily sight of that persistent peak, ever pointing upwards, and the rugged aspect of the whole island—fit emblem of her people's stubborn temper—must have roused in Athenian breasts! It was as if, in the days when bitterness between England and France ran highest, France had been as plainly and constanily visible from the port of London as the Isle of Wight is from Southampton. Behind Ægina, and sweeping round to the right, loomed the hills of Argolis and Achaia. Nearer at hand lay Salamis, her jagged outline well defined against the sky. Between her and the shore little Psyttaleia, whose name lives in the record of the battle, asserted its existence by the steady ray from its lighthouse shining across the mouth of the harbor. Looking inland, the lights of the Piræus added to the scene fresh interest, both of picturesqueness and of association, as showing that, not less now than in old days, the place was full of the stir and hum of men.

It was hard to turn one's back upon a scene so rich in memories, so calmly beautiful; it was hard to feel that one might never again see it under such perfect conditions. But the lateness of the hour

compelled us at last to be mindful of returning. So, after fighting our way once more by dint of frequent stone-throwing through our canine foes, we secured a carriage (the last train having long departed), and drove back into Athens.

Farewell.

And now our eight days were up, and we had to bethink ourselves of returning indeed—of leaving behind not one lovely scene only, but the very city of Pericles, and Greece itself. Our last night was to be spent in a moonlight visit to the Acropolis, which had only become possible quite late in our stay, for at first there had been no moon. Alas for putting off anything till the last moment! The day had been fine enough, but clouds began to gather suspiciously about sunset, and by nine o'clock when we set out the sky was quite overcast, and a drizzling rain was falling. Still we pressed on, for, wet or fine, it was to be our last visit to the Parthenon, and was not to be foregone. The old doorkeeper who led us on to the rock looked considerably astonished at any one dreaming of going up on such a dismal night. Probably no one but Englishmen, and an enthusiast to boot, would have dreamed of it. I do not think, however, that the trouble was at all thrown away. There was a weird grandeur about the great temple and the ruins generally which they had not worn before. There was something, too, in the temper of the heavens, strangely akin to the deep regret we could not but feel at standing for the last time on so sacred a spot. After wandering aimlessly and somewhat sadly about the Parthenon for half an hour or so, I at last seated myself under the peristyle at the S.W. corner, and there remained with no company but my own thoughts, and with the wind howling through the broken columns, and bringing now and again gusts of rain across my face, till at last unutterable melancholy at the desolation of the scene, at the glory passed away, at the thought of leaving it all behind, made longer stay unbearable. One last gaze then at the temple, so far as the darkness revealed its grand outlines, a last look at the beautiful porch of the Karyatides—the grave maidens calm and unmoved in storm as in sunshine—and the Ionic façade of the Erectheum, and we tread for the last time the worn rocky roadway leading down to the Propylæa. Passing (as if loath to pass) through the avenue of columns, beautiful even in the darkness, we linger for a few moments on the marble steps below, casting perhaps one backward glance at the mighty Parthenon behind, nodding an affectionate farewell to the little temple of Victory at our left hand, and gazing as best we can through gloom and rain at the plain and sea beneath. Then rousing once more the drowsy janitor, we in good earnest turn our backs upon the Acropolis of Athens. No gleam of moonlight ever shone out to cheer us.

Next morning we set out early for the Piræus. It was gloriously fine, and the Acropolis again showed a golden orange against blue sky, as on our first morning in Athens. Arrived at the harbor, we found that for some reason or other the steamer which was supposed to start at ten was not, after all, to sail till three. It was not worth while to go back to Athens, so we spent our morning pleasantly and not unprofitably in inspecting, first, a very flourishing cloth manufactory, and then the little harbor of Munychium, lying between the Piræus and the road-stead of Phalerum. Along a considerable part of this little promontory, which is broken by two picturesque basins, are visible remains of the long walls which protected them in the days of Athenian greatness; and similar remains may be seen close down to the shore, and even under the water outside the Piræus.

Between three and four o'clock we at last weighed anchor, and soon left behind all trace of the city, which, as I have said before, is a very insignificant object in the landscape. Our eyes, however, were fixed on it so long as anything at all was visible, and then rested on the stronger features of the surroundings—on Salamis, Parnes, Pentelicus and Hymettus, and rugged Ægina, lying nearer to us on the left hand. The sail was really most delightful. A fresh breeze was blowing off the Peloponnesian coast, and lashing the blue waters into foam. Then the coast itself was full of interest and picturesque beauty, especially when later on the sun set behind the hills, and gorgeous colors came out in contrast with the deepest shadows. The sunset was followed by a brilliant moon, which added fresh beauty to the scene and lightness to our hearts. Of the rest of our voyage—of the storm to which we awoke on the following morning, and which would have driven us, like St. Paul, right down on to Malta, had we not run for shelter into the Gulf of Messina (for the wind was that self-same Euriclydon named in Holy Writ—the same "Auster, dux turbidus Hadriæ," familiar to us in Horace); of the lovely sail through the Straits of Messina, with sea and sky a brilliant blue, the coast of Italy gorgeous in color of soil and vegetation, and Ætna sparkling in front like a pyramid of molten silver—of these and other sights this is not the place to speak. For Athens is our present text, and Athens is now far behind.

Conclusion.

And now to sum up in a few words the impressions of "A Week in Athens." Had our expectations been realized? Could we feel that the dreams of past years had not been mere illusions, to be dispelled at first sight of the reality? Would the name of Athens still have the same indescribable charm for us, or would familiarity have deadened its magic influence? To such questions, I can, for my own part, looking back across an interval of three years, em-

phatically answer, No! In some points, of course, the place was not exactly as we had imagined it—when did imagination, unaided, ever call up a true picture either of nature or of man? But in no respect did Athens fall short of my ideal, while fresh and quite unimagined charms revealed themselves. Among these not the least was the quality of the atmosphere, its extraordinary radiance and delicacy, which seems to give poetry to objects in themselves neither striking nor picturesque. The hills of Attica, Hymettus, Ægaleos, Parnes, and Pentelicus, present no very remarkable features, save a certain noble simplicity of form; but as they glitter in the noonday sun, or take the rich coloring of sunset, their beauty is quite fascinating. There is a very curious and interesting testimony to their attractiveness in Thackeray's "Cornhill to Cairo," which is the more valuable that the writer's attitude is distinctly not that of a worshiper. He seems indeed to find difficulty in summoning up the proper enthusiasm; yet these hills are too much for him. This is what he says:—

"Round this wide, yellow, barren plain—a stunt district of olive-trees is almost the only vegetation visible—there rises, as it were, a sort of chorus of the most beautiful mountains; the most elegant, gracious, and noble the eye ever looked on. These hills did not appear at all lofty or terrible, but superbly rich and aristocratic. The clouds were dancing round about them; you could see their rosy-purple shadows sweeping round the clear serene summits of the hills."

Another pleasant surprise was the rich orange tone of such buildings as the Parthenon and the Propylæa; and of the very rock of the Acropolis, contrasting so finely with the blue sky, and also giving one an idea of the advantage of adding color to marble buildings in such a brilliant atmosphere. The country is rather wanting in color, the scanty soil producing little foliage but olives and poplars and cypresses, so that the value of this tone in the prominent buildings is more marked. I have already spoken of the important part played by Mount Lycabettus in every view of the city. This is a point that strikes one at once, and yet quite unexpectedly. The hill is too steep and inaccessible to have ever been available as a fortress, or indeed in any way, so that its name hardly comes into history—and it did not occur to the ancients that a hill was worth mention merely for its picturesqueness.

I have spoken very little of the modern town, because space obliged me to dwell only on what was of the highest interest. I may say, however that it is bright and attractive, and daily becoming more so as the number of travelers, usually of the more cultivated kind, increases. The people are most courteous and kindly, and to travelers eager to learn about the antiquities, the professors of the university and other learned men are both able and willing to render assistance. In fact, now that the Germans and French both have flourishing schools of archæology established in Athens (an example soon, we trust, to be followed by ourselves), while the

Greeks themselves are taking a keen and intelligent interest in such matters, scholars and men of culture are beginning to flock there, and Athens bids fair to become, as Rome was at the beginning of the century, a center of attraction and a meeting place for *savants* of all lands.

Of the surroundings of the city a week's stay hardly allows one to form an adequate impression. Eleusis, Phyle, Sunium, and other places of interest we had no time to see. The city itself needs at least ten days or a fortnight to do even scanty justice to its wonders—especially to the unexpected richness of the museums. At the same time let not this deter any one, with limited time at his disposal, from making the journey. Two days will give you a very fair impression of the whole place, and enable you to see the Acropolis and its surroundings with perfect ease. Go to Athens, if only for two or three days, is my advice to all who can find an opportunity. Don't mimd the journey. By traveling down through Italy to Brindisi, and thence by steamer past Corfu and Zante up the Gulf of Corinth, across the isthmus and the Saronic gulf, you may reach the Pyræus in eight, or at most nine days, from London. The very journey is full of beauty and interest. Athens, at any rate, will reward you for your pains. Go, then! in the spring if you can, or in the autumn, or at Christmas; but go—at whatever time—go to Athens! *Crede experto.* *Blackwood's Magazine.*

HEALTH AT HOME.

PART V.

At the close of my last paper I described the new mode of using permanganate as a deodorizing fluid. This leads me to explain another method of purification for the air of the closet, and, indeed, for that of any room which may require deodorization and purification.

Purification by Iodine.

This plan is inexpensive and extremely simple. It consists in the application of iodine in the pure state—that is to say, the solid shining metalloid itself, not the tincture or spirituous solution of the element. For this employment of iodine first get a common chip ointment box, which can be bought of any chemist; a box of an inch and a half in diameter is sufficiently large. Take the lid off this box and remove the top from the lid so that the ring part of the lid alone remains; then into the body of the box put two drachms weight of the pure iodine, stretch a piece of muslin gauze

over the top of the box, and over the muslin press down the ring of the lid so as to make the muslin taut over the top of the box. Lastly, cut away the loose muslin around the ring, and complete, and ready for use, is an iodine deodorizing box which will last in action for six weeks or two months, even in hot weather. To bring this box into practical application it is merely necessary to place it in the closet on a shelf or on any resting-place. The iodine will volatilize slowly into the air through the muslin gauze, will diffuse through the air, will deodorize, and after a time will communicate freely an odor like that of fresh sea air.

There is no means of deodorizing the air of the close closet equal to this. It is ready, permanent, and effective. In cases where an instant effect is required the iodine may be volatilized in a more rapid manner. A little iodine may be placed on a plate, and the plate may be held over a spirit lamp, within the closet, for a minute or two. The iodine diffused by the heat will pass off as a violet-colored vapor, and as it passes through the air it will create a rapid purifying action. The iodine so diffused will condense, as it cools, on the walls, and there will maintain its effect of purification.

Spray Purification.

At the annual meeting of the British Medical Association in 1865 I introduced a method of purifying rooms by the process of diffusing deodorizing and disinfecting substances into the air in the form of fine spray. The fluid I used in this method was made by adding iodine to a solution of the peroxide of hydrogen of ten volumes strength. The water was also charged with two and a half per cent of sea salt, and was set aside until it was saturated with the iodine. When the saturation was complete the fluid was filtered and was quite ready for use. The solution was placed in a steam or hand spray apparatus, and when required was diffused in the finest state of distribution at the rate of two fluid ounces in a quarter of an hour. In an ordinary bedroom or sitting-room one ounce of the fluid was found sufficient to render the air active enough to discolor Moffat's ozone test papers to the highest degree of the scale, and that in the course of ten or twelve minutes.

The apparatus for this purpose was constructed for me by Messrs. Krohne & Sesemann, of Duke Street, Manchester Square, and was so simple in action that any nurse could put it into action at once, and could deodorize a room hour by hour on the direction of the medical attendant. In fact, there was produced a sea atmosphere in the room.

If sea water were brought in quantity to London it might, by a most simple method, be diffused at pleasure as fine spray in all houses and in close courts and alleys, so as to impart a cool sea air throughout the whole of the metropolis, an influence which would be as agree-

able as it would be salubrious. I was ready to give evidence on this point before the Lords' Committee, which had to report on the introduction of sea water to London during the past session; and I do not think a more important factor in favor of such an introduction could well be advanced.

While these different means of purifying the air are put forward as of immediate service, it should always be remembered that they are temporary measures, nothing more. I mean by this that they are not intended to take the place of thorough and efficient ventilation. In fact, in the presence of perfect ventilation of good natural air, they are not required at all; and when they are called for the necessity of better ventilation as the permanent remedy is at once proclaimed.

The Cistern-Closet and Water-Tank.

In our modern houses, in towns where there is no constant water supply, where one supply of water in the course of the twenty-four hours is allowed, and where the water has to be stored in large cisterns, we find the landing-place of the house the common situation in which the closet for holding the water tank or cistern is placed. For the purposes of supply, mechanically, no position probably could be better, but unfortunately the little amount of room in the town house suggests the temptation to make the cistern-closet a depot for all sorts of improper commodities. On the top of the cistern is laid, frequently, various household implements for cleaning, and other articles which are stowed away to be out of sight and, practically, out of mind. On one occasion I found, on making an inspection of a water-cistern in a large house, a bundle of long, thick bristles, evidently from a brush that was used for scrubbing, in the tank. On inquiry it actually turned out that they came from a round brush which was used for cleansing the adjoining water-closet. The brush, when it had served its purpose, was placed by the housemaid carefully away above the water-cistern, and through a wide joint of the lid the broken bristles or rods of the brush fell through into the water below. This water, so seriously and thoughtlessly contaminated, supplied all the bedrooms with water, and also supplied part of the lower part of the house with drinking water. I name here one of the impurities that may steal into the water of the cistern, but this does not include all. Sometimes accidents happen in the cistern-closet which are unexpected, and which do not declare themselves until a fault is disclosed by the water after it is drawn from the tap. I recently had a proof of this in a curious way. Some water drawn from an upper cistern in a large house presented a muddy or filmy appearance, and soon afterward gave a taste of lime. On inquiry it was discovered that a leakage in the roof of the house had caused the water to run down the wall at the back of or over the cistern, and to carry into

the cistern lime-wash from the wall, which, floating in part on the water, and adhering in part to the sides of the tank at the water-line, had become coated with fungus vegetation, so as to render the water not only disagreeable, but actually hurtful.

The cistern sometimes becomes a source of impurity from another cause, which is more offensive still. Into the cistern there is occasionally cast, either thoughtlessly or intentionally, dead matter, and so an abominable contamination is produced. A medical friend from a northern city, who was staying at one of our large hotels a few years ago, asked me to luncheon with him at the hotel; and, knowing me to be a water-drinker, apologized for the water, which, said he, as he quaffed his glass of ale, "I wouldn't touch, but would rather be poisoned with beer in the long than with water in the short run." The water truly was offensive, even to the sense of smell. Detecting this so distinctly, I sent for one in authority and explained that such water could only come from a cistern actually polluted with dead animal matter. The evidence was too certain to admit of dispute, and an inquiry was at once instituted. On opening the cistern the odor was poisonous, and the cause for it, fully exposed, was found to be the remains of a dead cat, which lay decomposing at the bottom of the tank. The animal probably had fallen in, and, unable to regain a footing, the water being low, had got drowned, and remained unnoticed until the products of decomposition made known the circumstance.

The closet holding the cistern is usually supplied with a sink, down which the slops from the bedrooms are too commonly poured. The closet is dark, the sink is emptied of water slowly, the sink is kept clean with the utmost difficulty, and from it there arises, unless scrupulous cleanliness be insisted on and daily seen to, the most disagreeable odor. The closet is not ventilated as a rule, and so soon as the door of it is closed securely the small space has its contained air quickly turned into foul air. That foul air easily diffuses through the open chinks into the cistern itself, and in this manner the water comes into contact with the gases of decomposition, by which another source of impurity is added. From the same emanations, again, the air in the rooms adjoining the cistern-closet is apt to become contaminated.

It will be seen, now, how necessary it is in every household to pay special attention to the closet that contains the water-tank. This closet, first of all, should never be allowed to contain any household implement, or vessel that is not perfectly clean. It should be so free that the lid of the cistern can be opened without a moment's hesitation. Its walls should be washed or distempered frequently. It should have a ventilating tube carried from its ceiling through the roof or into a chimney. It should, if possible, be lighted by a window, even if the window be into the staircase. The sink should have the freest opening for the flow of water that

may escape from the tap, and the sink should never be used for the purpose of receiving the slops from the pails that are used in bedrooms. Lastly, the sink should be specially cleansed, so that there is in it no accumulation of dust or dirt of any kind.

For the cistern, slate is, I think, the best material, after that galvanized iron, and next to that lead. The worst form of cistern is the wooden one lined with zinc. Every cistern should hold a carbon filter, which should often be changed, and the cistern should be frequently inspected to see that it is quite clean, and contains no deposit. It is excellent policy, once a week or so, to allow the cistern entirely to empty of water. I need hardly add that the slop pails should never be allowed to remain in the cistern-closet, but, as they are often left there, the advice is necessary.

The consideration of all these facts in relation to the storage of water in cisterns within private houses brings us to a decisive instruction;—to wit, that no effort should be left undone, in towns where these dangers exist, until they are removed by the stored water being replaced by a continuous supply of pure water from a common and pure source. The storage or tank system has been the cause of endless mischiefs in houses from mere overflow and injury done to walls and ceilings and furniture. But these, obvious and costly mischiefs as they are, are trifling when compared with the insidious dangers to health which the system engenders. Damp, dirt, and disease are the first fruits of the system; damage to property is but of secondary consideration, though by appealing to the pocket it often seems to be of first importance.

The Housemaid's Closet.

The housemaid's closet, as it is usually called, is the third receptacle on the staircase-landing that requires particular attention. This closet is often the *omnium gatherum* of the upper part of the house. Here is likely to be found the bag or basket containing the unwashed linen; here are often brushes and dusters, and various other paraphernalia for the cleaning processes. It is not to be supposed that so important a place as the housemaid's cupboard can be dispensed with, but it should never be neglected or treated as an out-of-the-way nook into which anything may be thrust that has to be put out of sight, and which may or may not be cleaned and purified. Because it is the depot of so many articles which are used for cleaning, or are waiting to be cleaned, it ought to be the more carefully protected against uncleanliness. It should therefore always, when it is possible to have the light, be lighted by daylight; it should have ventilation of the best kind that is procurable; it should be repeatedly emptied of all its contents and thoroughly washed out; and its walls should be distempered twice a year, whether they seem to require the process or not. In a

properly ordered house the housemaid's cupboard should be emptied of its contents once a week as a regular system, and all the things that are stowed away in it should have their proper place. If there be no open window into it from the staircase an opening ought to be made into it above the door, and at the lower part of the door, for the free circulation of air.

The Dressing-Room and Bath-Room.

The possession of a dressing-room and bath-room on the bedroom floor is rather more than a luxury, and if half the money that is frittered away on empty display in the drawing-room were spent on the bath arrangements, great benefit to health would often be the result to the whole of a family. I do not, however, for my part recommend any very elaborate system of baths for common use. Healthy daily ablution of the most perfect kind can be had at a very small cost, and at very small trouble. I hear it said constantly by people of moderate means that they would like to have a daily bath, and that they know how important it is to have one, but that they have not the convenience of a bath-room in their house, and are troubled because the cost of setting up a bath is so great. I hear rich men say that they have gone into large expenditure in the setting up of the appliances of the bath and bath-room. They have laid on hot and cold water; they have had a shower apparatus placed overhead; they have had the bath itself glazed or enameled; and, in taking the bath, they have been immersed, douched, cold-douched, shampooed, and dried. There can be little objection to all this parade; it is something to talk about or think about, if it be nothing better, and I believe I have known it to be a relief to the minds of some who have little or nothing with which to burthen their minds. But after all the proceeding is very much like a search for a needle in a bundle of hay, and the needle may always be found without any such elaborate cost and trouble.

To wash the body from head to foot every day is the one thing needful in respect to ablution for the pure sake of health. To become so accustomed to this habit that the body feels uncomfortable if the process be not duly performed is the one habit of body, the one craving that is wanted, the one habit that needs to be duly acquired in the matter of body-cleansing. The process may be carried out as speedily as possible. Moreover, it may be carried out as cheaply as possible, and all the hygienic advantages may be the same as if great expense had been incurred. A formal bath is actually not necessary. A shallow tub, or shallow metal bath in which the bather can stand in front of his wash-hand basin; a good large sponge, a piece of plain soap, a large soft Turkish towel, and two gallons of water are quite sufficient for all pur-

poses of health. In the north of England there is often to be met with in the bedrooms of hotels, and sometimes in those of private houses, the most cheap and convenient of these small and useful baths. The center or well of the bath is about twelve inches in diameter, and about nine inches deep. This center is surrounded by a broad rim, a rim from eight to ten inches wide, which slopes towards the center all round. In this bath the ablutionist can stand, and from as much water as would fill an ordinary ewer, he can wash himself from head to foot completely without wetting the floor, since the broad sloping margin of the bath catches the water. To stand in such a bath as this, and from the water of the wash-hand basin to sponge the body rapidly over, and afterwards to dry quickly and thoroughly, is everything that is wanted if the process be carried out daily; and this, after a little practice, may be so easily done, that it becomes no more trouble than the washing of the face, neck and hands, which so many people are content to accept as a perfected daily ablution. In winter the water should be tepid, in summer cold; or what is a better rule still, the water should always be within a few degrees of the same temperature. If in the summer months the water be at 60°F., in the spring and summer at 65°, and in the summer at 70°, a very safe rule is being followed; nor is it at all difficult to learn to follow this rule from the readings, occasionally carried out, of a themometer which in these days may be obtained for a few shillings, and which it is always convenient and useful to keep on the wall of the bed-room or dressing-room. Once a week it is a good practice to dissolve in the water used for ablution common washing soda, in the proportion of one quarter of a pound to two gallons of water. This alkaline soda frees the skin of acids, is an excellent cleanser of the body, and is specially serviceable to persons of a rheumatical tendency who are often troubled with free acid perspirations.

It is a question often asked in reference to the arrangement of a bath-room, whether the plan should be adopted of taking the bath at night, or in the morning, before going to bed, or on rising from bed? The answer to this is simple enough when time is not an important object of those who make the inquiry. It is much better to make complete ablution of the body from head to foot both on going to bed and on rising also, whenever that can be carried out; and indeed so rapid is the process when the habit of it is acquired, there are few persons who could not get into the habit of it as they do into the habit of taking meals at stated times. But if for any reason it be impossible to carry out complete ablution twice a day, then no doubt the general ablution is best just before going to bed. There is no practice more objectionable than to go to bed closely wrapped up in the dust and dirt that accumulate on the surface of the body during the day; nor is there anything I know so conducive to sound sleep as a tepid douche just before getting into bed.

I have many times known bad sleepers become the best of sleepers from the adoption of this simple rule. If the body be well sponged over before going to bed, the morning ablution—though it is still better to carry it out—need not, of necessity, be so general. The face, neck, chest, arms and hands may be merely well sponged and washed at the morning ablution.

I can do no harm, nor shall I uselessly take up space, if in this place I digress for a moment to enforce still more earnestly the importance of making this matter of cleansing the body a habit of life from the first of life. I would impress on mothers and fathers, and on all who have the command of youth, that this practice should not only be commenced at the earliest period, from the first infancy, but should be steadily maintained so that the subject of it shall attain the desire for it, and feel the necessity. I notice it to be a common plan for mothers of the best sort, who feel it almost a crime to omit washing a baby morning and evening, to begin to omit the same process so soon as the child learns to run about and to become to a certain degree self-dependent. It is no doubt an irksome daily task for the mother of a large family to see that every little boy and girl is washed from head to foot every morning and evening. Still the result is worth every penny of the labor. In the industrial schools at Annerley the waifs and strays of puerile society, the worst-born specimens in the matter of health, are so quickly brought in conditions of good health, that, as Dr. Alfred Carpenter once remarked to me when we stood in the midst of the children, "they seem to teach us that not even a generation of change is required to wipe out a generation of defects, when personal health is well looked after." There is all the richness of truth in this wise observation, and I am fully justified in saying that among the many agencies by which the able managers of these industrial schools do so much for the health of the children, there is not one agency more telling than the persistent and regular, but at the same time perfectly simple method of ablution which is practiced in the establishment. Practically the system is that which I have described for the household. There are no cumbersome baths, but a series of taps at which the children can cleanse themselves from the crowns of their heads to the soles of their feet as quickly as they can wash their hands and faces in the lavatories of many other institutions in which children and youths are received. These children at Annerley grow up in the habit of ablution, and when they leave the school they are, by the habit, made fifty per cent more cleanly than the majority of children who are brought up in better circumstances, or even in luxury.

While the easiest, readiest, and cheapest of baths have thus been carefully considered, in order that the pretense or excuse of difficulty in getting a bath may be removed I have no intention of passing over in silence the bath-room of the comfortable house. Who-

ever can afford a bath-room should have one, and many a house which is richly and expensively endowed in other respects is deprived, unjustly for health's sake, of its bath-room. Let us therefore study the bath-room with a little care. The bath-room is best located on the third floor in four-storied houses, that is to say, on a level with the chief bed-rooms and below the attics. A good bath-room ought to be ten feet wide, ten feet high, and twelve feet long. The floor should be of oak or pine-wood, smooth and well laid. No carpet is required for the floor, but one or two perforated india-rubber mats are of advantage; the walls of the bath-room should be painted in hard paint that can be washed and thoroughly dried, or it should be fitted with tile-work, which is at once clean and effective. The bath, which need not be large, should always be constructed of earthenware, and it should be quite flat at the bottom, so that it is easy to stand upright in it while taking a douche. The well-constructed bath is supplied with hot and cold water; the temperature of the water should be regulated by the rule already supplied, 60° F. in summer, 65° F. in spring and autumn, 70° F. in winter.

The bath-room should be thoroughly well-ventilated and warmed. I know nothing that answers better for warming it than the calorigen stove, of which a description has been given in a previous paper on *Health at Home*. To those who wish for the further luxury of a hot-air or Roman bath in their houses, it is a comparatively easy matter to arrange the ordinary bath-room so as to make it, when required, a hot-air bath. This can be done in the simplest way by introducing into the room a stove heated with coal and constructed, in a large size, after the manner precisely of the calorigen. The air in this case is let into the room from the outside by a three-inch pipe, and is allowed to escape from the stove after it has been heated by a pipe of a similar diameter. With a good ordinary-sized fire in the closed grate of the stove, the air in the room may be brought up to the temperature of 140° F. in a period of from twenty minutes to half an hour, provided that the space to be warmed does not exceed twelve hundred cubic feet, that the door be well closed, and that the escape for the heated air at the upper part of the room be so arranged that it can, at pleasure, be reduced until it is not above twice the size of the opening for the entrance of the air from the stove. For a sick person to whom I thought the use of a hot-air bath would be very useful, I once turned an ordinary bath-room into a hot-air bath in this way with great readiness, and with the best effect, and since the time when that was done I have repeated the same with results as satisfactory. It is true that the temperature is limited in range in this form of hot-air bath, but for most purposes it can be raised to a sufficient degree, and as the hot air can be shut off at once and the ventilator enlarged at pleasure, it is easy to cool the room rapidly down during the after process of the douche or the water-bath.

For those who have means and who are building a new house to be replete with all modern contrivances, the properly constructed Roman bath should be always introduced in connection with the ordinary bath-room. The Romans, who once inhabited these islands, set us a splendid example in this respect in their habitations. With them, the hot-air bath seems to have been as much of a household necessity as the kitchen; and it is right to admit that by this care they expressed practically a degree of sanitary knowledge which bears imitation to the present hour. In this cold, and damp, and variable climate, the Roman bath in the house is of more importance than it would be in warmer and more equable climes, for here it is less of a luxury and more of a necessity. If, in our heavily fogged London atmosphere, the tired Londoner after a day of oppression could return home, and for an hour before dinner indulge in the light and genial and clarified air of a Roman bath, he would do more to relieve his congested and enfeebled internal organs than by any other process that is obtainable. As it is, he is led too often to seek a false and partial relief from his oppression by resorting to a stimulant drink, which first elates and then paralyzes and injures, or kills outright. In a word, he smothers his afflictions, while in the Roman bath he would disperse them. This is a correct and true definition.

In saying so much in favor of the Roman bath, I am, I know, offering some slight correction of what I spoke on the same subject twenty years ago, when the hot-air bath was being enthusiastically introduced into this country by some of its over-earnest advocates. To me it seemed at that time as if the advocates of the bath were claiming it as a panacea for all maladies, and were fain to declare that to its efficacy fresh air and bodily exercise might well be sacrificed, and a slothful luxury take the place of a hardy, healthful existence. It is but just to state that some of these advocates did go even to this length, and that I and others, thereupon, went perhaps too far the other way in our criticism of them, and so to some extent checked a useful measure while it was new, and before it had taken root. If I ever did wrong in that way I recall it now. Holding as firmly as ever the view that the hot-air bath should never take the place of healthy exercise of body nor of active out-door life in good and wholesome air, I am satisfied from a larger and longer experience that the Roman bath is an addition to the English house which should never be ignored when circumstances admit of its introduction. Last winter, in the treatment of a number of persons who were under my medical care, I would have given anything for the advantage of being able to remove them, under their own roofs, into a well-constructed hot-air bath.

From the multitude of the readers of these Health at Home papers in *Good Words*, I am naturally led to receive a considerable number of letters containing questions, suggestions, and infor-

mation. To the majority of these letters it is utterly impossible to give a special acknowledgment, but as they come in I classify them under different heads, and I hope in a forthcoming number to make a general reply or comment on certain of the more important and practical. B. W. RICHARDSON, *in Good Words.*

CALIFORNIA.

THE astonishment and excitement which California created thirty years ago throughout Europe, and indeed throughout the world, have for a good time past died out. Not only has the auriferous wealth of California been thrown into the shade by the superior silver-wealth of the adjoining State of Nevada, but partly from the diminished produce of the gold-mines, and still more from the rapid agricultural and commercial progress of the country, gold has entirely lost its old place as the prime and sole source of wealth, and now ranks third in value among the exported produce of the State. The first place is now held by the cereals, the cultivation of which, at the time of the gold-discovery, hardly covered the area of a good-sized English farm. Further, instead of a secluded and well-nigh inaccessible region, California is now a great emporium of trade, through which the commerce of the world flows in ceaseless streams between the East and West.

In social aspects the change in the condition of California is not less striking. When the early Californians, assembled at Monterey in 1849, promulgated a constitution for their State, it was hailed as a masterpiece befitting a new State which sprang into existence almost full-grown, under unprecedentedly favorable circumstances, and with wide experience of other States and societies which had slowly and painfully worked their way to civilization from an initial stage of poverty or barbarism. The Californian Constitution elicited the admiration both of political economists and of philanthropists and social reformers. It was a régime of absolute freedom—social, religious, and political. All men alike free and independent; no slavery; neither race nor religion was to make any difference; resident foreigners had all the rights and privileges of natives. The colored skin, which was then breeding difficulties throughout Eastern America—destined in ten years more to produce a tremendous convulsion—was entirely ignored, whether it was black or yellow or red. The "open career" was presented to all comers; while the entire absence of a pauper class, and the ease with which wealth could be won, gave to the new State an unparalleled advantage for carrying out its model constitution.

But alas for human aspirations, however noble, and for man's ex-

pectations, however confident! For the last twelve months or more the only tidings from California which have excited attention in Europe have related to strenuous efforts to overthrow the constitution which the whole world had so unitedly admired. Not only is political agitation virulent, but the social war between rich and poor is more openly waged than in any part of the Old World; while so far from all men being held "free and independent," the most orderly and industrious section of the population is placed under ban, and even the supreme Constitution of the United States is sought to be revoked in order that the "unspeakable" Chinamen may be deported bag and baggage from the soil of the Model Republic. Thanks to telegraph and steam-locomotion, these remarkable changes in California have been going on almost under the eye of Europe, and San Francisco, albeit the growth of yesterday, is as well known as New York was in the youth of the present generation, when San Francisco was not.

In the Grand Tour, which by sea and railway now extends across the globe, hundreds of travelers from Europe annually visit the youthful capital of the Pacific, which, in its greatness, is the most striking outcome of the gold-discoveries. Journeying in a week from New York, the traveler crosses the broad stream of the Missouri, then traverses the wide upland prairies, long tenanted by the red men and the buffalo, and penetrates the chain of the Rocky Mountains by the tremendous cañon or chasm upon which the fugitive Mormons lighted by chance, and found in it a heaven-sent outlet from the western world of persecution. Emerging from the gloomy defile, the railway-train sweeps across the northern end of the desert of Utah, where the shores around the Salt Lake have been made verdurous and fertile as a garden by Mormon industry; and, finally, ascending the lofty Sierra Nevada, and crossing between its snowy peaks, the traveler sees California before him, stretching down the sunny slopes to the Pacific, while the railway finds its terminus in San Francisco Bay. The rapid transition from the bleak mountains to the plains is very striking. In three hours' time the traveler descends from the snows of the Sierra to the broad valley of the Sacramento River, where, if in May, he sees the barley-fields white and ready for harvest; or, if in June, beholds echeloned rows of reaping-machines swiftly leveling an expanse of golden wheat, which in another six weeks may be landed on the wharfs of Liverpool.

The names of the chief features and places of California—its rivers, mountains, and older settlements—are Spanish, telling of the old sleepy lords of the soil. But instead of the solitude which owned the Spanish rule, the region is richly cultivated and thickly dotted with towns and hamlets. Broad and blooming orchards occupy the sunny mountain-slopes, and around the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers an unbroken expanse of grain-crops covers the

plains successively with luxuriant verdure and with waving gold; while clouds of black smoke, from funnels just visible above the level crops, show where the steamships are winding to and fro in the links of the flat-running rivers. What a change within less than two-score years! Upon the shores of the then solitary land-locked bay, into which the Sacramento River falls, now stands the great city of San Francisco, the western metropolis of North America—full of fine streets and stately public buildings; and, as befits a great commercial emporium, abounding in palatial hotels. Traversed in all directions by tramways, the cars which run up the slopes are drawn by wire ropes connected with a steam-engine underground. On the site of an old sand-heap there now stands the elegant park, the resort of fashion, where ladies as well as men drive their fast-trotting pairs at a pace prohibited in Hyde Park. Strangely, this newest city of the New World includes a real fragment of the very oldest region of the Old World; and China Town, with its theater, joss-houses, and opium-dens, is as thoroughly a part of China as if it had been splintered off and transported thither from Eastern Asia.

San Francisco, which owes its existence entirely to gold, still largely shows traces of its origin in the habits of the people. Money-making, more exclusively even than in New York, is the supreme object of life; and money goes for less than in any other city of the world. Stock-jobbing is the prevailing business, and the streets wear the aspect of a Bourse. Great fortunes are yearly made and lost. The spirit of speculation seems to a stranger to amount to a mania, and is shared even by the women. Interest, house-rent, values of all kinds are reckoned by the month. All classes are "fast" in their habits and notions; and they reckon that the vicissitudes of worldly fortune are so unusually great, that a month to them is as much as a year to ordinary humanity. Large fortunes are so numerous that they have created a fashionable suburb some miles off across the bay, at Oaklands (so called from its fine oak-trees), where the streets are a verdurous grove—where villa-like mansions stand within gardens abounding with rare shrubs and beautiful flowers. These residences of the wealthy class are fitted up with all the most useful and luxurious of modern appliances. Many of them have a room in which there is a dial connected by wire with the telegraph office, and which, among its other uses, is employed by the inmates to give signal of fire or burglars. Oaklands is to San Francisco, in daintier fashion, what Brooklyn is to New York; and from their mansions there the wealthy merchants daily repair for business, and the people of fashion for amusement, to the Golden City on the opposite side of the bay. In another direction, six miles off, Cliff House, overlooking the Golden Gate and its passing argosies, is a resort of the San Franciscans on Saturdays and Sundays, where they lunch or dine, and lounge on the sea-facing ve-

randas, finding amusement in watching the half-tame seals at play upon the rocks.

The Overland Railway carries its freight of goods and passengers out into the deep waters of the bay, where the ocean steamers lie ready to start on their various routes over the Pacific—to China, India, Australasia, as well as southward and northward along the western coast of the American continent. And here, on leaving as well as entering San Francisco, the traveler is struck by the strange commingling of peoples and races, which is the most peculiar feature of this new commercial emporium, and a consequence of the wizard-like attractive power of gold. While the officers of the sea-going ships are English or Americans, the crews are mostly Chinese; and in the vessels which touch at Chinese ports there is usually a swarm of Chinamen returning to their native country, carefully carrying wtth them their store of dollars, and also the funereal burden of the bodies of their brethren who have died in the foreign land.

Such, in brief, is the capital of the Pacific which has sprung up in the Land of Gold, a direct product of the mines; and which more recently has obtained a new source of growth and splendor in the silver veins of the adjoining State of Nevada. The one State is as rich in silver as the other is in gold; and San Francisco, as the common seaport, benefits by the metallic wealth of both; while, being the terminus of the railway lines, it is the sole western outlet of the United States, and the emporium where the New World, charged with the population of Europe and also of tropical Africa, comes in contact with some of the oldest States of the old world of Asia. An entrepôt of commerce, San Francisco is also a meeting-place not merely of nations, but of races. The Mongolian, the Aryan, and the Negro there meet and commingle: and the Chinese, immeasurably the most ancient of existing civilized peoples, contend successfully, or indeed victoriously, in the labor-market alike with the most interlectual and enterprising nations from new-born Europe, and with the patient and enduring Negro race from the still uncivilized continent of Africa.

Thirty-five years ago, California was within an ace of seeing another British admiral, like Drake, unfurl the flag of England and take possession of the region in the name of his Queen. The British, French, Russian, and United States Governments all had their eye upon California, then visibly dropping from the enfeebled hands of Spain, whose sovereignty, only formal at the best, had then all but ceased. Some American emigrants got up the show of a revolt—that is to say, they proclaimed California independent of Mexico. But the Spanish Governor and authorities, and the population in general, invited the British Consul to accept the sovereignty, and a formal treaty was drawn up in April, 1846. But the Cabinet of Washington were resolved to settle the matter in their own

favor, and waged war upon Mexico with the express purpose of compelling a formal cession of California to the American Union. "The object of the United States," wrote Secretary Bancroft to the Commodore on the Pacific Coast, "has reference to ultimate peace with Mexico; and if at that peace the basis of the *uti possidetis* shall be established, the Government expects through your forces to be found in actual possession of Upper California." Before that dispatch arrived, Commodore Sloat took possession of Monterey (7th July)—only twenty-four hours before the English admiral Sir George Seymour arrived in the *Collingwood* to accept the sovereignty of the territory. The inhabitants held an excited meeting (9th July), at which they resolved to claim protection from the British admiral, and place the territory under the British flag. But as the town was captured in war, Sir George declined to intervene; Mexico, as a matter of course, was beaten in the war; and by the Treaty of Peace, signed February, 1848, California was ceded to the American Republic as an indemnity for the costs of the war!

Thus the territories of the United States, for the first time, became extended across the continent to the Pacific. At that time the settled region of the United States hardly reached further inland than the upper course of the Mississippi, and St. Louis was the starting-point for the trappers who plied their hardy trade on the prairies of the Far West. And within these western frontiers there still remained extensive tracts of fertile soil for settlers; so that, relative to the interests of the mass of the population, the announcement of the annexation of a new province beyond the Rocky Mountains, and with a thousand miles of intervening deserts and mountains, and the upland prairies occupied by the savage redskins, could have occasioned little interest or enthusiasm. But to the statesmen of Washington, and to the thoughtful class who looked to the future, the acquisition of a sea-board upon the Pacific must have appeared a more than ample return for the trifling costs of the Mexican war. Yet how little did either party to the Treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo suspect the immense value of the province thereby ceded! It is a remarkable fact that the discovery of gold (January 19, 1848) had actually been made a fortnight before the Treaty was signed; yet neither of the governments was aware of the fact.

Shortly before, Colonel Fremont, a famous backwoodsman and "Pathfinder," had for the first time discovered a pass over the Rocky Mountains, which now bears his name; and during the war with Mexico some hardy adventurers from the states began to make their way into the new territory. But they were few in numbers; for the perils of the way—the confronting or eluding the hostile Indians, and the traversing of freezing, pathless mountains, or burning, waterless deserts—were almost insuperable obstacles to the journey. Hardly had California become American ground than

the new-comers discovered the golden treasure which the sleepy Spaniard had trod over for centuries without observing it. It was a German settler at the confluence of the Sacramento and American rivers who first "struck" gold. "General Shutter"—as the Americans styled him—was erecting a mill to grind his grain, and when the mill-race was being dug, the spade turned up grains of gold. Soon the whole locality was found to teem with the precious ore;—flakes and nuggets in the water-courses, and with auriferous gravel widespread over the plains. Had it been only a "pocket" or an isolated "find," doubtless the lucky discoverers would have kept it secret among themselves. But the gold was everywhere; in every river-bed, and over miles of plain, the precious ore was found to exist abundantly. No dream of gold could have exceeded the reality. And the startling news soon spread over the whole world.

But the new gold-region was well-nigh inaccessible, unapproachable. On the land side, it was shut in by a double chain of lofty mountains, with an intervening expanse of waterless deserts; and by sea it was accessible only by circumnavigating the American continent by the long and stormy voyage round Cape Horn. Accordingly, the first comers were a medley from the adjoining coasts of the Pacific and from the isles of the Archipelago—Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands, Mexicans from Sonora, and some immigrants from sparsely settled Oregon; quickly followed by Peruvians and Chilians, and, in greater numbers, by Chinamen from Canton and Shanghai. Considering the distance they had to travel, the Chinese were among the first to flock to the golden land. They have a sharp eye for the main chance, and wonderful energy in its pursuit—as the world already knows, and as it will know still better before long, when the new spirit of migration once takes hold upon the myriads of that slumbering but by no means effete race.

Next came the emigrants from the Atlantic States of the Union—pouring over desert and mountain, and startling the Mormons in the solitude where they fondly hoped they had found a haven of rest. Wrathful of this invasion of their hard-won home—furious at the prospects of their old persecutors once more environing them—the Mormon chiefs joined with the Indians in hostility to the intruders—often disguising the "Danite" warriors as redskins in the attacks upon the passing caravans, massacring without mercy, and leaving not even a babe to reveal the tale of blood. Last of all, exactly a year after the first gold-discovery, came the flood of emigrants from Europe, of whom by far the largest number came from the British Isles.

It was long, therefore, before the full tide of immigration reached the Golden Land. Thereafter, the population increased rapidly. In June, 1850, the total white population was below 100,000. In November, 1850, according to the census then taken, the whites had increased to 170,000; and the total population of California was

269,050—including 30,000 Indians, fully 2,000 Negroes and 54,000 "foreign residents," or persons who did not permanently settle in the country. At first sight, the number of this latter class appears extraordinary, but it must be remembered that it includes and doubtless was mainly composed of the Chinese, who to this day refuse to settle permanently in any foreign country—who go abroad only to make money, with the view of returning to their beloved land, which in their eyes is still pre-eminent in civilization as it is in antiquity—and who, when they happen to die abroad, have their remains conveyed home and consigned to the soil of the Flowery Land.

In 1856 the population of California had become half a million —the numerical proportion of the Chinese steadily increasing, as subsequently it has continued to do, until at present the Mongolians are said to amount to one-fourth of the entire population! Moreover, the Californian population in 1856, as in the immediately previous years, represented an amount of power and effective labor far in excess of what their numbers would ordinarily imply. In settled countries the able-bodied males or fighting men constitute a sixth of the population; but in California at that time the entire population was in the prime of life, and almost entirely males. Thus, the working power of the new State in 1856 was really equal to that of an ordinary population at least five times greater in numbers.

Such a population, males in the prime of life, were indispensable for the work to be done in that new country. Food and the simple necessaries of life had at first to be obtained from abroad. The land was uncultivated, save around the few haciendas, whose owners required the produce for their own wants. No line of shipping had been established with other countries, and the immigrants brought supplies of food and other necessaries only sufficient for their immediate wants. And when the first ships arrived, there was no pier or jetty. Roads there were none, and mules and horses were few. In fact, everything had to be done, and there was only the labor of man to do it. Thus the gold-fields had to be worked amid the hardest circumstances and under the most expensive conditions. But the gold was superabundant, and far more than paid for all.

San Francisco was the only harbor, the natural emporium; and, for long, almost the whole supplies for the population of the country passed through it. Manifestly, therefore, large fortunes were to be made there by enterprising merchants—and the whole population was enterprising, energetic, and given to speculation. Yet at first the population of San Francisco grew slowly. At the beginning of 1849 the settled inhabitants—in so far as they may be so called—numbered 2,000; in the July following, they amounted to about 5,000; but in the autumn of that year San Francisco almost relapsed

into a solitude. The tidings of nuggets and immense findings of gold caused a rush to the mines. The host of immigrants rushed off at once to the mountains. Merchants and their clerks alike abandoned the counting-house. Lawyers, doctors, even the State officials, joined in the rush to the gold-fields. Soldiers and policemen deserted; and no sooner did a ship drop anchor in the bay than the crew, eluding or defying their captains, hurried ashore to join in the rush for gold. Indeed, for several years after the discovery of the gold-fields, ships were constantly deserted by their crews, and had to lie idle in the bay, unable to discharge their precious cargoes; and, when that was done, unable to find seamen to work the vessel on its return voyage.

In May, 1849, fifteen months after the gold discovery, the men at work in gold finding were about 2,000. In three months after, their number was trebled, and thereafter rapidly increased. In June, 1852, the men actually engaged in working the mines, or rather the gold-beds—for at that time mining operations had hardly commenced—numbered about 100,000. The total capital at that time invested in gold-getting was 2¾ millions sterling. Of this sum, quartz-mining absorbed £1,175,000, with 108 quartz-crushing mills at work. "Placer" mining, or the working the superficial gravel, which required comparatively little capital, absorbed £835,000; and £770,000 was invested in other kinds of gold-getting. At that time—before the vast tunneling and hydraulic operations in the deep gravel beds began—quartz-crushing was the only form of gold-getting which required capital, in the ordinary sense of the word; pickaxes and shovels, rockers and cradles, sufficed for the vast superficial deposits; but when 100,000 men were at work, the aggregate value of their tools and other appliances, however rude, was necessarily considerable—as the preceding figures show.

In the general business of the country at this time (1852)—in houses, mills, farm-implements, and all kinds of real property, together with the money required for carrying on business—the amount of capital invested was about 8¼ millions sterling. This may appear a large sum compared with that invested in the gold fields, considering that gold-finding was still the main pursuit of the population; but, as already stated, the gold-fields at that stage could be worked with little capital compared with the yield of the precious ore.

In newly-settled countries, ordinarily, although luxuries are exceedingly costly or unattainable, food and the other necessaries of life are cheap. In such countries the immigrants at first devote their whole energies to the cultivation of the soil and the rearing of flocks and herds; thus the supply of food is usually abundant, and therefore cheap. Also, in the long leisure of agricultural life, a portion of the clothing is home-spun and home-made. Moreover, as there is little capital or reserve-wealth, the population have

little to spend. But all these circumstances were different in California. The immigrants despised agriculture or any common industry, and devoted themselves entirely to the gold-fields. They produced wealth in abundance, without caring to supply for themselves the necessaries of life. Confident in the power of gold, they trusted for the supply of their wants to foreign and distant countries. It was not until 1853 that small farms began to multiply. At that time, as we shall see in the sequel, a great crisis occurred in the work of gold-finding, the surface of the extensive gold-fields having by that time become worked out, and the miners, or rather the gold-seekers, had no capital for the costly operations of tunneling and hydraulic mining requisite for the working of the gold-beds below the surface.

When the necessaries of life were thus scarce, while the earnings of the population were unusually large, high prices were a natural result. In the early years, the prices of all kinds of commodities, without exception, were at a height almost incredible. In the autumn of 1849 the price of flour had risen fourfold, and of butcher-meat fivefold. The lowest price of an egg was a dollar; and the same sum was paid for a pill. A pair of boots cost 100 dollars, and twice that sum (£50) was the price of a decent suit of clothes. Among the prices then paid for medicines, it is recorded that a dose of laudanum cost £8 6s.—a drop of it, 4s. 2d. Pills, per dozen, without advice, £2 1s. 8d.—with advice, £6 5s. For luxuries—such as pickles, fruit, fresh pork, sweet butter, new vegetables, a box of Seidlitz powders, or of matches—the miner who set his heart upon having them was ready to give any quantity of gold-dust rather than be balked. "We dare not trust ourselves," say the contemporary annalists, "to name some of the fancy-prices given that year, lest we should be supposed to be romancing." In truth, despite the exorbitant prices, not merely profusion but great waste prevailed. The miners being all in the prime of life, headstrong and careless, strongly imbued with the spirit of gambling, and giving way to every impulse of the moment, so long as there was gold-dust in their bags or pockets, the rate of consumption of general commodities was equal to that of a far larger population. After working for awhile on the alluvial gold-beds or in the gulches of the mountains, camping roughly beneath the forests, solitary but for the presence of a few wild comrades, the gold-seeker would rush down to San Francisco, and quickly dissipate his earnings in the indulgence of luxuries, or in the gambling "hells" which flourished abundantly even in the earliest years of the gold-discoveries.

These exorbitant prices, both for commodities and for labor, of themselves indicate the remarkable productiveness of the gold-fields. In 1849 the average gains of the miners were from £2 to £3 for an ordinary day of hard work; and in exceptional cases the

gains were immensely larger. There are many well-authenticated cases of persons averaging from 100 to 200 dollars a day for a long period, and others were said to have earned even from 500 to 800 dollars a day. A piece of gold weighing four pounds was early found. When the average earnings were thus at the rate of from £700 to £1,000 a year, derived from rude manual labor, it is startling to find it recorded that these gains at the outset were "little compared with what was collected shortly afterwards."

For several years there were no banks, to act as safe places for the surplus gold of the miners, or to provide currency for the country. At the outset, coins of every kind were exceedingly scarce and bags of gold-dust served for currency. It is needless to say there could be no exactness in such monetary exchanges; but gold was so abundant, and prices so high and fluctuating in amount, that a little or even a good deal more or less of the precious ore was not taken into account. In 1851, however, coined money became plentiful; but the coins, like the population, came from all countries, and were of all kinds. But it was all gold or silver; copper in that auriferous region being held of no account. Even when coins became plentiful, if the value put upon them by buyer or seller was anything like near the mark, they passed current without dispute. So abundant was metallic wealth, that it did not matter although some coins were worth twenty-five per cent more than others. Four single francs were quite as good as the English five-shilling piece. The smaller kind of silver coins were held in little repute. Of whatever denomination, and of all countries alike, they were all "bits," and passed for the same value.

Life at the gold-fields was of the roughest and most lawless kind. Companionships were formed, and some amount of rude justice prevailed among the mining population; but, as a rule, each one was too much occupied with looking after his own interests to have either time or inclination to pay regard to the rights of others—especially as a stab or a bullet-shot might be the only reward of his benevolent interference. Each man, in the main, had to rely upon the strength of his own right arm, and his dexterity with the bowie-knife or revolver. Not a few of the gold-diggers made a practice of settling down upon any temporarily vacant spot they fancied, and perhaps in the course of the night they fenced it in, or erected upon it a rude cabin. When daylight and the proprietor came, the intruder defied ejection. Law was of no use; so the parties usually fought it out among themselves, with the aid of their friends, and of long purses to hire help.

California, in truth, in those years was a country without a government, without institutions, or any established social organization. It had provided itself with a model constitution, but not with the means of working it. The American Republic, alike from economy and from a jealousy of military power, always maintains

its standing army on the very smallest scale possible to meet the requirements of its vast territorial dominion. The Government trusts largely to the intelligence and self-acting power of the people, and usually leaves local disorders and such-like exigencies to be put down in rough-handed fashion by the order-loving portion of the inhabitants of the troubled district. The Americans also push the right of individual independence to its furthest limits, and perhaps to an extent which would be intolerable in a more densely peopled country. California, too, was far remote from the Central Government, and the rush of immigration into it came suddenly and unexpectedly.

But never was a country more in need of a firm government. The medley of races was only held together by the common desire to get gold, and the racial differences, if not antagonism, greatly weakened this sole and slender bond of union. The immigrants, also, belonged to the adventurous, if not reckless class of the various countries from whence they came; and on this account alone they would have been difficult to manage under any kind of government. In the midst of this medley of races, and of social chaos, the American Government was represented merely by the official originally appointed for the newly-acquired and almost inaccessible province. There was a military governor, of no high rank, and supported merely by a handful of soldiers and policemen—many of whom deserted their posts, and, like the rest of the population, rushed off to the gold-fields. The Government, in fact, was powerless; and again and again, when tumult and bloodshed threatened destruction to society, it was the orderly and property-owning class of the inhabitants who came to the rescue.

The whole population carried deadly weapons, and were too prone to use them. Partly owing to the prevalence of intoxication—for drinking-bouts were the chief or only relaxation of the miners—a quarrelsome spirit pervaded nearly all classes; while the unbridled state of the passions usually converted every little misunderstanding into an affray of bloodshed. "On the slightest occasion—at a look or a touch, an oath, a single word of offense—the bowie-knife leaped from its sheath, and the loaded revolver from the breast-pocket or secret case; and death or severe wounds quickly closed the scene. The spectators often shared in the same wild feelings." Crime of all kinds abounded. Although the majority of the immigrants were honest and industrious, they comprised a large portion of the scum of civilized countries, as well as settlers from lands which were hardly civilized at all. Thefts, robberies, murders, and other outrages of the worst kind were of frequent or even daily occurrence. And usually every man was so absorbed in making money that if an outrage did not directly affect himself, he gladly shut his eyes to it. San Francisco, as the great resort of the floating population and the holiday-place of the miners, suffered

frightfully from these crimes and excesses. Five times the city was burned to the ground before the end of 1852. And on several occasions the outrages rose to such a pitch that the triumph of ruffiandom was only prevented by an uprising and combination of the rest of the inhabitants. In the autumn of 1849 the outrages committed by "the Hounds" first compelled the better class to combine and put down the ruffian-bands by summary executions. In 1851, the legal authorities being too weak to execute the law, a majority of the citizens formed themselves into a Vigilance Committee, and publicly executed several persons as malefactors. Even so late as 1856 Lynch Law was temporarily revived in all its terrors.

These perils, and the general disorganization of society, appear to have had a considerable effect in keeping the price of labor at the very high point at which it continued to stand six years after the gold discovery, aud when prices, especially of foreign commodities, had greatly fallen. In 1853–4 wages in San Francisco were vastly higher (Tooke says four times) than the amount paid in New York, and twice as much as was then paid in Australia. The element of violence and considerations of personal safety were superadded to the element of excessive demand for labor.

A seriously-disturbing influence upon early Californian society was the extraordinary disparity of the sexes. It was claimed at that time that, "like the males, the females of San Francisco were among the finest specimens of their sex, physically, that can anywhere be seen." But they were so few! In all old or fully settled countries—throughout the world in general—there is a numerical equality of the sexes. But in California, in the summer of 1849, among a white population of 100,000 there were only 4,000 females of all ages. Of these 96,000 males, 75,000 were between the ages of twenty and forty; at which age in New York (in 1840) there were 93 females, and in England 106.3, to each 100 males. In November, 1852, the census showed that while the white population had increased to 170,000, the proportion of females remained as before, at only four per cent; while among the foreign races (the native Indian tribes excepted), and especially among the Chinese, the proportion of females was still smaller. It is difficult for a settled community to realize the influences upon individual life produced by the state of society which then existed in California. Every ordinary household is society in miniature, a little world in itself. Ages and the sexes there daily intermingle. There are the old to be venerated, or at least cared for; there are young children to be loved and nursed, more or less by all members of the household; there are lads and maidens preparing to enter upon life; and there is the husband, the head and "bond of the house," over all. The affections of themselves constitute a seemingly frail yet most powerful bond of control, and, together with the respect for the good opinion of one's neighbor, surround each individual with a

web of good influences which help to confine and retain him in the paths of social respectability and decorum. It has been observed that in large cities there are depths of degradation seldom met with in rural districts, and that the peasant who settles in the towns, unsuccessfully, becomes demoralized beyond what equal adversity would produce in his old home: the explanation being that in the dense population each unit is lost to moral supervision, and becomes careless of respect; while the peasant is no longer surrounded by the relatives or old neighbors whose good esteem he could not help valuing or respecting, or by the beneficial influence of the squire and parson. But, in every respect but wealth, the conditions of life in California were still more adverse to the maintenance of morality and orderly life. Each man was an isolated unit—without home, or relatives, or old neighbors—often without even the modest comforts of a house, with no one but himself to please or to be regarded, moving in a sparse population of men as isolated and careless as himself, and in a country where the ordinary restraints of law were of the feeblest character. Add to this that these men were in the very prime of physical life, when the passions are strongest, and it may well be conceived how dire and unfortunate were the effects of the extraordinary disparity of the sexes. This, then, was one of the many serious difficulties with which society had to contend in California, and through which it worked its way in its marvelous career.

At the beginning of 1852, or somewhat earlier, a revulsion of prices set in. In 1849, every one had been ready to buy, confident in the prospective rise in the value of all kinds of property; in December, 1851, "every one was anxious to sell." The cause would be called in an old country a commercial crisis; but the trading class was still very small in numbers compared with the working portion of the population, and there was no fabric of credit, such as in old countries, a collapse of which spreads havoc throughout the community. The importation of foreign commodities had been carried to excess, and prices accordingly fell—producing heavy losses to the few, but with advantage to the bulk of the population. Butcher-meat especially, although double the price it then was in England, was hardly dearer than it now is in London. By this time, also, home production in the new State had begun on a considerable scale; the cultivation of the soil and the rearing of animals for food was becoming an important part of the industry of the new country. Hence provisions of all kinds shared, but in a much less degree, in the fall of prices. Nevertheless, strange as it must appear, the wages of labor remained as high as ever.

In the autumn of 1853 "there was a succession of strikes among most classes of mechanics and laborers, when wages were generally raised from fifteen to twenty per cent." Bricklayers, stonecutters, and ship-carpenters earned £2 a day; a blacksmith fully

30s.; printers, as educated workmen, from £2 2s. to £3 3s. a day; and the wages of farm laborers were £10 a month, with board or the costs of maintenance. As already said, this extremely high rate of wages, which was double what prevailed in the other gold-country, must be partly ascribed to the turbulence and social disorganization which still characterized life in California.

The beginning of the year 1855 may be regarded as the close of the first period in California under the influence of the gold mines. It had been a period of extraordinary scarcity of commodities, and of extraordinary wealth, and of exorbitantly high prices. There was an abundance of gold for the laboring class, and great profits but fluctuating fortunes for the few who engaged in commerce. It was a period of turbulence, chaotic society, and general insecurity. In all respects, it was a long period of transition—in society, commerce, and gold-seeking—full of serious crises of all descriptions. But the extraordinary wealth of the country, in the shape of gold, and the energy of the people, enabled the young State to work its way successfully through all its troubles. Under the influence of property, which gradually raised alike the number and the power of the guardians of law and order, the population slowly but steadily settled down into a well-organized, although still excitable, society. And, taught by experience, commerce, after some gluts of important commodities, at length sobered down from the fever-period, and learned to accommodate its supplies to the wants and consuming power of the population.

The beginning of the year 1855 also witnessed the opening of the Panama Railway, whereby, for the first time, the two great oceans of the world became united by a swift and easy access. The construction of the line was an arduous work. Traversing the mountains and dense tropical forests of the Isthmus, the engineering difficulties of the line were great for that time; but it was the unhealthiness of the region which proved the most serious obstacle. The primeval forests thus penetrated, with their undergrowth of luxurious vegetation, reeking with hot moisture, were a den of the malaria-poison. Led to that fever-smitten locality by the temptation of enormous wages, the laborers died like flies; and it is a tradition that every "sleeper" laid on the Panama Railway cost a human life. Nevertheless the line, forty-eight miles in length, was vigorously prosecuted, and completed in the style requisite for the traffic wants of the time. At the Panama terminus a pier, along which the railway was carried, was constructed, 350 feet in length, so that steamers and sailing-vessels could run alongside the rails at all times of the tide.

The opening of the Panama Railway greatly aided the progress of California; and this event, together with the speedily subsequent settlement of California society, may be taken, both in external and internal affairs, as the marking point of the end of the

first period in the history of that new gold-country. The romance of California was over; the stage of youth, feverous and troubled, was completed; but the country thereafter progressed rapidly in a still marvelous career as a settled State. Capital, with powers in this case invaluable, came into play at the mines: and although the great gold-beds, which so long had been the El Dorado of labor —of the hardy poor from the rest of the world—became closed against individual labor, they continued to pour forth wealth in its most concrete and marketable form from depths inaccessible save by engineering skill and costly machinery. While San Francisco grew and flourished, towns grew up all over the territory. Orchards, with many-colored blossoms and fruit, made gay and profitable the valleys; while vineyards, from the select growths of Europe, climbed the sunny slopes; and in the broad plains of the Sacramento River wheat and maize yielded their gold-colored crops, over an unbroken expanse where the plow travels from sunrise to sunset without finding a bourne, or turning to enter upon the backward furrow. And so, while the great Trans-continental Railway came to complete its union with the external world, the new gold State extended its borders until it came in contact with mountainous Nevada, and in the silver mines in that region found a new source of wealth and commercial development as wonderful, and which promises to be as vast, as that of its own gold-beds.

The commercial crisis of 1857, felt equally in the United States as in our own isles, may be taken to mark the epoch at which the first grand effect of the gold mines became exhausted. Indeed, as seems to us, the new gold had produced its maximum effect upon prices, upon the value of money, somewhat prior to that date. And this opinion, which we form from a consideration of the general facts of the case, is corroborated by the table of prices framed by Professor Jevons, and which we regard as more reliable than the only other table of the kind which we have—namely, the table annually published by the *Economist* newspaper. These two tables exhibit such wide divergences that it is impossible to place reliance upon either; but certainly we see ground for believing with Professor Jevons that the greatest fall in the value of gold, or rise in prices, had been reached prior to 1857; and, vast as has been the produce of the gold mines since then, these annual increments have proved less and less adequate to sustain prices at the high point which they reached in 1853—until now, according to the general opinion, and also according to the *Economist's* table, the value of money has arisen to its old level prior to 1850.

But the changes which have occurred in the interval, both in the requirement for money and in the condition of the world, are marvelous. Although the demand for gold has overtaken the supply, this is only because many new countries have been added to the domain of commerce, and the previously-existing trade has been

enormously expanded. If the effect of the new gold-mines in lowering the value of money has now been undone, the world of trade and the amount of industry and production are now far larger than before. The benefits derived by mankind from the new gold are still working. Vast as is the amount of gold produced during the last thirty years, every ounce of it is needed to carry on the business of the world. To return to the gold supply of 1848 would be a disaster unparlleled, and in its full extent inconceivable. About a thousand millions sterling of gold have since then been poured into the world, and the value of gold is now become as great as ever. We have returned to our starting-point as regards the purchasing power of money, but what an expanse of progress has been traversed in the circuit! Every man now works in a larger world; new regions have been opened to industry, furnishng new produce to mankind and new markets to trade, and covering the ocean with fleets and argosies unneeded, and therefore impossible, thirty years ago. And for twenty-five years—from 1848 to 1873—that expansion of trade and production went on steadily increasing, supported and in part propelled by the new gold of California and Australia.

For ten or twelve years after 1857, gold continued to be the chief source and mainstay of Californian prosperity. But, as already said, gold-seeking had to be pursued under entirely new forms. Prior to 1857, and for several years after that, quartz mining, or true *mining* for gold, did not pay. Like all other mining, it is precarious, and also very costly. In working upon auriferous gravel-beds, it is easy to tell the prospect; but the quartz veins in the rocks fluctuate in the abundance and quality of the ores, and often delude the miner to his ruin. Thus, probably down to 1865, or thereabouts, it is doubtful whether, on the whole, the money expended in quartz mining was not in excess of the receipts. By-and-by, however, the experience acquired through many failures enabled quartz mining to be carried on as a steadily profitable industry. The other forms of gold seeking which became adopted after the shallow "placers" were exhausted was that which is termed "hydraulicking," wherein tunneling and machinery for the application of water were employed to work the deep auriferous gravel-beds, having the extraordinary depth of 400 feet, and even 500 feet or more.

Quartz-mining, or the search for gold in the veins of the rock, and gold-digging, or the search in the beds of streams or on the shallow gravel-beds spread here and there over the surface of the country, are processes readily understood. But it is impossible to understand the hydraulic mining without knowing the peculiar manner in which gold is distributed in California. And the distribution of gold in California is a romance of geology. The great gold-region lies like a belt along the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada, extending down to the Sacramento River. The gold-veins

are found in some places (as on the Sierra Buttes), as high up as the summit of the range, but the alluvial deposits form a zone varying from fifteen to thirty miles in breadth, running across the foot-hills of the Sierra. The whole surface of the country has been changed since these auriferous gravel-beds were originally deposited; and the beds themselves have been greatly affected by the subsequent changes—the shallow "placers" at the bottom of the slopes, and the deposits in the present streams, where gold was first found, having been of secondary formation, mere washings from the great original gold-bed.

In some indefinitely remote or primeval time, there must have been entire mountains of auriferous quartz, somewhere in the locality of the Sierra Nevada (if it were then upheaved), and especially in the north-eastern corner of the State. Under the disintegrating agencies of atmosphere and water, by the splintering action of frost, and the denudation by melting snow or rain-storms, these mountain-masses of glittering quartz were gradually worn down in the course of ages; indeed, not even their bases are now left, although possibly these may have been covered up under the subsequent convulsions.* The golden débris of these mountains was spread widely over the adjoining district, and also was carried down into the beds of the great rivers of that primeval time. Next, fire became master. Volcanoes were thrown up along the line of the Sierra Nevada (probably then first upheaved) and poured forth lava-floods of a magnitude now unknown except it be at Mount Hecla, with its eighty or a hundred miles of surrounding lava-desert. These volcanoes (like the quartz-mountains) appear to have been most numerous in the north-eastern part of the State, where the vast extinct crater of Mount Shasta, nearly fifteen

* It is a remarkable fact and topographical coincidence—the import of which, so far as we have observed, has not yet been considered—that beneath the greater extent longitudinally of the alluvial gold-belt of California, there runs a great auriferous quartz-vein (a *Veta Madre*), varying from six to thirty feet in width, and descending to a great and in most places unreached depth in the subterranean rock. Also, in Amador county, where the alluvial gold-belt is narrow (only about twelve miles in breath), but where the detrital mass is very deep, "a distinctly marked quartz-vein occurs in the alluvial gravel, showing how recently veins have been formed." ("Natural Wealth of California." p. 424.) The question arises, Is the existence of this great quartz-vein underlying the belt of alluvial deposit merely an accident; or, if there be a connection between the gold in the rock-vein and the auriferous gravel above, what is it? Has the long crack and fissure in the underlying rock occurred subsequent to the alluvial deposit, and has it been filled with gold-ores filtrating into or flowing through it in a liquid form from the superincumbent gravel? Or is this quartz-vein a vent through which the substance of the primeval quartz mountains were upheaved? or again, is it one of the roots (so to speak) of these long-vanished gold-mountains? The distribution of gold throughout California has been to a great extent ascertained by the official mineralogists of the United States; but for a consistent explication of this interesting subject, we must wait for a Murchison or Lyell or some eminent geologist in whom a wide knowledge is combined with intellectual genius.

thousand feet in height, and also Lassen's Peak and other summits, remain to show whence came the lava-floods. These outpourings of lava of course followed the line of the valleys, filling up some of them to great depths, and also overlaying many of the old auriferous gravel-beds, which are seen cropping out from underneath the lava-hills. Next, a glacial epoch, and water became again supreme. Powerful currents swept over the country; glaciers ground away the sides of the mountains, ultimately to melt and leave their moraines among the foot-hills. A remarkable thing occurred during this period of denudation. The hard lava in the primeval valleys resisted the action of the floods, protecting the soil beneath them; while the inclosing ridges were swept away, leaving the lava-beds as hills, spurs, or promontories, in some places from a thousand to two thousand feet above the present surface. Hills sank into valleys, and what had been valleys became long hills.

In consequence of these great changes, the water-system of the region is entirely different from what it was. At present, the streams flow down nearly at right-angles to the line of the Sierra, falling into the Sacramento and Joaquin Rivers in the great valley or basin below, which at one time (before the waters burst through the Coast Range by the Straits of Carquinez) was the bed of a great lake. But in the primeval epoch, when the gold-gravel was deposited, the great rivers flowed parallel with the crest of the Sierra (which range probably was not then in existence), running in valleys across what are now the spurs and slopes of the Sierra. When the changes began, first the lava-torrents, and then the glaciers and inundations from the Sierra flowed athwart these old river-beds; their inclosing ridges were swept away; so also in many places were the rivers' channels themselves; and the portions of the channels which remain are found at intervals on the high lands, intersected by the present streams, and frequently topping the spurs which now run athwart their course.

No less than four of these primeval river-channels are traceable along the foot-hills of the Sierra; and their magnitude furnishes a startling proof of the stupendous changes which have occurred not merely within California, but far and wide, both to north and south. The largest of these river-channels is about a mile broad, and four hundred feet deep—in some places still deeper. Such a river, one would think, must have had its source much more than a thousand miles off, far away in the northern parts of the American continent; and whither did it flow and fall into the Pacific? The beds of these primeval rivers are distinctly marked; they are worn in the solid rock, and the rocky bottoms and sides show plainly the polishing action of the mighty stream. These deep channels are generally filled up to the brim with auriferous gravel intermingled with water-worn boulders; the whole mass is quartz, so charged with gold that

almost all parts of it repay working, and the lower depths (called the "blue lead" or lode) are especially abundant in gold. It is in these river-channels—filled with the débris of the long-vanished quartz-mountains—that almost the whole of the alluvial gold is found which is treated by hydraulic mining. These channels can only be worked where there is some neighboring ravine, of lower level than the bottom of the channel, and from which a subterranean tunnel (it may be half a mile long) is carried slantingly upwards till it opens into the channel, and down through which the auriferous gravel is carried off by means of water. Water is indispensable; it has usually to be brought from great distances—some of the canals being no less than thirty miles in length—and the supply is so inadequate that only certain portions of these deep gravel-beds can be worked simultaneously. A bad gold season in California simply means a dry year; for the extent of these auriferous deposits is so great that it is believed they will remain productive for generations. And, after them, there remain (besides the quartz-veins) the alluvial deposits overlaid by the lava-beds, which at present are mined into a small extent, and which certainly can be followed should the demand for gold become sufficiently great to defray the cost of working these buried treasure-beds.

In 1869 began the third and present period of California. During the first period, 1848–55, gold was the only produce of the country, but it was found in such marvelous abundance that the new State was at once launched on a career of prosperity. The country was then the paradise of the working-man. Mere rude labor, in the form of digging and washing, sufficed to produce a larger annual yield of the precious metal than has subsequently been obtained by the help of capital and costly machinery. Thus the new country, although as yet hardly producing anything for itself, was possessed of wealth in its most condensed and exchangeable form, and suddenly became a new market for the productions of the rest of the world. It gave a new impetus to the industry of other countries; and England, as the great manufacturing and also trading country, benefited vastly from the new market thus opened on the distant shores of the Pacific. Equally, the benefit was shared by the United States, which had the advantage of being nearer at hand; but the expansion of trade in the Eastern States of America reacted profitably upon production in this country. For the first time in the world's history, the previously solitary waters of the Pacific became traversed by lines of shipping from Cape Horn, as well as by others connecting the new Gold-State with Eastern Asia and the island-continents of the south. During the second period, commencing with the opening of the Panama Railway, California obtained a shorter line of communication with the rest of the world; nevertheless, under the rapidly increasing wealth of the country, shipping grew more numerous in the landlocked-bay of San Fran-

cisco, while agriculture in various forms began to be prosecuted in rivalry with the now restricted but still highly profitable search for gold.

This third and present period began with the opening of the Central Pacific Railway—a vast enterprise originally undertaken, under the auspices of the United States Government, from fear lest California during the turmoil of the civil war might choose to assert its independence, and, possibly in conjunction with British Columbia, establish a separate dominion on the shores of the Pacific. By the completion of this great railway California was at length fully connected with the Eastern States of the Union, and brought under the controlling power of the Supreme Government; while the benefits which California thus obtained were such as amply to consolidate its interests with those of the rest of the Union. Nothing adds so greatly to the value of labor or property as a shortening and cheapening of traffic, whereby goods of all kinds can be conveyed to market at less cost, and therefore with more profit to the producer. The great drawback upon California had been its immense distance from the markets of the world; but, now that railway communication was established direct to the Atlantic, an otherwise unattainable impetus was given to Californian industry and production. At the same time, and by the same agency, California became the western outlet of North America, and took its place as one of the great commercial emporiums of the world. San Francisco stands on the highway round the world, and, besides the produce of the American continent, every year will see the commerce of Europe and Eastern Asia pouring more and more through the Golden Gate.

The climate of California, taking the year all round, is one of the finest in the world. The coast region has no winter, while in the height of summer the heat never becomes oppressive. In the great Central Valley, lying between the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Ranges, the temperature varies to a far greater extent, being colder in the winter months, while in summer the heat is absolutely tropical. Yet it is a peculiarity of the climate that sunstrokes are unknown; and the coolness of the nights, by yielding refreshing sleep, sustains the vigor of the workers, while the ever-clear air and rapid evaporation mitigate the effects of the heat by ready perspiration. This Central Plain, lying along the banks of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers—which, flowing respectively from the north and south, meet in the center—is almost rainless for five months of the year. Drought prevails, and dust covers everything. The smaller streams from the mountain-ranges on either side sink into the soil in summer before reaching the center of the plain. At morning brooks may be seen running clear and sparkling to a considerable distance from the hills, but by noon their beds are as dry and dust-covered as if water had not flowed there for weeks; their course, however, remaining marked by a narrow belt or ribbon of

verdure. In the southern half of the valley, watered by the San Joaquin, the drought in some years is so great as to cause a loss of the cereal harvest; but that never occurs in the northern half, where vast breadths are covered by crops of wheat and barley of the finest quality. Oats, besides being cultivated, grow wild over the uncultivated portions of the State. Whether standing, or after being cut, the grain crop is perfectly secure—indeed the wheat-husk does not open or relax its hold on the seed until the showers of autumn begin; so that harvesting operations can be conducted without hurry and at very small expense. Both for fruit and flowers California is unsurpassed. Besides orchards and market-gardens, where the peach, apple, strawberry, and other fruits grow abundantly, the orange, olive, and vine are extensively cultivated. The orange-groves of Los Angeles are a beautiful sight. So early as 1867 one settler had a grove of two thousand of these beautiful trees, twenty feet high, each tree bearing on the average fifteen hundred oranges annually. The same county witnessed the first culture on a large scale of the olive and vine, the latter being indigenous to California. At Anaheim, a settlement formed by a company of Germans, there were in 1867 a million of grape-vines growing, besides ten thousand fruit-trees of other kinds, "the whole place resembling a forest and flower-garden divided into squares by fences of willow, poplar, and sycamore, and nearly every lot contains a comfortable homestead." The vine is found to flourish best on the steep hills of the Sierra. Wine of nearly all kinds is produced, and the must is remarkable alike for its alcoholic strength and unusual proportion of saccharine matter.

The population of California has increased since 1850 (when the first census was taken) from 92,000, of which nearly one-half were native Indians, to 580,000 in 1870, at which time the Indians numbered 29,000 and the Chinese 50,000. The population of the capital of the State now numbers 227,350, having increased fifty-one per cent during the last ten years. San Francisco is a very healthy city, the death-rate in 1876 having been 18.80 per thousand against 23.58 for Boston, and 27.23 for New York. The population is a *colluvies omnium gentium*, and there is a strange medley of dress, language, customs, and usages. Sunday is held on different days by the Christians, Jews, and Mahometans, while the Chinese keep no weekly day of rest, taking repose and amusement on their festivals. There is also a different New Year's Day for Christians, Mahometans, and Chinese—the last-named people holding the beginning of the year in greater importance, both as regards business and amusement, than any of the others. The Chinaman firmly settles up his business affairs to that date, making it a point to pay off his debts with a zeal and steadiness of purpose in which he might well be imitated by his Caucasian and Semitic fellow-citizens.

The Chinaman has long been an object of hatred and ill-usage in California, and the Chinese Question is the most interesting and momentous feature in the present condition of that State. Indeed, the question is one which must ere long concern the Supreme Government, and possibly affect the Constitution of the American Republic. Congress will be most reluctant to abandon its fundamental principle that all men are free and equal. Yet the cry from California against the Chinese grows stronger and stronger. The Mongolian, with wellnigh forty centuries of civilization in his veins, is beating the white race in the labor market. He thrives where even the keen-witted and energetic American cannot make a living. The emigrant portion of the Chinese (chiefly waifs and strays from the seaports) who have been tempted to leave the Celestial Empire to sojourn for a while among the "outer barbarians" —the civilized of yesterday—is even smaller compared with the vast population remaining undisturbedly at home than was the scraping of the early diggers upon the deep Californian gold-beds compared with the mass of auriferous gravel below. But the Chinese immigration is already more than enough to disquiet America; and the emigrant spirit is sure to grow, spreading inland through the overpeopled cities and plains of China. A fourth epoch is impending in California, which may signalize a change for the whole world of the Pacific. The coming Chinese emigration may gradually and slowly become hardly less momentous in the fields of labor and colonization than were the migrations of the Hun, Turk, and Mongol upon the imperial fortunes of the ancient and mediæval world. R. H. PATTERSON, *in The Fortnightly Review.*

MENTAL IMAGERY.

THERE are great differences in the power of forming pictures of objects in the mind's eye; in other words, of visualizing them. In some persons the faculty of perceiving these images is so feeble that they hardly visualize at all, and they supplement their deficiency chiefly by memories of muscular strain, of gesture, and of posture, and partly by memories of touch; recalling objects in the same way as those who were blind from their birth. Other persons perceive past scenes with a distinctness and an appearance of reality that differ little from actual vision. Between these wide extremes I have met with a mass of intermediate cases extending in an unbroken series.

We must establish clearly what we are talking about by contrasting in general terms the physiological basis of sight itself with that of sight-memory. Let us put the question to ourselves,

"What should we expect to be the effect on our nervous system, first, when a sudden light is flashed on the eye, and, secondly, when we recall an image of that flash?" If we had means of watching what took place, we should no doubt be aware, in the first case, of a sudden irritation in the spread-out terminations of the optic nerve behind the retina. This would rapidly propagate itself along the nerve itself to the brain, where it would be distributed in various directions, becoming confused with other waves of irritation proceeding from independent centers, lingering here and there longer than elsewhere, and finally dying away.

In the recollection of a flash a similar sequence of events would take place, but they would occur in the *reverse order*. A variously distributed irritation in the brain, due to one or more of a multitude of possible causes, into which we need not stop to inquire, would propagate itself outwards, becoming fainter the farther it traveled. The same links of the same nervous chain would be concerned in both cases, but the tension would be differently distributed among them. When the faculty of sight-memory is strong, the vigorous propagation of a central impulse towards the optic nerve must be habitual; when it is weak the propagation will not take place except in peculiar states of the nerves, as in dreams, in delirium, in high excitement, or under the influence of certain drugs.

These physiological considerations, vague as they are, will nevertheless suffice to establish the existence of a true kinship between mental imagery and ordinary vision. They enable us to define Shakespeare's phrase of seeing "with the mind's eye" as a condition in which the activity of the nervous center bears a higher ratio to that of the nervous terminations than it does in actual sight. They also justify us in ascribing the marked differences in the quality, as well as the vividness, of the mental imagery of different persons, to the various degrees in which the several links of a long nervous chain are apt to be effected.

The mental images of which I am about to speak are those which are habitually suggested by well-known associations. Even when the subject is thus limited, it is almost too large for the compass of a single memoir. Therefore, I shall do my best at present not to encroach upon that other very interesting branch of it which treats of the visions and hallucinations that flash into view without any connection with the subjects of conscious thought. It is my purpose to point out the conditions under which mental imagery as above defined is most useful, and the particular forms of it which we ought to aim at developing, and I shall adduce evidence to show that the visualizing faculty admits of being educated, although no attempt has ever yet been made, so far as I know, to bring it systematically and altogether under control.

I draw my conclusions from no small amount of testimony. In

addition to a large quantity of oral information of which I have made notes, I have received separate letters and replies by the hundred to a long list of questions which I circulated, besides obtaining batches of replies to the same questions from various schools. The answers on the whole have been written in a style that testifies to much careful self-analysis, and the general accordance of those that were derived from independent sources, together with the satisfactory way in which I have found many of the statements to bear cross-examination, have convinced me of their substantial truth.

I find the distribution of the visualizing faculty, in respect to its vividness, by a simple method I have described elsewhere.* I take a hap-hazard bundle of returns, mark them as an examiner would mark the papers of candidates, sort them in the order of their marks, and clip them into a portfolio. If I open the book in the middle I read the medium value; if I open it at one-quarter from the beginning I read the highest quartile value; if at one-quarter from the end, the lowest quartile. If I open it at one-eighth of its thickness I read an octile value; and if at one-sixteenth, a sub-octile.

Between the first and last quartiles extends the broad middle class. It includes the two middle quarters, or the central half of the population, whose characteristics are pretty uniform; it is at the beginning and end of the book that the exceptional cases lie in this, as in all other similar collections of statistics.

The medium quality of mental imagery among Englishmen may be briefly described as fairly vivid, but incomplete. The part of the picture that is well defined at any one moment is more contracted than it would be in a real scene; but by moving the mental eye from point to point, the whole of the image, so far as it is remembered at all, may be successively brought into view. If this description be heightened a little, it will suit the high quartile; if it be lowered a little it will suit the low quartile, so that with small variations it will apply to the whole of the middle class. When we arrive at the high and low octiles the tenor of the returns is considerably changed; but we will pass by them and rest at the sub-octiles. At the highest of these the image is firm and clear, at the lowest there is scarcely any image at all.

This brief statement gives a scientifically exact idea of the distribution of the faculty among the inner fourteen in every sixteen Englishmen. I do not go further here, because I wish to specify the extent to which the faculty generally admits of being educated, and not to hold out ideals which are impossible of attainment except by very few. I shall submit direct evidence of what teaching can accomplish, but it will I am sure be allowed, in the meantime, that

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*See an article by myself in *Mind* (July, 1880), p. 301, on "Statistics of Mental Imagery," and the references in the foot-notes to it.

there is a probability of being able to educate a faculty among the great majority of men to the degree in which it manifests itself, without any education at all, in at least one person out of every sixteen. When speaking, as I shall soon do, of the various qualities of the faculty, I shall keep as now, as far as possible, to the commoner cases.

The power of visualizing is higher in the female sex than in the male, and is somewhat, but not much, higher in public schoolboys than in men. I have, however, a few clear cases in which its power has greatly increased with advancing years. There is reason to believe that it is very high in some young children, who seem to spend years of difficulty in distinguishing between the subjective and objective world. Language and book-learning certainly tend to dull it.

The visualizing faculty is a natural gift, and, like all natural gifts, has a tendency to be inherited. In this faculty the tendency to inheritance is exceptionally strong, as I have abundant evidence to prove, especially in respect to certain rather rare peculiarities, of which I shall speak, and which, when they exist at all, are usually found among two, three, or more brothers and sisters, parents, children, uncles and aunts, and cousins.

Since families differ so much in respect to this gift, we may suppose that races would also differ, and there can be no doubt that such is the case. I hardly like to refer to civilized nations, because their natural faculties are too much modified by education to allow of their being appraised in an off-hand fashion. I may, however, speak of the French, who appear to possess the visualizing faculty in a high degree. The peculiar ability they show in prearranging ceremonials and fêtes of all kinds, and their undoubted genius for tactics and strategy, show that they are able to foresee effects with unusual clearness. Their ingenuity in all technical contrivances is an additional testimony in the same direction, and so is their singular clearness of expression. Their phrase "figurez-vous," or "picture to yourself," seems to express their dominant mode of perception. Our equivalent of "imagine" is ambiguous.

It is among uncivilized races that natural differences in the visualizing faculty are most conspicuous. Many of them make carvings and rude illustrations, but only a few have the gift of carrying a picture in their mind's eye, judging by the completeness and firmness of their designs, which show no trace of having been elaborated in that step-by-step manner which is characteristic of draughtsmen who are not natural artists.

Among the races who are thus gifted are the despised, and as I confidently maintain from personal knowledge of them, the much underrated Bushmen of South Africa. They are no donbt deficient in the natural instincts necessary to civillzation, for they detest a regular life; they are inveterate thieves, and are incapable of with-

standing the temptation of strong drink. On the other hand, they have few superiors among barbarians in the ingenious methods by which they supply the wants of a difficult existence, and in the effectiveness and nattiness of their accoutrements. One of their habits is to draw pictures on the walls of caves, of men and animals, and to color them with ochre. These drawings were once numerous, but they have been sadly destroyed by advancing colonization, and few of them, and indeed few wild Bushmen, now exist. Fortunately, a large and valuable collection of fac-similes of Bushman art was made before it became too late by Mr. Stow, of the Cape Colony, who has very lately sent some specimens of them to this country, in the hope that means might be found for the publication of the entire series. Among the many pictures of animals in each of the large sheets full of them, I was particularly struck with one of an eland, as giving a just idea of the precision and purity of their best work.

A small but interesting sheet of copies of Bushman drawings was presented by Colonel Moncrieff, C. B., of gun-carriage celebrity, to the Christie Collection, which is now incorporated with the British Museum. Many notices of them are to be found in Barrow's travels in South Africa, and elsewhere.

The method by which the Bushmen draw is described in the following extract from a letter written to me by Dr. Mann, the well-known authority on South African matters of science. The boy to whom he refers belonged to a wild tribe living in caves in the Drakenburg, who plundered outlying farms, and were pursued by the neighboring colonists. He was wounded and captured, then sent to hospital, and subsequently taken into service. He was under Dr. Mann's observation in the year 1860, and has recently died, to the great regret of his employer, Mr. Proudfoot, to whom he became a valuable servant.

Dr. Mann writes as follows :—

"This lad was very skillful in the proverbial Bushman art of drawing animal figures, and upon several occasions I induced him to show me how this was managed among his people. He invariably began by jotting down upon paper or on a slate a number of isolated dots which presented no connection or trace of outline of any kind to the uninitiated eye, but looked like the stars scattered promiscuously in the sky. Having with much deliberation satisfied himself of the sufficiency of these dots, he forthwith began to run a free bold line from one to the other, and as he did so the form of an animal—horse, buffalo, elephant, or some kind of antelope—gradually developed itself. This was invariably done with a free hand, and with such unerring accuracy of touch that no correction of a line was at any time attempted. I understood from this lad that this was the plan which was invariably pursued by his kindred in making their clever pictures."

It is impossible, I think, for a drawing to be made on this method unless the artist had a clear image in his mind's eye of what he was about to draw.

Other living races have the gift of drawing, but none more so than the Eskimo. I will therefore speak of these, and not of the Australian and Tasmanian pictures, nor of the still ruder performances of the old inhabitants of Guiana, nor of those of some North American tribes, as the Iroquois. The Eskimos are geographers by instinct, and appear to see vast tracts of country mapped out in their heads. From the multitude of illustrations of their map-drawing powers, I will select one from those included in the journals of Captain Hall, at p. 224, which were published last year by the United States Government under the editorship of Professor J. E. Nourse. It is a fac-simile of a chart drawn by an Eskimo who was a thorough barbarian in the accepted sense of the word. That is to say, he spoke no language besides his own uncouth tongue, he was wholly uneducated according to our modern ideas, and he lived in what we should call a savage fashion. This man drew from memory a chart of the region over which he had at one time or another gone in his canoe. It extended from Pond's Bay, in lat. 73°, to Fort Churchill, in lat. 58° 44′, over a distance in a straight line of more than 960 nautical, or 1,100 English miles, the coast being so indented by arms of the sea that its length is six times as great. On comparing this rough Eskimo outline with the Admiralty chart of 1870, their accordance is remarkable. I have seen many route maps made by travelers in past years, when the scientific exploration of the world was much less advanced than it is now, and I can confidently say that I have never known of any traveler, white, brown, or black, civilized or uncivilized, in Africa, Asia, or Australia, who, being unprovided with surveying instruments, and trusting to his memory alone, has produced a chart comparable in extent and accuracy to that of this barbarous Eskimo. Their powers of accurate drawing are abundantly testified by the numerous illustrations in Rink's work, all of which were made by self-taught men, and are thoroughly realistic.

So much for the wild races of the present day; but even the Eskimo are equaled in their power of drawing by the men of old times. In ages so far gone by that the interval that separates them from our own may be measured in perhaps hundreds of thousands of years, when Europe was mostly ice-bound, a race which, in the opinion of all anthropologists, was closely allied to the modern Eskimo, lived in caves in the more habitable places. Many broken relics of that race have been found; some few of these are of bone, engraved with flints or carved into figures, and among these are representations of the mammoth, elk, and reindeer, which if made by an English laborer, with the much better implements at his command, would certainly attract local attention and lead to his being properly educated, and in much likelihood to his becoming a considerable artist.

It is not at all improbable that these prehistoric men had the same

geographical instincts as the modern Eskimo, whom they closely resemble in every known respect. If so, it is perfectly possible that scraps of charts scratched on bone or stone, of prehistoric Europe, when the distribution of land, sea, and ice was very different from what it is now, may still exist, buried underground, and may reward the zeal of some future cave explorer.

I now return to my principal topic, the mental imagery of the English race, and I will mention some of the chief peculiarities I have noted in it. When the faculty is strong it is apt to run riot. There are a few persons, including men and women of no mean capacity, who cannot disentangle even the letters of the alphabet from the oddest associations with colors formed in some half-forgotten period of childhood. To some of these persons it may be that an *a* will always convey the sense of blackness, an *e* that of greenness, an *i* will be blue, an *o* white, and a *u* red. The consonants will also for the most part have their separate tints, so that every word seems parti-colored to their fancy; and a description of scenery in a book produces an effect upon their imagination very different from what the author could have foreseen. The same is true in respect to numerals, days of the week, and months of the year. I have collected perhaps twenty good accounts of these bizarrre tendencies from independent sources, and find them to run strongly in families. They are not communicated by teaching or imitation, because those who have these peculiarities are usually disinclined to talk about them, recollecting how they were laughed at on the few occasions when they did so. The fact of their being common to scattered members of the same family has often been discovered for the first time through my inquiries. I should say that I have found no general accordance between particular letters and colors. The relationship between them appears to be in each case a hap-hazard one; but having been once formed it is durable.

Another and much more common oddity is the tendency to visualize numerals in a peculiar manner, which characterizes, as I have roughly reckoned, about one woman in every fifteen, and one man in every thirty. Those who do so are never able to dissociate any single number from its own particular place in the field of their mental view, so that when they think of a series of numbers they always visualize them in a certain form. Either the numbers are all visible at once, as if they were printed in cards and hung in space, according to some grotesque pattern, or the mind travels along a blank but familiar path to the place where the number that is thought of is known to reside, and then it starts into view. There are many weird varieties of this singular tendency to visualize numbers in forms, which I have lately described* and will not

* "Visualized Numerals," a memoir read before the Anthropological Institute, March 9, 1880, about to be published in the forthcoming part of their journal of this year. See also a previous memoir in *Nature*, Feb. 15, 1880.

here repeat. Suffice it to say that they date from an earlier period than that to which recollection extends. They manifest themselves quite independently of the will; they are invariably the same in the same person, but are never the same in two different persons, and the tendency to see them is strongly hereditary. I have now a collection of hundreds of them, not only from English men and women, boys and girls, but from American, French, German, Italian, Austrian, and Russian correspondents. They are found useful in the simpler kinds of mental arithmetic.

Those who see number-forms have usually some equally persistent scheme for dates, based more or less upon the diagrams of the school-room. I am well acquainted with an accomplished student of history whose mnemonic form for all historical events is a simple nursery diagram, which has blossomed, as it were, into large excrescences whereon the subsequently acquired facts are able to find standing room. These diagrams are really helpful because their shape is correlated with the subject they portray. They are not like jingling nonsence verses and bad puns upon which many persons base their memory of facts.

The persistency of the forms under which numerals and dates are visualized testifies to a want of flexibility in mental imagery which is characteristic of many persons. They find that the first image they have acquired of any scene is apt to hold its place tenaciously in spite of subsequent need of correction. They find a difficulty in shifting their mental view of an object, and examining it at pleasure in different positions. If they see an object equally often in many positions the memories confuse one another. They are less able to visualize the features of intimate friends than those of persons of whom they have caught only a single glance. Many such persons have expressed to me their grief at finding themselves powerless to recall the looks of dear relations whom they had lost, while they had no difficulty in recollecting faces that were uninteresting to them.

Others have a complete mastery over their mental images. They can call up the figure of a friend, and make it sit on a chair or stand up at will; they can make it turn round and attitudinize in any way, as by mounting it on a bicycle or compelling it to perform gymnastic feats on a trapeze. They are able to build up elaborate geometric structures bit by bit in their mind's eye, and add, subtract, or alter at will and at leisure. This free action of a vivid visualizing faculty is of much importance in connection with the higher processes of thought, though it is commonly abused, as may be easily explained by an example. Suppose a person suddenly to accost another with the following words:—"I want to tell you about a boat." What is the idea that the word "boat" would be likely to call up? I tried the experiment with this result. One person, a young lady, said that she immediately saw the image of

a rather large boat pushing off from the shore, and that it was full of ladies and gentlemen, the ladies being dressed in white and blue. It is obvious that a tendency to give so specific an interpretation to a general word is absolutely opposed to philosophic thought. Another person, who was accustomed to philosophize, said that the word "boat" had aroused no definite image, because he had purposely held his mind in suspense. He had exerted himself not to lapse into any one of the special ideas that he felt the word boat was ready to call up, such as a skiff, wherry, barge, launch, punt, or dingy. Much more did he refuse to think of any one of these with any particular freight or from any particular point of view. A habit of suppressing mental imagery must, therefore, characterize men who deal much with abstract ideas; and as the power of dealing easily and firmly with these ideas is the surest criterion of a high order of intellect, we should expect that the visualizing faculty would be starved by disuse among philosophers, and this is precisely what I have found on inquiry to be the case.

Here, however, a fresh consideration comes in, which shows that the tendency to visualize is liable to be over-corrected, especially by those who are accustomed but not obliged to visualize in hard and persistent forms, and that they lose thereby the only means of obtaining a correct mental picture of a species or race. I proved two years ago* that a generalized picture did, as a matter of fact, admit of being produced. I threw magic-lantern portraits of different persons on the top of one another, on the same screen, and elicited a resultant face which resembled no one of the components in particular, but included all. Whatever was common to all the portraits became intensified by combination; whatever was peculiar to each portrait was relatively too faint to attract attention, and virtually disappeared. I made a great variety of experiments; in some I optically superimposed images by arrangements of lenses, mirrors, stereoscopes, or doubly refracting crystals; in others I combined separate photographic impressions upon a single sensitized plate. The result was that I invariably found it possible to make a generalized picture, having a remarkable appearance of individuality, out of a collection of separate portraits, so long as the latter bore a moderate resemblance to one another, and were taken from the same point of view, and were of the same size.

I argue that the mind of a man whose visualizing faculty is free in its action forms these generalized images of its own accord out of its past experiences. It readily reduces images to the same scale, through its constant practice in watching objects as they approach or recede, and consequently grow or diminish in size. It readily shifts images to any desired point of the field of view,

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* *Journal Anthropological Institute*, "Composite Portraits," vol. viii, (1878), p. 132. *Journal Royal Institution*, "Generic Images," ix. (1879), p. 161.

through its habit of following bodies in motion to the right or left, upwards or downwards. It selects images that present the same aspect, either by a simple act of memory or by a feat of imagination that forces them into the desired position, and it has little or no difficulty in reversing them from right to left, as if seen in a looking-glass. In illustration of these generalized mental images let us recur to the boat, and suppose the speaker to continue as follows :—"The boat was a four-oared racing boat, it was passing quickly just in front of me, and the men were bending forward to take a fresh stroke." Now at this point of the story the listener ought to have a picture well before his eye. It ought to have the distinctness of a real four-oar going either to the right or the left, at the moment when many of its details still remained unheeded, such as the dresses of the men and their individual features. It would be the generic image of a four-oar formed by the combination into a single picture of a great many sight-memories of those boats.

In the highest minds a descriptive word is sufficient to evoke crowds of shadowy associations, each striving to manifest itself. When they differ so much from one another as to be unfit to combine into a single idea, there will be a conflict between them, each being prevented by the rest from obtaining sole possession of the field of consciousness. There would, therefore, be no definite imagery so long as the aggregate of all the pictures that the word could reasonably suggest, of objects presenting similar aspects, reduced to the same size, and accurately superposed, resulted in a mere blur ; but a picture would gradually evolve as qualifications were added to the word, and it would attain to the distinctness and vividness of a generic image long before the word had been so restricted as to be individualized. If the intellect be slow, though correct in its operations, the associations will be few and the generalized image based on insufficient data. If the visualizing power be faint, the generalized image will be indistinct.*

Some persons have the power of combining in a single perception more than can be seen at any one moment by the two eyes. It is needless to insist on the fact that all who have two eyes see stereoscopically, and therefore somewhat round a corner. Children, who can focus their eyes on very near objects, must be able to comprise in a single mental image much more than a half of any small thing they are examining. Animals such as hares, whose eyes are set more on the side of the head than ours, must be able to perceive at one and the same instant more of a panorama than we can. I find that a few persons can, by what they often describe as a kind of touch-sight, visualize at the same moment all round the image of a

* It may possibly interest some persons, in connection with this topic, to refer to my "Psychometric Experiments," either in the *Nineteenth Century* of 1879 or in *Brain* of the same year.

solid body. Many can do so nearly but not altogether round that of a terrestrial globe. An eminent mineralogist assures me that he is able to imagine simultaneously all the sides of a crystal with which he is familiar. I may be allowed to quote my own faculty in this respect. It is exercised only occasionally and in dreams, but under those circumstances I am perfectly conscious of embracing an entire sphere in a single perception.

This power of comprehension is practically attained in many cases by indirect methods. It is a common feat to take in the whole surroundings of an imagined room with such a rapid mental sweep as to leave some doubt whether it has not been viewed simultaneously. Some persons have the habit of viewing objects as though they were partly transparent; thus they can see the north and south poles of a globe, but not the equatorial parts at the same time. They can also see into all the rooms of an imaginary house by a single mental glance. A fourth class of persons have the habit of recalling scenes, not from the point of view whence they were observed, but from a distance, and they visualize their own selves as actors on the mental stage. By one or other of these ways, the power of seeing the whole of an object, and not merely one aspect of it, is attained by many persons, and might probably be attained by all.

A useful faculty, easily developed by practice, is that of retaining a mere retinal picture. A scene is flashed upon the eye; the memory of it persists, and details which escaped observation during the brief time when it was actually seen may be analyzed and studied at leisure in the subsequent vision.

The place where the image appears to lie differs much in different persons. Most see it in an indefinable sort of way, others see it in front of the eye, others at a distance corresponding to reality. There exists a power which is rare naturally, but can, I believe, be easily taught, of projecting a mental picture upon a piece of paper, and of holding it fast there, so that it can be outlined with a pencil. The Bush-boy of whom I spoke must have had something of this faculty.

We may now foresee that education is likely to accomplish much, for most of the more important peculiarities of which I have spoken are naturally present in a high degree in at least one person out of sixteen. It can hardly be doubted that any of these might be developed by education to a useful amount in, say, twelve out of the remaining fifteen (thus raising all who ranked above the lowest quartile to at least the level of the highest sub-octile).

The forms of the visualizing faculty which we ought to aim at producing appear to me to be as follows :—

The capacity of calling up at will a clear, steady, and complete mental image of any object that we have recently examined and studied. We should be able to visualize that object freely from

any aspect; we should be able to project any of its images on paper and draw its outline there; we should further be able to embrace all sides of the object simultaneously in a single perception, or at least to sweep all sides of it successively with so rapid a mental glance as to arrive at practically the same result. We ought to be able to construct images from description or otherwise, and to alter them in whatever way we please. We ought to acquire the power of combining separate, but more or less similar, images into a single generic one. Lastly, we should learn to carry away pictures at a glance of a more complicated scene than we can succeed at the moment in analyzing.

There is abundant evidence that the visualizing faculty admits of being largely developed by education. The testimony on which I would lay especial stress is derived from the published experiences of M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran, late Director of the École Nationale de Desdin, in Paris, which are related in his *Éducation de la Mémoire Pittoresque.** He trained his pupils with extraordinary success, beginning with the simplest figures. They were made to study the models thoroughly before they tried to draw them from memory. One favorite expedient was to associate the sight-memory with the muscular memory, by making his pupils follow at a distance the outlines of the figures with a pencil held in their hands. After three or four months' practice, their visual memory became greatly strengthened. They had no difficulty in summoning images at will, in holding them steady, and in drawing them. Their copies were executed with marvelous fidelity, as attested by a commission of the Institut, appointed in 1852 to inquire into the matter, of which the eminent painter, Horace Vernet, was a member. The present Slade Professor of Fine Arts at University College, M. Légros, was a pupil of M. de Boisbaudran. He has expressed to me his indebtedness to the system, and he has assured me of his own success in teaching others in a similar way.

I could mention instances within my own experience in which the visualizing faculty has become strengthened by practice; notably one of an eminent engineer, who had the power of recalling form with unusual precision, but not color. A few weeks after he had replied to my questions, he told me that my inquiries had induced him to practice his color-memory, and that he had done so with such success that he was become quite an adept at it, and that the newly-acquired power was a source of much pleasure to him.

The memories we should aim at acquiring are chiefly such as are based on a thorough understanding of the objects observed. In no case is this more surely effected than in the processes of mechanical drawing, where the intended structure has to be portrayed so

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* Republished in an 8vo, entitled *Enseignement Artistique.* Morel et Cie. Paris, 1879.

exactly in plan, elevation, side view, and sections, that the workman has simply to copy the drawing in metal, wood, or stone, as the case may be. It is undoubtedly the fact that mechanicians, engineers, and architects possess the faculty of seeing mental images with remarkable clearness and precision.

A few dots like those of the Bushmen give great assistance in creating an imaginary picture, as proved by our general habit of working out new ideas by the help of marks and rude lines. The use of dolls by children also testifies to the value of an objective support in the construction of mental images. The doll serves as a kind of skeleton for the child to clothe with fantastic attributes, and the less individuality the doll has, the more it is appreciated by the child, who can the better utilize it as a lay figure in many different characters. The art of strengthening visual as well as every other form of memory lies in multiplying associations; the healthiest memory being that in which all associations are logical, and towards which all the senses concur in their due proportions. It is wonderful how much the vividness of a recollection is increased when two or more lines of association are simultaneously excited.

It is a mistake to suppose that a powerful exercise of the will can vivify a faint image. The action of the will is negative, being limited to the suppression of what is not wanted and would be in the way. It cannot create thought, but it can prevent thoughts from establishing themselves which lead in a false direction; so it keeps the course clear for a logical sequence of them. But if appropriate ideas do not come of their own accord, the will is powerless to evoke them. Thus, when we forget a familiar name, it is impossible to recall it by force of will. The only plan in such cases is to think of other things, till some chance association suggests the name. The mind may be seriously dulled by over-concentration, and will only recover its freshness by such change of scene and occupation as will encourage freedom and discursiveness in the flow of the ideas.

All that remains to be said refers to the utility of the visualizing faculty, and may be compressed into a few words. A visual image is the most perfect form of mental representation wherever the shape, position and relations of objects in space are concerned. It is of importance in every handicraft and profession where design is required, because workmen ought to visualize the whole of what they propose to do before they take a tool in their hands. Thus the village smith and the carpenter who are employed on odd jobs require it no less for their work than the mechanician, the engineer and the architect. The lady's-maid who arranges a new dress requires it for the same reason as the decorator employed on a palace, or the agent who lays out great estates. Strategists, artists of all denominations, physicists who contrive new experiments, and in short all who do not follow routine, have need of

it. The pleasure its use can afford is immense. I have many correspondents who say that the delight of recalling beautiful scenery and great works of art is the highest that they know. Our bookish education tends unduly to repress this valuable gift of nature. A faculty that is of importance in all technical and artistic occupations, that gives accuracy to our perceptions, and justness to our generalizations, is starved by disuse, instead of being cultivated in the way that will bring most return. I believe that a serious study of the best method of developing the faculty of visualizing is one of the many pressing desiderata in the new science of education. FRANCIS GALTON, *in The Fortnightly Review.*

THE YOUTH OF QUEEN BESS.

THE bright hopes that youth often inspires are seldom realized; what we mistake for intelligence turns out to be precocity, the brilliant pupil becomes in after life a dullard, and the fruit that was so early ripe falls from the bough tasteless. The child may be father of the man, but how often do we find nothing in the child afterwards justified by the man, and nothing in the man to remind us of the child. The promise of youth is the ficklest of all guides. The boy who was head of the school and whose university career was distinguished, when he enters upon his profession and pits himself against his fellows in the arena of life, often fails to make the mark expected of him. On the other hand, he who was deemed dull in his youth like Goldsmith, or who was well-nigh plucked for his degree like Swift, may develop in after-life into a name that his country ever fondly remembers.

Biographers love to tell us that the men who attained to distinction displayed even in the days of their youth signs of the great talents which were afterwards to raise them to the highest places in the temple of Fame; yet it would be as easy to give the reverse of the picture, and to show those who, though lightly considered in their youth, were subsequently enrolled among the greatest of a nation's celebrities. One name, which Englishmen will always remember with pride, however, fully justified the early promise it held out. The Elizabeth of Hatfield, immersed in her classical studies, chatting with ease to her visitors in different languages, and delighting the heart of her old tutor by the excellence of her attainments, was undoubtedly the precursor of the wise, fearless woman who gave liberty of worship to the Protestants, who freed Europe from the terror of a general submission to Spain, and who presided over the councils directed by Cecil and Walsingham. The girlhood of the future Queen had been passed

amid severe trials; yet the deep information she had drunk from her books and the mortifications she had been called upon to endure, were the means of endowing her with a stability of character, and with a practical experience, which were of the greatest service when she came to wear the crown.

The daughter of a woman sentenced to death for the crime of adultery, disliked by her father and branded with the stigma of illegitimacy, the early years of Elizabeth were spent in neglect and obscurity. Her governess, Lady Margaret Brian, thus writes to Cromwell of the condition of the unhappy girl in whose veins ran royal blood, and who was one day to be the sovereign of a mighty people. "She hath neither gown nor kirtle, nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen for smocks, nor kerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor rails, nor body-stitchets, nor handkerchiefs, nor mufflers, nor biggins. All these her Grace must take. I have driven off as long as I can, but by my troth I can drive it no longer." Motherless and worse than fatherless, the atmosphere of the Court, with its coarse jests, its open amours, and its general profligacy of tone, was no fitting home for little Bess. Hunston was assigned for her residence, and here she was brought up in fond companionship with her sister Mary. The two young girls had much in common to increase the natural affection which they then entertained towards each other; both were the daughters of women disliked by their lord, both were out of favor with their father, both had been declared illegitimate, and both were absorbed by their studies. "So pregnant and ingenious were either," says Haywood, "that they desired to look upon books as soon as the day began to break. The *horæ matutinæ* were so welcome that they seemed to prevent the night's sleeping for the entertainment of the morrow's schooling." And this was the mode of their "schooling." Their first hours were spent in prayers and other religious exercises, in reading the Old Testament and listening to some exposition on a text in the New. The rest of the morning they were instructed either in language or in some of the liberal sciences, or moral learning, or other subject "collected out of such authors as did best conduce to the instruction of princes." Study over, they amused themselves with lute or viol, and, wearied with that, practiced their needle. "This," says the old chronicler, "was the circular course of their employment; God was the center of all their actions." We read that Elizabeth, when six years old, presented to her brother Prince Edward "a shirt of cambric as a New Year's gift," and upon the same festival a year later, "a braser of needlework," both of which are described as her own making.

Both the young princesses were brought up in the religion of their father. Though our eighth Henry had sanctioned the Reformation, he was a rigid Catholic, with the one exception of claiming the supremacy in things ecclesiastical, and adhered to the old

creed with all the fervor of the most bigoted Papist. To use the words of a Protestant who lived in those evil days, and who did not approve of the lax views of bluff King Hal, "though the whore of Babylon is fallen in England already, yet her trish-trash remained for the iniquities of the people. God, through the King, had cast the devil out of this realm, yet both he and we sup of the broth in which the devil was sodden." Maintaining these views, it was not probable that the father would allow his children to profess any religion but that which he himself followed. Though holding very different opinions in after-life the one from the other, the two sisters at this period were both devout Catholics, and most diligent in all the duties taught by Rome. It was not until Elizabeth had reached the age of fourteen, and her brother Edward had ascended the throne, that a change took place in the religious teaching of Elizabeth. It had been decided, by the ruling body to whom the government of the realm was intrusted, that the young king should be educated in the principles of the Reformation. Mary, firm then as she always was in her devotion to the Catholic Church, declined to cast in her lot with those of the new faith, and withdrew from the Court. Elizabeth, deeply attached to her brother, refused to be parted from him, and accordingly was allowed to enter upon the same course of moral and intellectual training as the boy-king. Subject to the instruction of the two most accomplished scholars of their time, Dr. Coxe and Sir John Cheke, Elizabeth enjoyed the education common to the sterner sex as well as that which was more especially suitable to her own. She not only could read Cicero and Aristotle with ease, but she could talk fluently in French and Italian.

At a very early age she had proved herself no mean French scholar—especially when we bear in mind that Continental languages were at that time seldom studied in England. Among the many precious books in the British Museum, there is a rare little volume entitled "A godly medytacyon of the Christian soule concerning a love towards God and Hys Christe, compyled in Frenche by Lady Margarete, Quene of Naver, and aptely translated into Englysh by the ryght vertuouse Lady Elyzabeth, daughtir of our late Soverayne Kynge Henri the VIII.' The translation, it is said, is far from perfect ; but that a girl of twelve should have been capable of translating such a work at all is most commendable. Elizabeth, in a letter we have to Catharine Parr, admits that her work is "all imperfect and incorrect," and that having "joined the sentences together, as well as the capacity of her simple wit and small learning could extend themselves, she knows it in many places to be rude, and nothing done as it should be."

For reasons which it seems difficult to understand, Elizabeth was, shortly after this arrangement had been entered into, removed from the companionship of her brother. Mary was residing at

Newhall, in Essex, and it had been rightly held by the council that the interviews between herself and Edward should only occasionally take place. The boy-king was being educated in the rigid principles of Calvanism, and it was deemed unwise that those principles should in any way be shaken or interfered with by the Catholic arguments of the bigoted Mary. Already the influences of the elder sister had been noticed as dangerous to the Protestantism of Edward.

"When the Lady Mary, her sister," writes the Countess of Feria, "who ever kept her house in very Catholic manner and order, came to visit the king, her brother, he took special content in her company (I have heard it from an eye-witness), would ask her many questions, promise her secresy, carrying her that respect and reverence as if she had been his mother; and she again, in her discretion, advised him in something that concerned himself . . . . this noted by her tutors, order was taken that these visits should be very rare, alleging that they made the king sad and melancholy."

During the last three years of his life, Edward saw his sister only three times. That he should have been separated from Mary is easily to be understood, but why should he have been separated from Elizabeth? She had been his fellow-pupil, she professed the Protestant faith, there had been nothing in her opinions to render her an unfit companion for her brother, why then should she have been removed from him? We know not. Her separation being decided upon, and she was too young to have the command of an establishment of her own, she was placed under the charge of Catharine Parr, the Queen Dowager. She had better have remained learning her lessons with her brother.

Elizabeth, had she lived in these days, would never have been enrolled as a professional beauty, but she had several good points about her which would have been attractive in any woman, and which were of course doubly attractive in a princess. Her eyes were expressive, her complexion was exquisitely fair, her hair was luxuriant, and her budding figure gave promise of much grace and majesty. She had now arrived at that susceptible age when the heart, controlled by no experience, and oblivious of all social considerations, pants for sympathy and affection; the age when schoolboys write sonnets to the baker's daughter, and schoolgirls worship an ancient drawing-master. The Queen Dowager had soon been consoled for the loss of her husband; scarcely had a few weeks elapsed since Henry breathed his last, than she united herself to the handsome brother of the Duke of Somerset, the proud and ambitious Lord Admiral. On her removal from her brother, Elizabeth went to live, as we have said, with the Queen Dowager, and consequently had to pass much of her time in the pleasant society of the admiral. To this companionship the young princess was far from averse. If we are to credit the evidence of her waiting-woman, she appears, during this period, to have had an appreciation of the opposite sex

which shows that she was a true daughter of Anne Boleyn, however much her paternity might have been disputed. Lady Somerset, we read, found great faith in consequence of "my Lady Elizabeth going in a barge upon Thames, and for other light parts;" while Catherine Parr said that upon one occasion her husband "looked in at the gallery window and saw my Lady Elizabeth cast her arms about a man's neck." The Admiral was, however, the last to throw the stone at the Princess, for there had passed between him and the young girl placed under his roof familiarities, perhaps innocent, but capable of the gravest misconstruction. Let us give heed to the evidence of Katherine Ashley, the governess of Elizabeth:

"At Chelsea the Admiral would come many mornings into the Lady Elizabeth's chamber before she was ready, and sometimes before she did rise. And if she were up, he would bid her good morrow, and ask her how she did, or strike her upon the back . . . . and so go forth through his lodgings. And if she were in her bed he would open the curtains and bid her good morrow, and make as though he would come at her. . . . At Seymour Place, when the Queen lay there, he did use a while to come up every morning in his night-gown, bare-legged, in his slippers, where he found, commonly, the Lady Elizabeth at her book. And then he would look in at the gallery door and bid my Lady Elizabeth good morrow, and go his way."

As became one intrusted not only with the education, but with the morals of her pupil, Mrs. Ashley "told my lord it was an unseemly sight to come so bare-legged to a maiden's chamber; with which he was angry, but he left it." From the State Papers we learn a little more concerning this very delicate matter.

"As touching my Lord's boldness in the Lady Elizabeth's chamber (the Lord I take to record)," writes the governess, "I spoke so out to him, yea, and said that it was complained on to my Lord of the Council, yet he would swear, 'What do I? I would that all saw it.' And I could not make him leave it. At last I told the Queen of it, who made a small matter of it to me, and said she would come with him herself. And so she did ever after."

In spite of the Queen making "a small matter of it," Mrs. Ashley told one Parry, an attendant of the Lady Elizabeth, that

"The Admiral loved but the Princess too well, and had done so a good while; and that the Queen was jealous of her and him, insomuch that one time the Queen, suspecting the often access of the Admiral to the Lady Elizabeth, came suddenly upon them when they were both alone, he having her in his arms, wherefore the Queen fell out both with the Lord Admiral and with her Grace also."

Indeed matters had now arrived at such a pass that the indignant wife insisted upon the removal of Elizabeth from her household, and that there should be no more cause for offense. For the sake both of the Princess and the Admiral, the scandal was kept a profound secret. Though separated, the Queen Dowager wrote to Elizabeth, and the Admiral was allowed to add a word, so that it

might appear to the world as if nothing had ruffled the even tenor of the Queen Dowager's household, and that the Princess had quitted her roof of her own accord. Three months after this expulsion of Elizabeth, the Queen Dowager died within a few days of her confinement. Before passing away, and being conscious that the end was nigh, she spoke to her faithful attendant of the sorrows which had recently been oppressing her. It is easy to see to what she alludes.

"Two days before her death," writes Elizabeth Tyrwhyt, "she, having my Lord Admiral by the hand, spake these words! 'My Lady Tyrwhyt, I am not well handled, for those that be about me care not for me, but stand laughing at my grief; and the more good I will to them, the less good they will to me.' Whereupon my Lord Admiral answered, 'Why, sweetheart, I would you no hurt.' And she said to him again, aloud, 'No, my Lord, I think so;' and immediately she said to him, in his ear, 'But, my Lord, you have given me many shrewd taunts.' These words, I perceived, she spake with good memory; and very sharply and earnestly, for her mind was sore unquieted."

On the death of his wife, the Admiral, whose heart was always well under the control of his ambition, looked about to see to whom he could unite himself so as to further his advancement. Six weeks after the death of Henry he had married Catherine Parr, and six weeks after the death of Catherine Parr he was scheming to secure the hand of Lady Jane Grey. Rebuffed in this quarter by the lady's father, he bethought himself of the damsel to whom he had so often bade "good morrow" in the scanty garb which repose commands. To the match Elizabeth herself was far from averse. She had permitted those in attendance upon her to speak to her of the intentions of the Admiral, and had even employed them to correspond with the fascinating widower upon his visits to her house. Thomas Parry, one of her suite, asked her bluntly, "Whether, if the Council would like it, she would marry with the Admiral?" to which the wary girl replied, "When that comes to pass, I will do as God shall put in my mind." Katherine Ashley did not discourage the suit—perhaps she thought that after the familiarities that had taken place it was a very fitting termination to the flirtation of the past. She told Elizabeth that the Admiral would far rather have married her than the late Queen had he had his own will. "How did she know that?" asked Elizabeth. Then she said, "She knew it well enough both by himself and by others." Another time she said, "You shall see, shortly, that he that would fain have had you before he married the Queen will come now to woo you." The governess was right; the Admiral came to woo the Princess, and did not find her cruel. The intended marriage, however, attracted the attention of the Council, and it was considered most dangerous to the interests of the country that a man so grasping and unscrupulous as was the Admiral should be permitted to strengthen his position by an alliance with one who

stood so near the throne. Elizabeth was sent for by the Council and subjected to a severe examination; but the clever girl knew how to fence with her inquisitors and to divulge no more than she desired. "In no way," writes Sir Robert Tyrwhit, one of her examiners, to the Lord Protector, "will she confess any practice by Mrs. Ashley or the cofferer Parry concerning my Lord Admiral, and yet I do see it in her face that she is guilty, and do perceive as yet she will abide more storms ere she accuse Mrs. Ashley." On the following day Sir Robert, "by gentle persuasion," gained a few additional particulars from her. "But I do assure your Grace," he writes to Somerset, "she hath a very good wit, and nothing is gotten of her but by great policy." In spite, however, of his "great policy," Elizabeth had no intention of being pumped beyond a certain point. "My Lady's Grace," dolefully writes Sir Robert, "doth plainly deny that she knoweth any more than she hath already opened to me. I do verily believe that there hath been some secret promise between my lady, Mrs. Ashley, and the cofferer never to confess to death; and if it be so it will never be gotten of her but either by the King's Majesty or else by your Grace." Irritated that he, a man of the world and accustomed to command, should be baffled by a smart bold girl in her teens, Sir Robert now proceeded to terrify Elizabeth into admitting the charge he wished to bring against the Admiral. He told her how her fair fame had been dragged through the mire, and how grave were the reports circulated about her. It had been said that she had already given to the Admiral all that it was in her power to give, and that she was even now quick with the fruits of such sinful intimacy. Here Sir Robert in trying to prove too much had overshot the mark, and his indignant witness was not slow to take advantage of the false position in which he had now placed himself. Elizabeth wrote to the Lord Protector:

"Master Tyrwhit and others," she said, "have told me that there goeth rumors abroad which be greatly both against my honor and honesty (which above all other things I esteem), which be these—that I am in the Tower, and with child by my Lord Admiral. My lord, these are shameful slanders, for the which, besides the great desire I have to see the King's Majesty, I shall most heartily desire your Lordship that I may come to the Court, after your first determination, that I may show myself there as I am."

Her prayer was not acceded to, and Sir Robert still essayed his utmost to wring from her some admission which would bring the bold suitor to the block. It was in vain.

"Her Grace," he writes, "will in no wise confess that either before or after that Kate Ashley spoke to her touching the marriage betwixt her and my Lord Admiral, than which I think nothing more untrue, and do well perceive that she will no more accuse Mistress Ashley than she will her own self. If your Grace did know all my persuasions with her, all manner of ways, weighing her honor and surety one way, and the danger to the country, your Grace would not a little marvel that she will no more cough out matter than she doth."

Elizabeth, however, refused to "cough" out anything, and her obstinacy was imitated by those attached to the household. "They all sing one song," cries the disappointed Councilor, "and so I think they would not do unless they had set the note before: for surely they would confess, or else they could not so well agree." The scanty confession was, however, considered by the Council sufficient to serve their purpose. The Lord Admiral was charged with having "attempted and gone about to marry the King's Majesty's sister, the Lady Elizabeth, second inheritor in remainder to the crown;" he was accused of high treason, tried, condemned and executed. Edward then coldly records the death of his uncle in his diary. "The Lord Sudeley, Admiral of England, was condemned to death, and died the March ensuing."

The blow fell severely upon Elizabeth; she "drooped," and for some time declined to be comforted. In this affection for the Lord Admiral, the only man for whom she ever exhibited any real feeling, have we not the true reason why in after-life she shunned all matrimonial proposals? Such an interpretation of her conduct is not improbable. A proud and imperious woman who had given her heart to a man, who had permitted him a license which should not have occurred, who had been harshly cross-examined as to her conduct, and who had seen her lover torn from her arms and put to a shameful death, may well have declined to erase the event from her memory, or to permit another to make her forget her sorrows. The name of woman may be frailty, yet there have been daughters of the sex who have been constant to the memory of their first love, and more especially when such love has been connected with a sad and painful end. We read that Elizabeth could never bear to hear the Lord Admiral "discommended, but she is ready to make answer therein."

Elizabeth was now intrusted to the care of Lady Tyrwhit.

"Katherine Ashley," said the Council to the bereaved Princess, "who heretofore hath had the special charge to see to the good education and government of your person, hath shown herself far unmeet to occupy any such place longer about your Grace; and we thereby thought convenient to send unto you the Lady Tyrwhit, to remain about you in lieu of the said Ashley, and to commit unto her the same charge about your person that Ashley had."

This change was at first far from appreciated by Elizabeth. "She took the matter so heavily that she wept all that night, and loured all the next day," she declined to listen to advice, and remained sulkily aloof. Gradually this obstinacy gave way before the sterling excellence of Lady Tyrwhit, and a strong feeling of friendship sprung up between the two ladies. The new governess was a most estimable creature, while the mental anguish which Elizabeth had of late undergone had greatly softened her character. We read that she was most earnest in her devotions, and diligently paid heed to all good counsel that was given her. Among the maxims drawn

up by Lady Tyrwhit for her pupil were the following : "Use invocation of God's holy name. Think upon the needy once a day. Further the just suit of the poor. Help to pacify displeasure. Kill anger with patience. Make much of modesty. Be always one. Favor the friendless. Look chiefly to yourself. Once you were not here. Away you must, and turn to dust."

Elizabeth was now seventeen ; she was mistress of a liberal establishment, and her education was well-nigh finished. From her "Household Book" we are let into the secret of her expenditure. Her income was equal to some £30,000 of our money, and permitted her to live in a state becoming her rank. Like many persons whose intellectual powers are well developed, the Princess was a *gourmet*, and a large portion of her handsome allowance was spent on good living. Wheat could be bought in those days at twenty shillings a quarter, yet the bakehouse of her Royal Highness cost her over £200, or £1,200 of our money. The expense of her kitchen came to nearly £600 : poultry cost her over £300 ; wax and candles are entered at £350 ; coals and wood came to £200 ; her "sauce" (a comprehensive item including vegetables) stands at £20 ; beer and wine cost her over £300 ; the wages and liveries of her retainers are charged at over £400. She was waited on by thirteen gentlemen of the body, to each of whom was presented a coat which cost forty shillings ; when we remember that money in those days is represented by six times the amount at the present time, we shall find that Elizabeth spent upon her household expenditure no less than some fifteen thousand a year. Some of the items entered in her household book strike us as very small compared with the sums she spent upon poultry and wax lights. Her charities of the year are put down at £7 15*s.* 8*d.*, nearly a third of what she spent upon "sauce." The "court milliner" of the period must have found her Royal Highness one of the shabbiest of her customers, for the Princess was indifferent to the charm of dress, and we read that "the maidenly apparel which she used in her brother's time made the noblemen's wives and daughters ashamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks." Husbands who are called upon to settle the "little bills" of the great milliners of to-day would be only too happy to find such a modest item in their wives' accounts as the following : "To making a pair of upper bodies for her Grace 12 pence ; lining 15 pence ; silk 4 pence ;" even multiply this expenditure by six, and it can scarcely be considered alarming for a princess of the blood. Elizabeth could, however, occasionally launch forth, for we see that sometimes she paid thirty shillings a yard for black velvet, or nine pounds of our present money.

Study, however, was the great resource of the Princess. Ascham had been appointed her tutor, and under his scholarly supervision her progress was most rapid. In these days, what with school-boards, middle-class examinations, text-books on every conceivable

subject, and "the higher education of women," we expect much from the female mind; yet even a very advanced damsel of the period would find it difficult to hold her own in accomplishments against the Princess Elizabeth. According to the proud and admiring Ascham, his pupil, at the age of seventeen, could speak French and Italian as well as she spoke English; she could talk Latin fluently, and read Greek fairly well; she was well read in theology; she was fond of mathematics and philosophy; she was no mere proficient in music; and her handwriting was exquisite. She not only read the classical authors, but she appreciated them, criticising their style, and weighing their merits. Her taste for culture followed her to the throne, and amid the grave affairs of government. When placed in power, Ascham thus expresses his admiration of the studious habits of Elizabeth in contradistinction to the idleness and frivolity of *la jeunesse dorée* attached to the Court.

"It is your shame," he writes, ("I speak to you, all you young gentlemen of England), that one maid should go beyond you all in excellency of learning and knowledge of diverse tongues. Point forth six of the best given gentlemen of this Court, and all they together show not so much good will, spend not so much time, bestow not so many hours, daily, orderly, and constantly for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queen's Majesty herself. Yea, I believe that besides her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some prebendary of this Church doth read Latin in a whole week."

The intrigues of politics were now for a time to interfere with the quiet of her student life. The reign of Edward was rapidly drawing to a close. The boy had always been sickly, and he was now so weak that it was remarked that the chain of gold which he wore around his neck, "which was then held a kingly ornament," caused his feeble body to bow. One morning, while heated by playing tennis, he drank a deep draught of cold water, which resulted in his system catching a severe chill. Consumption set in; the King was harassed by a hacking cough; sleep could only be produced by the aid of narcotics; his legs began to swell, his hair fell off, and the fevered skin peeled off in patches. Then the end came; the royal lad, who had been called by the Reformers "a youth of much promise," and by the Ritualists "a young tiger cub," was spared further suffering and passed away. The events that followed are known to us all. The bequest of the Crown to Lady Jane Grey through the wiles of the Duke of Northumberland, the result of the conspiracy, the accession of Mary, "and thus was the matter ended without bloodshed, which men feared would have brought the death of many thousands." We have a portrait of Queen Mary at this time which has only recently seen the light through the investigations of Mr. Rawdon Brown amid the Venetian State Papers. Giacomo Soranzo was embassador

from the Doge to St. James's, and he thus describes the sovereign to whom he was accredited :

"She is of low stature, with a red and white complexion, and very thin : her eyes are white (*bianchi*) and large, and her hair reddish ; her face is round, with a nose rather low and wide, and were not her age on the decline she might be called handsome rather than the contrary. She is not of a strong constitution, and of late she suffers from headache and serious affection of the heart, so that she is often obliged to take medicine and also to be blooded. She is of very spare diet, and never eats until one or two P.M., although she rises at daybreak . . . she is endowed with excellent ability, and more than moderately read in Latin literature, especially with regard to Holy Writ ; and besides her native tongue she speaks Latin, French, and Spanish, and understands Italian perfectly, but does not speak it. She is also very generous, but not to the extent of letting it appear that she rests her chief claim to commendation on this quality. . . . Her Majesty takes pleasure in playing on the lute and spinnet, and is a very good performer on both instruments ; but she seems to delight above all in arraying herself elegantly and magnificently, and her garments are of two sorts ; the one a gown such as men wear, but fitting very close, with an under-petticoat which has a very long train ; and this is her ordinary costume, being also that of the gentlewomen of England. The other garment is a gown and bodice, with wide and hanging sleeves in the French fashion, which she wears on State occasions. She also makes great use of jewels, wearing them both in her chaperon and round her neck, and as trimming for her gowns ; in which jewels she delights greatly, and although she has a great plenty of them left her by her predecessors, yet were she better supplied with money than she is, she would doubtless buy many more."

The rule of Mary was, as we know, far from popular. It was feared that her relationship with the Emperor would influence her foreign policy, while her marriage with the Spaniard and her bigoted adherence to the Catholic faith caused her rapidly to lose whatever hold she had upon the affection of her subjects. Murmurs were rife against her government, and, encouraged by France, the spirit of revolt was let loose. The Midland Counties rose up in arms under the Duke of Suffolk, and the men of Kent under Wyatt threatened London. For eight days the Queen was in grave danger ; she was implored by those around the throne to retire to Windsor, nay, even to put the Channel between herself and her subjects, and find a refuge in Calais. But the courage of the Tudors was not to be quelled ; her foes might burn her palace down, they might come sword in hand into the presence chamber itself, yet she would die as the sovereign of her people, and not as an exile from them. The insurrection was crushed, but it was one of those failures which only required plans to have been more carefully deliberated upon to have resulted in a triumph.

As soon as matters became somewhat settled the question in the Council was whether the Lady Elizabeth had taken any part in the recent conspiracy. France and Venice were openly hostile to Mary, yet among the constant correspondents of Elizabeth were the French and Venetian embassadors. It was the wish of Henry of France to marry Elizabeth to young Courtenay, and raise her to the throne ; it was through the captains of the Venetian navy that

Wyatt had been supplied with artillery ; a letter of Elizabeth had been found among dispatches intercepted on the way to Paris. The Spanish embassadors asserted that Elizabeth was deeply implicated in the late revolt, and advised the Queen to proceed to extremities against her. Mary was unwilling to believe ill of one to whom she was then much attached. She had only parted from her sister a few weeks ago, and on bidding her farewell had given her two handsome ornaments set with large and costly pearls. Elizabeth in her turn had professed a deep attachment to Mary ; she had loyally given in her adherence to the throne, and, at the risk of sacrificing her position as leader of the Protestants, had attended Mass and toned down some of her more pronounced views touching the reformed faith. That her sister was guilty Mary refused to believe. Upon this point, which is one of the many secrets that history has refused to divulge, it was hoped that the recent researches amid the Venetian archives would throw some light. But no document has yet been found proving that Elizabeth was either directly or indirectly connected with the plots against Mary. The young lady herself has given the best account of her movements at this time. Quitting Woodstock she wrote with her diamond ring, on the window pane of the room she had occupied, these lines :—

"Much suspected by me
Nothing proved can be
Quoth Elizabeth prisoner."

It was, however, considered advisable that the Princess should be summoned to London and be examined by the Council. Mary put the invitation in the politest manner. She informs her "right dear and entirely beloved sister" that, as she "might chance to be in some peril if any sudden tumult should arise," it was expedient that she should make her repair to the Court, where she assured her she would be most warmly welcomed. Elizabeth was then staying at her country seat at Ashridge, some thirty miles from London, and had no desire again to be put under the harrow of a cross-examination by the Privy Council. She pleaded ill-health, and expressed herself as unable to undertake such a fatiguing journey. Mary waited patiently for a fortnight, but at the expiration of that time it became imperative to ascertain how matters really stood. The Spanish embassadors declared she was guilty ; Wyatt, who was in prison, had directly accused her ; Mary herself began to grow suspicious. Two of the Queen's physicians were sent down to Ashridge to report upon the health of the patient. They came to the conclusion that she was strong enough to travel to London ; but as the Princess "much feared her weakness to be so great that she could not be able to travel and to endure the journey without peril of life," the doctors were most considerate of their fair charge, and went south by very easy stages. We have the

itinerary. "The order of my Lady Elizabeth's Grace's voyage to the court. Monday to Mr. Cooke's, 6 miles. Tuesday to Mr. Pope's, 8 miles. Wednesday to Mr. Stamford's, 7 miles. Thursday to Highgate, Mr. Cholmeleye's house, 7 miles. Friday to Westminster, 5 miles." To drive some thirty miles in five days was an undertaking which could scarcely inflict much hurt upon the most delicate of invalids. Yet, if the truth were told, we fancy the young damsel was only feigning ill-health, for her experience of State examinations had not been happy, and she was anxious, if possible, to avoid the ordeal. Soranzo saw her on her arrival, and thus describes her :

"She is now about twenty-one years old ; her figure and face are very handsome, and such an air of dignified majesty pervades all her actions, that no one can fail to suppose she is a queen. She is a good Greek and Latin scholar, and besides her native tongue, she speaks Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian most perfectly, and her manners are very modest and affable. During the lifetime of King Edward, she held his opinion about the religion, but since the Queen's accession she has adapted herself to the will of Her Majesty."

On her appearance at Court, Elizabeth confronted her inquisitors with the imperious courage which in after life so eminently characterized her. She gave the lie to her accusers, and maintained that all the charges brought against her were false. Still it was only her own word against that of her foes, and until her guilt or innocence could be definitely proved, it was thought advisable to keep her under close guard. The day before her committal to the Tower, she thus concludes her passionate appeal to her sister

"And again kneeling with all humbleness of my heart, because I am not suffered to bow the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speak with your Highness, which I would not be so bold to desire, if I knew not myself most clear as I know myself most true. And as for that traitor Wyatt, he might peradventure write me a letter, but on my faith I never received any from him, and as for the copy of my letter sent to the French king, I pray God confound me eternally if I ever sent him word, message, token, or letter by any means. And to this my truth I will stand unto my death, your Highness's most faithful subject that hath been from the beginning and will be to the end."

To this denial Mary gave no heed, and Elizabeth was committed to the Tower. And now the question arose what was to be done with her? The Imperial envoys loudly asserted that as long as the Princess was at liberty, England would ever be on the brink of revolt and conspiracy. The very life of Mary herself, they said, was not safe, nor was that of her fondly cherished husband. Her father-in-law, Charles the Fifth, to whose counsels she always paid much attention, told her sharply that her first duty was to consult her own safety, and that as long as matters remained in this dangerous state, it was hardly to be expected that Philip would trust himself in the country. The position of Mary was far from secure ; her religion was suspected, her husband was hated,

and there was a feeling abroad that England was to be subject to the foreigner. A curious conversation related in the State Papers, between three peasants, shows what was the feeling current among certain classes in the country.

"JACKMAN. I would all priests were hanged!
"CORNE. God forbid! for the Queen's Grace hath granted it.
"COWLYN. The Queen? a vengeance take her!
"JACKMAN. Amen.
"COWLYN. I may say it well, for before New Year's day, outlandish men will come upon our heads, for there be some at Plymouth already.
"JACKMAN. Before twelve months you shall see all houses of religion up again with the Pope's laws.
"COWLYN. We ought not to have a woman to bear the sword.
"JACKMAN. If a woman bear the sword, my Lady Elizabeth ought to bear it first."

The Lady Elizabeth was undoubtedly the favorite of the country, and her sister, worked upon by her Spanish advisers, began gradually to entertain jealousy and spiteful feelings towards one who in the days of her youth had been her playmate and favorite companion. Still she declared, with the sense of justice always strong in the English breast, that she could not proceed against Elizabeth until she had legal proof of her guilt. Legal proof it seemed impossible to obtain, and the Queen, therefore, adopted a compromise between the severity of the Spanish advice and the laxity of complete forgiveness. She would not keep her sister in the dungeons of the Tower, but she would confine her at Woodstock in strict but honorable seclusion. Greatly as Elizabeth murmured at this imprisonment, it was the most fortunate circumstance that could have happened to her; she was removed from any chance of committing herself by listening to the intrigues that were being hatched at Versailles or by paying heed to traitorous designs planned by hot-headed reformers. Though her confinement was honorable, and she lacked nothing save freedom, strict guard was kept over her. Sir Henry Bedingfield was her governor, and his orders were very precise. No stranger was to have access to her without special license; all presents were to be examined before being delivered to her; all gates were to be locked when she walked in the gardens, and the house during the night was to be patrolled by a body of guards. It was during this time that a former tutor of hers, one John Belmain, her "schoolmaster for the French tongue," presented her with a translation of S. Basil's "Epistle upon Solitary Life." "She is now," he says, "in solitude as it were, and he sends her this as an appropriate present, since solitude leads to the contemplation of God and the love of the unseen world."

In this "solitude" Elizabeth remained from the May of 1854 to the June of 1855. Retirement had now produced reflection, and the Princess had arrived at the wise conclusion that it would better become her if she abjured altogether the perilous course of politics

and remained content with the position in the State she should occupy. She wrote to Mary, informing her of this resolve, and begged for pardon. Her prayer was granted; the sentence of imprisonment was rescinded, and Elizabeth was summoned to Court. She was received graciously; she was restored to her dignity as Princess of the Blood Royal, and an establishment suitable to her position was assigned to her at Hatfield. The humiliations of the past were at an end. At Court Elizabeth was treated with the distinction due to the next heir to the throne. During the festivities at Christmas, she was seated at the Queen's table nearest the cloth of estate. When a "grand spectacle of jousting" was held upon the festival of S. Thomas of Canterbury, at which two hundred lances were broken, she sat with their Majesties and the aristocracy. The highest in the land did her homage. "Cardinal Pole, meeting her in the chamber of presence, kneeled down on his knees and kissed her hand; and King Philip meeting her, made such obeisance that his knee touched the ground." Next the Queen she was the greatest lady in the land.

As the domestic and foreign policy pursued by the Queen became more and more oppressive to the country, the position of Elizabeth greatly increased in strength and stability, till at last it stood so prominently forward as to overshadow the power of the advisers of the Crown. Around her rallied the large body of the Anglican clergy, who were perfectly content with the spiritual influence and authority of their own branch of the Catholic Church; the aristocracy and the landed gentry, whose proud blood boiled at the subservience of the interests of England to those of Spain; the commercial middle classes, who saw their trade rapidly dwindling and quitting the country, and the yeomen and lower orders, who detested the foreigner simply because he was a foreigner.

Elizabeth was the heroine of England, and men looked anxiously forward to the time when she should be summoned from Hatfield to take her seat upon the throne. She had not long to wait. It was evident to all that Mary was fast sinking into her grave, beneath the load of her public cares and private mortifications. Like some desperate gambler, she had staked her all upon one chance. She had embroiled her country in a bitter foreign war; she had established, by the terrible coercion of persecution, a hated creed; she had exhausted the national treasury and greatly crippled her own private resources; she had been indifferent to the interests of the loyal, warm-hearted people over whom she had been called to rule—and for what? To obtain the love of a cold, ambitious man, who had married her for political ends, and whose subsequent indifference and neglect made her, who had sacrificed all and had gained nothing in return, the laughing-stock of every boudoir and salon in Europe.

Few scenes are sadder in history than those where the sickly,

ill-favored Mary, with all the desperate passion of the spurned and childless wife, seeks to win back the love of her lord. His slightest hint is her command, and immediately acted upon. Philip regards France as his enemy. England at once throws down the gauntlet to France. Philip is the most intolerant of the defenders of the Catholic faith. Catholicism, as interpreted by Rome, becomes the religion of England. Philip is in want of money. The treasury is exhausted to supply his needs, and when that is not sufficient, his wife draws with both hands upon her own income. Philip is anxious to consolidate his position by birth of an heir. How the Queen prays for the joys of maternity, till long harping upon one subject causes her to mistake disease for an answer to her fervent petitions! It is always Philip and never herself. And now all this unselfishness she feels has been exercised in vain. Hated by her subjects, deserted by her husband, cheered by no infant's caress, the religion she has established only awaiting her end to be abolished, the unjust war that she waged resulting in a grave humiliation to her country, stricken, crushed, heart-broken, she passes out into the eternal future. "I have before me," writes Mr. Stevenson, the accomplished editor of the earlier portion of the Elizabethan State Papers,

"a little book of prayers which seems to have belonged to her. It opens of its own accord at a page which is blurred and stained more than any other of its well worn leaves. There we may read the two secrets of her life, the two leading ideas of her existence. The one is a prayer for the unity of the Holy Catholic Church, the other is a prayer for the safe delivery of a woman with child. It pleased God that in neither case should the prayer of faith prevail; and, however humble may have been her submission, disappointment was death."

The removal of Mary paved the way for the succession of her sister; Elizabeth, enlightened by the experience of the past, ascended the throne, and proved that the discipline of her youth had not been in vain, for hers was one of the most brilliant and judicious reigns in the annals of sovereignty.

Elizabeth could be firm without being obstinate. She had the power to discriminate character and to select the best men for the service of the State. Her wide experience of affairs, enlarged by converse with those best informed, rendered her government strong. The lower and irresponsible elements of society did not then rise to the surface to cripple the progress of the nation. Our Burleighs and Walsinghams were not concerned to propitiate at all cost any section of the nation. Such an event as the control of Imperial policy by a few Irish attorneys elected to Parliament and wearily yielded to by the minister of the day to retain a majority was, happily, then impossible. Such unpatriotic conduct on the part of a minister would remove him from Elizabeth's councils. The proper subordination of ranks was then understood and acted upon. There was order and healthy action in the nation, and no feverish cry for the modification

of some and subversion of other institutions of the State. Many things no doubt were wanting in her time for the completeness of the national life; but, at least, agencies were not then at work to sap and mine those institutions which made her England great and respected at home and abroad. *Temple Bar.*

HOW THE PLANETS TRAVEL.

"He hangeth the earth upon nothing."—JOB.

THERE is no part of our knowledge so inspiring and full of the feeling of worship as the knowledge of the laws of the solemn, silent heavens, and their bright and restless starry worlds. Whatever be "the ordinances" they keep, they are all the ordinances of God, and the sense of their vastness and perfection tends to glorify and hallow their Author's name. By the will of him whom we have learned to call "our Father," they are and were created.

But no religious life comes unsought, it lies beyond an earnest strife. The knowledge of these splendid parts of God's ways is beyond the "strait gate" of a mental effort. How melancholy is the fact that in this, as in other even still more important good gifts, "few there be that find it!" Let young people try to be among the few who rise by effort and attention to the better apprehension of the works and the ways of their Creator. Our question to-day shall be, How does the Creator keep the worlds which we call planets in their places?

Let us for the present look upon the solar system as it presented itself to the gaze of astronomers of the last generation; picture it to the mind as consisting of a central sun around which a series of planets travel in almost circular paths. Starting from the sun we have Mercury, Venus, The Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Each performs its journey about the sun in the same direction, and all lie pretty close to a line drawn from Neptune to the Sun.

These planets, many of majestic proportions, and all but two attended by moons, sweep steadily on their endless course about the sun. By what law do they move? by what force are they swayed? These are questions which for hundreds of years taxed the sublimest energies of astronomers, and received a final solution at the hands of Sir Isaac Newton, one of the profoundest and humblest of men.

We all know that pretty story (which, like many other pretty stories, has no basis of truth) of the great philosopher, sitting in his orchard at Colsterworth, in Lincolnshire, pondering upon the

fall of an apple. The answer to that question is the key to all the movements of the planets. Though Newton did not learn the great secret from the falling apple, we may do so with advantage.

The simplest things in nature are often fullest of wonders. We see objects falling around us every day and never stop to ask why it is so. We know that unless a body be supported it falls, and so natural does this seem to be, that when we first learn, for instance, that the earth is suspended in space, we are sure to inquire "what keeps it up." Many nations have reached a high degree of civilization without being able to answer this question, and they think the earth is supported upon some sort of pedestal, such as an elephant's back. But what does the elephant stand on? A tortoise, they reply. And the tortoise? Well, their philosophy does not go any farther, so they change the subject. Let us see if we can learn something about this curious problem from an apple. First of all it may be taken for granted that if an apple be placed, say, upon a shelf, it will remain there without moving unless something occurs to disturb it. It is equally true, though not quite so evident, that if the apple were set in motion it would always go on moving unless something checked the movement. As a matter of fact something always does stop moving bodies on the earth, and that something is nearly always friction. You know that an apple will run longer upon a planed deal board than on a rough one, and still longer on smooth ice; well, it is friction that stops the apple in each case, and friction is less upon smooth ice than on planed wood, and less on that than on rough wood. If we could entirely get rid of friction the apple would never stop. Newton thus enunciated these facts as his "First Law of Motion": Every body continues in its state of rest or of uniform speed in a straight line, except in so far as it may be compelled by impressed forces to change that state.

A little thought will show that this law is self-evident, although at first sight it seems to be contradicted by daily experience. If we hold an apple in our hand, there is clearly no reason, so far as the apple is concerned, why it should move from that place when the hand is removed. Yet as a matter of fact it does move, for it falls in a straight line to the earth. Something in the nature of a force must have acted upon the apple to cause it to move; and that force was not communicated by the hand. The apple falls to the earth, and so does everything else that is unsupported, in spite of a few such apparent exceptions as balloons.

It is exceedingly difficult to understand how the earth can act upon any body at a distance from it, and the more one thinks upon the subject the more mysterious it seems; and, indeed, although we know quite accurately the manner in which the force acts, we know absolutely nothing about the nature of the force. It is as though we saw and learned all about the machinery in a great

workshop, without having any idea of the steam-engine that set it all in motion.

This action at a distance is always wonderful. With what astonishment, as little children, we first saw a piece of iron attracted by a magnet, or watched the needle of a compass obediently follow a knife-blade held near to it; and how we wondered what strange influence resided in the steel by which it could coerce distant bodies! Yet the fall of an apple is just as mysterious, just as inexplicable, but because it is a matter of every-day experience we are not in the habit of wondering about it. If the earth were one huge magnet, and all the bodies upon it were iron, they would fall, or be attracted to it, as the expression is, just as at present, and then we should consider the compass a very simple instrument.

A moving body may travel in a straight line under the influence of one, two, or more forces. Many bodies, however, move in curved paths. A ball, for instance, thrown horizontally forward travels in a curved line, and finally reaches the earth. The ball is acted upon by two forces—namely, the propelling force of the hand (tending to drive it straight forward), and the gravitation of the earth (tending to pull it vertically downward). The effect of these two forces is to bend the path into a curve.

To show how this result is obtained let us suppose gravitation to be abolished, and the ball to be thrown horizontally. It will travel onward for ever in a straight line. Now suppose a string to be attached to the ball, and held by a person standing exactly underneath the ball. As the ball is thrown let the person run forward at such a speed as to keep precisely beneath the ball. At the moment of starting let him commence to pull upon the string with a gradually increasing force. Eventually the ball will be pulled to the ground, and its path will have been a curved one.

This is precisely the mode in which the gravitation of the earth acts, and the illustration shows us that any body moving in a curved path is operated upon by at least two forces.

But it tells us more. The string has continually been pointing towards the earth's center, and the force applied through it has been such as would tend to draw the ball towards that center. Such a force is called a *central force*. Hence we learn that bodies moving in a curved path are acted upon by a central force.

Now the power or force which the earth exerts, and by means of which the apple falls, is called gravitation, and the mode in which it acts is expressed in the following terms: Every particle of matter attracts every other particle, with a force directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance. This statement consists of three parts, namely:—

1. Every particle of matter attracts every other parcticle.
2. The attraction is directly as the mass.
3. The attraction is inversely as the square of the distance.

The first of these propositions is too simple to need explanation. The second means that the attractive power of, say, two pounds of iron is twice as much as that of one pound, at the same distance. The third means that the attractive power of a given mass (which we will call 1 at a given distance), is quartered at double the distance, and so on. Thus if we write the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., to represent distances, and call the attraction at distance 1, one, and express the attraction at other distances by fractions ; we shall have—

Distances.....	1	2	3	4	5
Attraction.....	1	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{9}$	$\frac{1}{16}$	$\frac{1}{25}$

by which we see that at five times a given distance the attractive power is only one twenty-fifth = 5 × 5.

We must now look a little deeper into this attraction, and see how it differs from an impulse. Let every particle of matter be in a state of rest in space unaffected by any external influence. Now let a blow or impulse be given to the particle. It will move onward in a straight line in the direction of the impulse, and with a speed proportionate to the vigor of the impulse. This speed will continue for ever, and is an example of what is called *uniform* motion.

But if the particle be set in motion by an attractive force like gravitation, it will move in a straight line towards the source of attraction, but the kind of motion will be different. That this is so will be clear, if we reflect that as the particle approaches the attracting body the power of the attraction will increase. At half the original distance the force, and consequently the speed, will be increased fourfold. Hence the particle will move quicker and quicker, not by sudden changes of speed, but by a steady increase, and this kind of motion is called *uniformly accelerated motion.*

As a familiar illustration of uniformly accelerated motion, take a ball thrown perpendicularly upward. It leaves the hand with a certain velocity, which it would retain for ever, were it not being pulled back constantly by gravitation. The retarding influence of gravitation causes it to move slower and slower with a *uniformly retarded motion,* until at last it stops. At this point gravitation has overcome the impulse which projected it, and the ball begins to fall with a *uniformly accelerated motion,* and finally reaches the hand again with the same velocity it had at starting. A rifle bullet fired perpendicularly into the air would reach the ground with the same velocity and force it had on leaving the muzzle of the gun.

In this illustration two forces of impulse and gravitation are acting in opposite directions, but in the same straight line.

By an equally simple illustration we may see what would be the result of two forces acting otherwise than in the same straight line.

Suppose an impulse be given to a ball in one direction, and at the same time another equal impulse be given to it in a direction at right angles to that, it is clear that as it cannot travel in both directions, it must, so to speak, make a compromise, and travel on a course between the two. But let both these conflicting impulses go with the ball as it travels, and constantly tell upon it, it is clear that its course must be *constantly changing*. Let one of these impulses be towards a central point, then the changing course of the ball must be the same, which is saying in other words, that its path would be a curve; for a curve is a line constantly changing its direction towards a center.

Now from this illustration we can draw a most important deduction, namely, that a body moving in a curved path must be under the influence of two forces, one of which is a central one.

Applying this to the heavenly bodies, the conclusion is inevitable that as the moon revolves about the earth, and the earth and planets about the sun, they must be under the influence of two forces.

This was the result of the researches of Sir Isaac Newton, and he forthwith applied his theory of gravitation to the moon. Its time of revolution was accurately known, and its distance from the earth's center approximately so. From these data he could calculate the force that the earth must exert to maintain the moon in its orbit. The calculation was made, and the result did not seem to accord with the facts. With a faith in the accuracy of his researches, and a patience and reticence almost unmatched, Newton waited for more favorable opportunities of testing his grand theory.

For twenty years his splendid work lay hidden, and when more refined astronomical investigations had shown that the old estimate of the moon's distance was much too small, he once more returned to the old question. Gradually the calculations approached completion, and at length only a few simple problems remained, which, when finished, would reveal once and for ever the truth or falsity of gravitation. One can readily imagine with what awe-stricken agitation these final labors were conducted. A few more figures, and it might be that the great secret of the heavenly motions should be revealed; that the most mysterious of natural phenomena should be explained; that the unquenchable light of certain knowledge should burst forth and for ever illuminate mankind. Probably no man ever before underwent so terrific a mental strain. It might perhaps be possible, though difficult, to point to researches as pregnant with momentous consequences; but these have been wrought by laborious experiment, and have gradually shaped themselves. This transcendent discovery, however, at last was so near its birth that a few minutes more, and it might be that what sages from dim antiquity had longed to know should be made

suddenly clear, *and Newton knew it.* So unnerved was he by this stupendous thought, that his eyes grew dim, his hands trembled, and he was fain to seek the services of a friend to complete the task. It was completed; the theory of gravitation was proved, and the mystery of the planetary motions solved.

In this instructive history one knows not whether the more to admire the grandeur of the intellect which conceived the idea, or the patient faith which enabled Newton to hide for a generation the result of his most brilliant effort. The words of Milton rise naturally to the lips in commenting upon this history—

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

The planets are chained in their orbits by the gravitation of the sun. If that force were suddenly annihilated they would fly off into space along straight lines until they came within the reclaiming influence of some other powerful orb.

If, again, the speed of any planet were diminished, it would approach nearer to the sun, and we can calculate to what extent the speed must be diminished to cause it to fall upon that body. On the other hand, if the speed be augmented beyond a certain degree the solar power will no longer be sufficient to bend the planet's path into a closed orbit, such as a circle or ellipse, and the planet will pass away from his control along a path that would approximate to a straight line. Let us call the velocity which the sun can control at a given distance the *limiting velocity.*

Now it is a very curious fact that the distances and velocities of the planets are such that, starting from the sun, any planet would be nearly or quite freed from the solar control if it had the velocity of the next inner one. In other words, the limiting velocity of any planet is very nearly the actual velocity of the next inner planet.

For instance, Uranus lies outside Saturn. The mean speed of Uranus is 4.2 miles per second, and its limiting velocity is 5.9 miles per second. The actual mean velocity of Saturn is 5.9 miles per second. Hence if Uranus traveled at the same speed as Saturn it would be just able to free itself from the solar control.

It is from such facts as these—and many more could be cited—that we learn that the members of the solar system are not merely bound together by the influence of the sun's tremendous gravitation, but that they constitute a family, each possessing a family likeness.

The sun, we have already learned, is a star, and it possesses a train of dependent orbs, the planets. These planets travel round him in obedience to his gravitation. But the sun himself moves, and though we have not yet been able to determine his orbit we know sufficient about it to be sure that he too is compelled by some other body, whose influence upon him is as great as is his own

upon his planets. Nay, more, we are beginning to see that the stars themselves are moving; that some of them form actual systems in which this universal power of gravitation is pre-eminent.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable illustrations of the influence of gravitation is seen in multiple stars. These, which appear single to the naked eye, are resolved by the telescope into two or more. Of these the double stars have been most closely studied. They frequently differ in color—one of a pair may be green and another red; but their chief interest lies in the fact that they revolve about each other under the influence of their mutual gravitation.

If, as is probable, such double stars possess planetary systems, what wondrous phenomena must be manifested! To an inhabitant of such a planet what strange sights must be revealed! To him there would be two suns, both perhaps visible at one time, each casting its own shadows and tinging objects with its own light. We could imagine a mountain, one of whose sides was illumined by a red sun, the other by a green one. On the one side every object would appear red or black, on the other green or black. Or it might be that only one sun was visible at a time, and who could depict the singular effects of alternate red and green days?

The study of a few simple phenomena of every-day life has thus led us, firstly to the laws which regulate motion, then to the nature of the planetary movements, and so to gravitation, which we have finally seen is a mysterious force that binds together not only all the members of the solar system, but exercises an equal influence in those unfathomed depths of space that glitter with star-dust.

S. B. J. SKERTCHLY, *in The Sunday Magazine.*

THE BAYARD OF THE EAST.*

THE character of a Bayard can be appreciated in its fullest significance only by an age of chivalry. In the lips of men of our own generation the phrase at best only conveys half a compliment. The qualities which made the good knight of the days of Froissart and Monstrelet are more cheaply rated by the nineteenth century, unless backed up by attributes which we have come to regard as more solid. "*Sans peur et sans reproche*" is as noble a legend as ever was born on a shield, yet it would produce but a moderate impression upon either the Horse Guards or the War Office. In modern warfare personal bravery has declined in value, personal reckless-

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*James Outram: A Biography. By Major-General Sir F. J. Goldsmid, C. B, K. C. S. I. Smith, Elder & Co.: 1880.

ness is altogether at a discount; while personal action, unless it is directed along the hard and fast lines of the orders of the day, is altogether condemned. But there are times when the military machine gets out of joint or cannot be worked, and then we must look to pluck and cold steel for deciding the issue. At such times we are ready enough to applaud valor, and to reward it with Victoria Crosses or Stars of India and of the Bath; but we do not hold that these decorations carry with them a title to the more solid guerdons of staff appointments and brigade commands. But so long as war is war, whatever changes overtake the way in which it is conducted, the soldier's readiness to hazard his own life for the chance of killing his enemy must ever be the main foundation for confidence of victory; and we cannot bring ourselves to think that army administrators would be less successful if they kept this fact more steadily before their eyes.

It is not very easy to imagine Bayard tied up by the bonds of the Queen's Regulations, and to conceive how, fettered by such encumbrances, he could have maintained his character. The necessity of perfect subordination must often war against not only the desire of personal distinction, but even the exercise of those generous and chivalrous qualities which made up the better side of mediæval knighthood. To a strong-minded man it is an easier duty to hazard his life than to sacrifice his judgment to the carrying out of commands which he believes to be wrong in themselves, or which he is convinced could be more nobly and successfully carried out after his own fashion. It is only the man who can make circumstances his own, however, that may venture on such revolt. Success may compel disobedience to be condoned; failure only aggravates the original offense, however praiseworthy the intention may have been.

The career of Sir James Outram is one of the most notable instances in our own day of an independent judgment, exerted in the teeth of authority, forcing its way to recognition and high reward. His contemporaries styled him the "Bayard of the East;" and he owed the title even more to his chivalrous defiance of the authority of Government when he conceived its policy to be wrong or unsuitable, than to the dauntless courage which never failed him in the field or in the hunting-ground. Glorious as Outram's career was, even his admiring friends would never have recommended it for general imitation. Not a man in a hundred could have exercised the same independence, and have secured the same condonation for spendid disobedience. Time after time he set aside his written instructions, and even the special orders of his superiors; and as often the Government felt compelled to own that he had done right in the main, although it was obliged to qualify its approbation by reflections upon his mode of action. Not that Outram was always right; indeed, in our rapid sketch of his history we shall have occasion to refer to not a few matters in which we conceive

him to have been seriously in error; but his mistakes were those which a strong and generous nature that has spurned aside the safeguards of subordination and official routine is peculiarly liable to commit. The part which Outram played in the great events amid which his life in the East was spent has been the turning-point of much controversy and hot political feeling, from which, even at the present day, it is difficult to wholly dissever our judgment. And if his biographer has failed to present us with an altogether impartial estimate, he has at least illustrated the debated points in Outram's conduct with such fullness, that the reader's task in forming an opinion of his own is greatly simplified.

Believers in heredity will trace most of the marked peculiarities of Outram's character to his maternal grandfather, Dr. James Anderson, a distinguished Scotch horticulturist and *savant*, a correspondent of George Washington, and the editor of the *Bee*, the Liberal politics of which got him into trouble with the crown officers, although he was also the friend of Lord Melville, and an active coadjutor in that nobleman's projects for developing industries on the wild coasts and islands of Scotland. Mrs. Outram was possessed of all her father's natural vigor and resolution; and when her husband's affairs, followed by his death, left her a widow with five young children, almost entirely dependent on the bounty of relatives, she faced her position "with characteristic spirit and independence," as her son's biographer justly terms it. Her own account of her visit to Lord Melville gives a better insight into this lady's character than a volume of biography could do:—

"My spirit rose, and in place of meanly supplicating his favor like a pauper soliciting charity, I addressed him like a responsible being, who had misused the power placed in his hands by employing my father's time and talents for the good of the country, and to meet his own wishes and ends, then leaving him ignobly to suffer losses he could not sustain, but which his high-toned mind would not stoop to ward off by solicitations to those who had used him so unjustly. I then stated my own situation, my dependence and involved affairs, and concluded by saying that I could not brook dependence upon friends, when I had claims on my country, by right of my father, adding, 'To you, my lord, I look for payment of these claims. If you are an honest or honorable man, you will see that they are liquidated; *you* were the means of their being incurred, and *you* ought to be answerable for them. In making this application, I feel that I am doing your lordship as great a favor as myself, by giving you an opportunity of redeeming your character from the stigma of holding out promises and not fulfilling them.' All this I stated, and much more, in strong language, which was so different from anything his lordship expected or was used to meet with, that he afterwards told me he was never so taken by surprise or got such a lecture in his life."

The heroine of this scene, with its spirit, temper, and feminine logic, might have sat to Thackeray for the portrait of Madame Esmond, the mother of the Virginians. Such a woman was likely to bring up manly boys; and from his childhood Outram showed all the boldness and resolution that marked his latter years. His mother's circumstances did not permit of her giving her family

what would now pass for a good education, but he seems to have laid in a fair stock of learning at an excellent parish school in Aberdeenshire, whither his mother had gone to reside, and afterwards at an academy in the county town. His elder brother Francis, whose career in the Bombay Engineers afterwards came to so melancholy a termination, had got a nomination to Addiscombe and was preparing for India; and his uncle Archdeacon Outram seems to have recommended his sister to educate James for the Church. But for this calling the young Bayard felt no vocation. "You see that window," he said to his sister; "rather than be a parson I'm out of it, and I'll 'list for a common soldier." Fortunately, Mrs. Outram had kind friends in the county, who intervened to save the lad from a career for which he had so little relish; and through Captain Gordon, the member for Aberdeenshire, he was nominated to a cadetship in the Bombay infantry, and sailed for the East in May, 1819. He was then only in his sixteenth year, but the Lords of Leadenhall Street knew that boys often did them good service. It was on record that when the Directors were disposed to demur at the childish appearance of John Malcolm, to whose nature that of Outram was much akin, a spirited answer speedily removed their scruples. "Why, my little man," said one of the Directors to young Malcolm, as Sir John Kaye tells the story, "what would you do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?" "Do, sir?' replied Malcolm; "I would out with my sword and cut off his head;" and the directors unanimously agreed that he would do. Like Malcolm, Outram was childish in appearance, and was, when he joined in Bombay, "the smallest staff officer in the army." He was, however, posted to the 1st Grenadier Native Infantry, but was almost immediately transferred to the 4th N. I.

There is little to record of Outram's early days as a subaltern of native infantry. Drills, duty, hog-hunting, and *munshis* made up the story of the lives of most of his class. He seems to have been a diligent soldier, for he was able in the course of a year to act as adjutant of his corps. He had his fair share of the maladies of the Deccan and Gujerat, and doubtless the usual pecuniary struggles which a subaltern has to make ends meet. The increasing thoughtfulness of his character is manifested by the regard which he began to show for his mother's circumstances, and by the plans which he laid for allowing her a portion of his income. "You used to say you were badly off," he wrote to his mother in the cold weather of 1822; "but as I had been used to poor Udney," the parish school where he had been educated, "I thought we were very comfortable at our humble home. Now when I see how many privations you had to put up with, I think you made wonderful sacrifices for your children, whose duty it is to make you as comfortable as they possibly can."

A wider career was soon to open out to Outram than the routine

duties of his regiment, varied by an occasional expedition to quell local disturbances in some of the districts which had not yet begun to take kindly to the rule of the company. The Mahratta power had fallen in 1818, and we had entered into the inheritance of the Peishwas. The following year Mountstuart Elphinstone became Governor of Bombay ; and never was a statesman better qualified by natural talents and training for introducing a foreign rule into conquered territories. Among other countries to be broken in was the vast territory of Khandesh, lying to the south of the Sautpoora range and the Nerbudda. It is now a settled and prosperous district, paying a good revenue, and inhabited by law-abiding and industrious cultivators. But in 1825, when James Outram was sent into the country, Khandesh included some of the wildest portions of India. The deep ravines of the Sautpoora Mountains, shrouded in dense forests, gave cover to a savage race, to whom the name of law was unknown, who had no avocation except the pursuit of plunder, and whom both Hindoo and Muhammadan had agreed in considering as irreclaimable to civilization. Khandesh had been the seat of a Muhammadan kingdom established by revolted viceroys of Delhi, for two hundred years, until Akhbar, in the last year of the sixteenth century, reunited it to the empire. It had afterwards come under the dominion of the Mahratta conquerors; but neither Mussulman nor Mahratta had been able to tame the tribes of the highland country, and had been content to treat them as wild beasts, ruthlessly destroying them when caught out of their jungles, and punishing them by retributive expeditions into their fastnesses. These tribes were known by the appellation of Bhil. They were non-Aryans, and had been less influenced by the northern immigration than any of the other Indian tribes which we are accustomed to speak of as aboriginal. The same attributes which distinguished them in Outram's days had been their characteristic in the earliest ages of Indian history. In the Mahabharata, Drona refuses to teach archery to the son of the Rajah of the Bhils, saying, "The Bhils are robbers and cattle-lifters—it would be a sin to teach them to use weapons ;" and the same legend would seem to indicate that even for the use of the bow the Bhils had been indebted to their Aryan enemies. Pent in their mountain ravines, and held at enmity by all their neighbors from prehistoric times, it was no wonder, though administrators considered it as a hopeless task to reduce the Bhils to order, and reclaim them from their thievish propensities. Yet this was the duty which was now prescribed to Outram. Mountstuart Elphinstone was anxious to restore Khandesh to the prosperity which it had enjoyed under Muhammadan rule ; and to promote this plan, it was necessary that something should be done to keep the Bhils in order. With his usual judgment Elphinstone pitched upon the right men, though two young and comparatively untried officers, for the work which

he had in view. Outram he called his "sword," and Captain Charles Ovans was to be his "plow." A fair idea of the services which he expected from each of them may be inferred from these epithets; but if Outram was to be the sword, he was speedily to prove himself a blade of the finest temper. The Scotch governor, remembering possibly the policy by which Chatham had broken in the Highlanders of his own country, intrusted Outram with the duty of raising a Bhil corps among the robber tribes. The town of Dharangaon was to be his headquarters, and his jurisdiction extended over a vast tract of country running up into the glens of Sautpooras, where the fiercest and most irreclaimable tribes of the Bhils were harboring. Outram at this time was only two-and-twenty; but he applied himself to his work with a zeal and wisdom which would have been creditable to an officer of double his age and experience. His first aim was to gain the confidence of the Bhils; and this he achieved by fearlessly living in their villages unattended by a guard, and by convincing them of his courage in desperate encounters with their enemy, the tiger. He had, however, to commence by hostilities, and the nucleus of the future corps was formed out of a handful of outlaws captured by his troops. "I thus effected an intercourse with some of the leading Naicks"—chieftains—"went alone with them into their jungles, gained their hearts by copious libations of brandy, and their confidence by living unguarded among them, until at last I persuaded five of the most adventurous to risk their fortunes with me, which small beginning I considered insured ultimate success."

The young Bayard was now in his element. He had a great work to do; he was not tied down by precise instructions; he had no superiors on the spot to whom to account strictly for his mode of action; his life was one of peril and adventure; and the signal success which soon attended his efforts would have stimulated even a less zealous nature to increased exertions. The doubts which the Bhils were at first disposed to feel speedily wore off. As soon as he was sure that his recruits felt confidence in himself, Outram returned their trust. He had no guards except his Bhils; he gave them arms; he shared in their amusements; and he convinced them that obedience and good conduct would insure for them promotion and reward. They willingly took the field against the plundering bands of their own race, and in the course of four or five months he had together so respectable a corps that he felt no shame in marching them into the Maligaon to take their place beside his own regiment of the native line. The reception which the Bhils met with from the Bombay Sepoys at once crowned Outram's efforts with success. The Sepoy had always been looked upon by the Bhil as his natural enemy. There were the great barriers of caste and no-caste between the two, and their natural repugnance must have been equal. But discipline kept the Sepoy's prejudices

in check, and he surprised the Bhil by meeting him on the footing of a fellow-soldier. "Not only were the Bhils received by the men without insulting scoffs," says Outram, "but they were even received as friends, and with the greatest kindness invited to sit among them, fed by them, and talked to by high and low. . . . The Bhils returned quite delighted and flattered by their reception, and entreated me to allow them no rest from drill until they became equal to their brother-soldiers!" Let those who undervalue the ends which English influence is working out in India think how much was implied in such a meeting. For the first time since the days of Mahabharata, some two or three and twenty centuries back, the Bhils had been received on a footing of equality by their fellow-creatures, treated as men, and not as vermin of the jungle. It was not much wonder though they were deeply impressed, and that when Outram went back to Dharangaon he had no want of recruits for his corps.

From 1825 to 1835 Outram was employed among the Bhils; and the country, as well as the people, underwent a marked change under his rule. Raids from the Sautpooras became more rare, for the outlaws were speedily made to understand that when Outram and his Bhils got on their trail no hiding-place was too remote, no jungle too dense, to save them from capture. Although only a lieutenant in the army, and seven-and-twenty years of age, he found himself in 1830 commander-in-chief of a force some fifteen hundred strong, with which he subdued the lawless tribes of the Dang country, and earned the special thanks of Government. He opened schools for the children of his Bhil soldiers; and in spite of the contempt which not a few felt for this attempt to educate a race that had ever been ignorant of reading and writing, the experiment was fairly successful, and had at all events the good effect of raising the Bhil in his own self-respect. Amid all this ruling, educating, and figting, Outram contrived to distinguish himself among the tigers in the Khandesh jungles; and it is probable that the dauntlessness with which he sought out and encountered the fiercest man-eating tigers, raised him more in the estimation of the Bhils than all his other exploits. His game-bag for the ten years of his sojourn among the Bhils will raise a sigh of envy among sportsmen of the present day:—

"From 1825 to 1834 inclusive, he himself and associates in the chase killed no fewer than 235 tigers, wounding 22 others; 25 bears, wounding 14; 12 buffaloes, wounding 5; and killed also 16 panthers or leopards. Of this grand total of 329 wild animals, 44 tigers and one panther or leopard were killed during his absence by gentlemen of the Khandesh hunt; but Outram was actually present at the death of 191 tigers, 15 panthers or leopards, 25 bears, and 12 buffaloes."

His lieutenant, Douglas Graham, who was as entertaining a writer as he was a bold shot, has recorded many remarkable adventures which we would gladly repeat if our space allowed. We

must, however, content ourselves with one anecdote which Captain Stanley Scott, in recent times, found still fresh in the memory of the Bhils.

"In April or May, 1825, news having been brought in by his *shikari*, Chima, that a tiger had been seen on the side of the hill under the Mussulman temple among some prickly-pear shrubs, Lieutenant Outram and another sportsman proceeded to the spot. Outram went on foot, and his companion on horseback. Searching through the bushes, when close on the animal, Outram's friend fired and missed, on which the tiger sprang forward roaring, seized Outram, and they rolled down the side of the hill together. Being released from the claws of the ferocious beast for a moment, Outram, with great presence of mind, drew a pistol he had with him, and shot the tiger dead. The Bhils, on seeing that he had been injured, were one and all loud in their grief and expressions of regret; but Outram quieted them with the remark, 'What do I care for the clawing of a cat!' This speech was rife among the Bhils for many years afterwards, and may be so until this day."

These ten years among the Bhils were the making of Outram. They matured his courage, taught him self-reliance—a lesson which he was ever too apt to learn—afforded him an experience in command which he could never have acquired in his regiment, and brought his capacity and talent prominently before the Bombay Government. Both Mountstuart Elphinstone and Sir John Malcolm could fully appreciate the difficulties with which Outram had to contend, and both were well content that he should be left to take his own way. It was when thus freed from official leading-strings that Outram was sure to do his work best. By the time he left Khandesh, although only thirty-two years of age, he had made a reputation for ability that was recognized far beyond his own Presidency; and he left such memories of himself among the Bhils as Cleveland had left among the Kols, or Macpherson among the Khonds, or John Nicholson among the wild clans of the Peshawur border. To Outram as well as to these latter officers divine honors were paid after his departure. "A few years ago some of his old Sepoys happened to light upon an ugly little image. Tracing in it a fancied resemblance to their old commandant, they forthwith set it up and worshiped it as 'Outram Sahib.'"

When the time came for Outram to take leave of the Bhils, he found a governor ruling in Bombay who was not the most likely man to appreciate his special gifts and turn them to the best account. Sir Robert Grant was a well-meaning but weak governor, more anxious to earn a character as a philanthropic administrator than to take the steps which were necessary to enforce order in the outlying parts of his Presidency. When Outram was sent to the Mahi Kanta, a native State in Gujerat, he did not hesitate to cavil with his instructions, and to bluntly tell the government that they did not go far enough. But though rebuked for his frankness, Outram was not deterred from taking his own way; and the Bombay Government was sorely exercised in finding language which

would at once congratulate him on the success he had achieved and condemn the mode in which he had acted. We need not go into details of these Mahi Kanta troubles, which have no interest for us except so far as they illustrate Outram's predilection for modifying his orders to suit his own views, which were certainly always conceived in the higher interests of the State and of the people with whom he was concerned. His spirited conduct in the Mahi Kanta earned the commendation of the Court of Directors; but this also was qualified by a reminder that they were not "forgetful of the fact that on several occasions he had shown a disposition to act in a more peremptory manner, and to resort sooner to measures of military coercion, than the Bombay Government had approved." Outram was not the man to bear such a remark in silence, and he drew up a memorandum in vindication of his career, which the Bombay Government answered by soothing encomiums. He was too good an officer for government to lightly quarrel with, and his consciousness of his own powers enabled him to address the Secretariat in a tone which would have insured certain suspension in the case of any less qualified officer. But it is important to note that, even at this early period of his career, he had begun to indulge in those contests with Government which, more or less all his life through, retarded his advancement and interfered with the disposition of his superiors to employ him on service worthy of his abilities.

In the interval between his employment among the Bhils and his mission to the Mahi Kanta, Outram had married; and the union, in spite of many separations arising from his wife's ill health and his own absences on duty, was in every way calculated to promote his happiness. But sickness compelled Mrs. Outram and her infant son to return to England in 1837; and Outram himself had then purposed to take leave and follow her in 1840. But meantime the Afghan war had broken out, and Outram was among the first to send in his name as a volunteer.

Sir John Keane, commanding the Bombay column, appointed him an extra aide-de-camp; and Outram accepted the appointment, apparently more because it would give him admission into the campaign, when he would be able to find other opportunities of making himself useful, than that he cared much for a place in the general's household. Outram's peculiar talents soon found adequate employment in his new position. The position of the Talpur Ameers of Sind, lying across the line of communications of the Bombay column, rendered it necessary that an understanding should be come to with them. Outram and Lieutenant Eastwick were dispatched to Haiderabad to obtain the Ameer's acceptance of a draft treaty prepared by Col. Pottinger, the Resident; and this mission was the commencement of that intercourse with the Talpur families which subsequently ripened to a warm friendship, and which brought so

much trouble and worry upon Outram's after-career. On this occasion his mission was unsuccessful, and it required a demonstration from the north to make the Ameers listen to reason. Shortly after, Outram was sent on to Shikarpur, where the king, Shah Sujah-ul-Mulk, and Mr. MacNaghten the envoy then were, to arrange about the commissariat and transport for the advance of the Bombay column. The success with which Outram accomplished this mission marked him out as the most suitable officer for keeping up communication between Sir John Keane and the Envoy's headquarters; and into this work—involving, as it did, long and dangerous rides through wild passes and unfriendly tribes, perils from ambush and from mutinous escorts, fatigue, and scanty fare—Outram threw himself with all his heart. The employment carried with it the valued advantage that it took him to the scene of action whenever anything of importance was going on. On one occasion he was severely hurt by a fall from his horse; but instead of lying up until recovery, he traveled with the column in a palanquin. At the storming of Ghuzni—from the official accounts of which Outram's name was omitted, probably from the provincial jealousy which characterized the Bengal and Bombay armies so strongly in the first Afghan wars—Outram was present, and had distinguished himself by a gallant exploit on the eve of the battle with a small party of the Shah's contingent, capturing the holy banner of white and green, and routing a strong party of the Afghans. But his great exploit in the Afghan campaign was his pursuit of Dost Mohammed, which, though it failed to capture the Ameer, was a feat of *derring-do* which the earlier Bayard might have been proud to number among his enterprises. On the fall of Ghuzni, Dost Mohammed made for Bamian, with the evident intention of falling back upon Balkh, then as now the natural refuge of every discomfited pretender to the Afghan throne. A flying force of 2,000 Afghans and 100 of our own cavalry, the whole under the command of Outram, were to endeavor to hunt down the flying Ameer; and a number of young officers, most of whom were destined to attain after-distinction in the service, volunteered to accompany him. There was Wheeler of the Bengal cavalry, Colin Troup, Christie, George Lawrence, Broadfoot, Keith Erskine, and others; and Bayard could not have wished for a braver following. The hopes founded on Afghan assistance were delusive. The cavalry supplied by the Shah were a badly-mounted rabble. The guide, an old melon seller, who had risen to high rank by changing sides in the Afghan troubles, was utterly untrustworthy. He wished to follow the trail of the Ameer, while Outram's desire was to make his way across the hills and intercept his flight. The native guide, however, contrived to lead them by such routes as would waste time and give the Ameer an opportunity of getting beyond the Paropamisus. At every halting-place the native forces were fall-

ing off; and when they came within a day's march of "the Dost," as Sir Francis Goldsmid designates the Ameer, he had barely fifty Afghans to support him, and his supplies were exhausted.

"But Hajji Khan urged a halt, on the plea that the force at their disposal was insufficient to cope with the enemy. Outram insisted on moving, and managed in the course of the afternoon to get together some 750 Afghans of all sorts, whom he induced to accompany his own particular party. Through accident or design the guides went astray; and in the darkness of the night the way was lost 'amid interminable ravines, where no trace of a footstep existed;' so that Yort was not reached until next morning, when Dost Mohammed was reported to be at Kharzár, sixteen miles distant on the highroad leading from Cabul to Bamian. No inducement could get the Afghans to advance another stage until the morning of the following day, August 7th; and in the interim their leader attempted by every available means, and including even threats, to dissuade Outram from proceeding any further, strongly representing the scarcity of provisions for his men, and the numerical superiority of those whom he sought to encounter. He was unable, however, to carry his point; for he pleaded to one who went onward in spite of every obstacle. When the pursuers arrived at Kharzár they ascertained that the Ameer had gone to Kalu, whither, leaving behind their Afghan adviser, they pressed on the same afternoon, over the Hajji Guk (or Khak), a pass 12,000 feet above the ocean, whence they saw the snow 1,500 feet below them. At Kalu they were again doomed to disappointment. Dost Mohammed had left some hours previously, and it was supposed that he had already surmounted the Kalu Pass, the highest of the Hindu Kush. Here Outram and his comrades were compelled to remain the night, encamped at the foot of Kuh-i-Baba, the 'Father Mountain,' monarch of that mighty range, and 22,000 feet high; they had been nine hours in the saddle, and horses and men were knocked up. The next day they were overtaken by Captains Taylor and Trevor, with 30 troopers and about 300 Afghans—which reinforcement, though it seems to have inspired Hajji Khan with courage to rejoin his headquarters, did not a whit diminish his ardor in endeavoring to persuade the British commandant to delay the pursuit. He tried, by entreaty, menace, and withholding guides, to keep back this dauntless soldier, even when mounting his horse and in the act of departure, but in vain; before nightfall Outram had crossed the steep Shutargardan (camel-neck), a pass some thousands of feet higher than the Hajji-Guk, and after dark he halted at a deserted village at the foot of the Ghat, . . . on the banks of a stream which flows into the Oxus. Briefly, after six days' hard riding and roughing he reached Bamian, to miss again the object of his search, and to certify that with such a guide and in such a country it would be madness to continue the chase."

Fruitless as this expedition was, it was one of the most gallant achievements in the whole of the first Afghan war; and the fact that an officer of Outram's standing should have been chosen to lead it showed that his native aptitude for such enterprises had already been recognized by the military authorities and by the Envoy, the latter of whom, in spite of differences of opinion as to the policy which they were engaged in carrying out, was anxious to procure Outram's transfer to the political department. He was, however, next sent to reduce the Ghilzai country—a duty which he performed with characteristic energy and success, capturing their leaders and dismantling or blowing up their forts. He took part in General Wiltshire's capture of Kelat, where he so specially distinguished himself as to be selected to carry the dispatch to the Bombay Government—a hazardous duty, as the general desired

him to return to India by the direct route to Sonmiani Bundar, and report upon its practicability for the passage of troops. Disguised as an Afghan, accompanied by one servant and guided by two Syuds, Outram made his way by Nal to Sonmiani, a distance of 355 miles, in eight days, supporting the character of a Pir or holy man on the road with much skill; and he astonished his brother-in-law, General Farquaharson, by bursting into his quarters at Kurrachee in Afghan costume, armed with sword and shield. He learned afterward that the Chief of Wadd had been made acquainted with his journey, and had followed him hot-foot down through the passes to Sonmiani, with a view to intercept and slay him.

The immediate reward of Outram's Afghan services was the political agency of Lower Sind, in succession to Colonel Pottinger, although the appointment was shorn of the title of Resident, by which the latter officer had been distinguished. Outram had scruples about this change, but Sind presented a field for a man of action which he could not fail to appreciate. Afghanistan was far from settled, and Sind must be the basis of all operations in the southern part of the country as well as in Beloochistan. The condition of the Talpur Ameers was then growing more and more critical; and though Outram was by no means well calculated to practice the diplomacy which the Government of India was disposed to exercise in their case, he was yet alive to the prospects of distinction which the situation in Sind presented. He was never a "political" in the successful sense of the term. He drew a somewhat fanciful distinction between his obligations in civil and military employ, which was a prolific source of embarrassment to him in the former capacity. He entertained the idea that while the soldier ought to yield unquestioning obedience to the orders of his superiors, the political officer might be permitted the greater latitude of accommodating the policy of Government to the dictates of his own conscience. Such feelings were to Outram's credit as a man, but they naturally detracted from his utility as an agent of Government, and laid the foundation of the painful controversy regarding the annexation of Sind in which he subsequently became involved, and which for many years cast a heavy cloud over his life. We cannot now go into the details of this unprofitable discussion. Of the necessity for annexing Sind we do not entertain a doubt, and the prosperity which British rule has brought to that province must more than condone the irregularity of the steps which Lord Ellenborough and Sir Charles Napier took against the Ameers. Outram seems to have exaggerated in his own mind the obligations which he conceived himself to be under to the Talpur dynasty. He was present at the death of Nur Muhammad Khan, and had solemnly accepted the guardianship of his children; and he seems to have considered that this pledge affected his personal honor as well as his political capacity. At the same time Outram, in the exercise of his political

agency, displayed an independence of the Supreme Government which naturally drew down upon him Lord Ellenborough's displeasure. That nobleman was unpopular with all branches of the service; he was constantly finding his orders thwarted by the personal views of the officers who ought to have carried them out; and we cannot wonder at his feeling that so prominent a case as that of Outram required to be made an example, in spite of the hard work and brilliant services which the Governor-General readily acknowledged. The political agent took the extreme step of maintaining Lieutenant Hammersley in his post at Quetta, "on the plea of urgent requirements," after that officer had been remanded to his regiment, in consequence of the displeasure of his Supreme Government; and though the motives which actuated Outram were generous to Quixotry, he himself was conscious of the risk which he was incurring. "See this correspondence about Hammersley," he writes to the Secretary of the Bombay Government, "which, I take, will end in his lordship sending me to my regiment." With an officer who thus takes his own way with his eyes open, we cannot sympathize very much when his worst anticipations are realized. The first punishment that befell him was the appointment of General Nott to the chief political as well as military power in Lower Afghanistan, Sind, and Beloochistan, which interposed that officer between himself and the Supreme Government. Outram felt the slight, but it was characteristic of his generous nature that he was resolutely resolved that his sore feelings on this point should not be allowed to affect his zeal in co-operating with his new superior. But Outram threw too much personal feeling into the affairs amid which he was moving to be a desirable assistant in a course of policy so tortuous as that which Lord Ellenborough was forced by circumstances to follow. He was friendly to the Sind Ameers, and he obstinately shut his eyes to their hostile disposition, which was obvious to Lord Ellenborough's Government. He had a great liking for the young Khan of Kelat, whom he had personally been the means of bringing into the British alliance; and he restored to him the territory of Shawl almost on his own responsibility, and certainly with a precipitation that could not but be displeasing, and might well have been embarrassing, to the Supreme Government. On the whole, we cannot say that Lord Ellenborough was altogether to blame because, on the arrival of Sir Charles Napier to assume the chief military and political power in Sind, he took the opportunity of sending Major Outram back for a season to his regiment. The comparison between the reputations of Outram and Lord Ellenborough has naturally made their dissensions reflect to the disadvantage of the latter; but a dispassionate review of Outram's proceedings in the Sind agency will convince any impartial judge that he took more upon him than his subordinate position warranted; and that unless the Governor-General was prepared to have his

policy dictated by his political officers, he had no alternative except to remove so willful a diplomatist to a field of action where his temperament would be less liable to bring him into collision with the dominant policy. In the estimation of many competent Anglo-Indian politicians, it might have been well for Lord Ellenborough had he followed Outram's counsels. On this we offer no opinion. We simply maintain that the Governor-General, holding the views which he did, was perfectly justified in removing Outram for following the course which he had chosen.

By this time Outram's character was thoroughly established in the eyes of all India. His bravery, his zeal, and his capacity as a leader, had been demonstrated beyond question in the Cabul campaign; and his chivalrous loyalty to his friends, his modesty of his own exploits, and his hatred of untruth, had come forcibly before the public in the course of his contests with the Supreme Government. It is probable that the independence which he displayed did much to enhance his popularity; for Lord Ellenborough's Government was generally disliked, and opposition to it was accounted a cardinal virtue both in the services and among non-officials. When, therefore, at the farewell dinner given to Outram on his departure from Sind, Sir Charles Napier proposed his health as the "Bayard of India, *sans peur et sans reproche,*" the epithet was adopted by acclamation throughout the country; and the compliment had no small influence on Outram's after-career. The government too, although it could not help regarding him as an impracticable political, was yet fully convinced of his capacity for doing it excellent service, and had no intention of shelving him for good in his native infantry regiment: nor was he long destined to be absent from the scene of his former labors. Just as he was preparing to sail for England on leave at the end of 1842, Sir Charles Napier desired his services as commissioner for arranging the details of the revised treaty with the Talpur Ameers; and the Supreme Government acceded to the request. Outram was disposed to quarrel with the curt way in which his appointment was communicated, but his desire to be back in Sind was stronger than his feeling of resentment. In the events which followed, the position of Outram freed him from all ulterior responsibility for the measures which were ultimately taken. The treachery of the Ameers put an end to his functions as a negotiator, and would have sacrificed his life but for his gallant defense of the Haiderabad Residency. This, however, does not seem to have alienated Outram's sympathies from the Talpur family or to have relieved his conscience of what he considered due to his pledge to Nur Muhammad. The course of events is very succinctly and justly summed up in a letter from Lord Ellenborough to the Queen, which we prefer to quote, as giving the reader a more correct account of the principles upon which Sind was annexed than either Outram's letters or his biographer's comments:—

"The new treaty proposed to the Ameers, justified by their violation of the existing treaty and by various acts of intended hostility, would have given to the British Government in India practical command over the lower Indus. Between acquiring that command and retiring at once from the Indus there was no safe course. The retirement, following upon the withdrawal of the armies from Cabul, would have given credit to the misrepresentation studiously circulated with respect to the circumstances under which that withdrawal took place; and it would have had the necessary consequence of leading to the violation in all its details of the commercial treaty which secured the free navigation of the Indus.

"The position in which the Government of India would have stood had the new treaty been acceded to, and at first faithfully carried out, would not have been without its embarrassments. It could not be expected that the Ameers would have at all times quietly submitted to provisions they had accepted with reluctance, and war would have been forced upon us hereafter at an inconvenient moment.

"It cannot be regretted, therefore, that the treachery of the Ameers should have obliged the British Government to take at once a more decided course, and to establish its own authority in all such parts of Scinde as it may be desirable to hold in our hands.

"To attempt to enter into terms with the defeated Ameers would have been an act of weakness and self destruction. No faith could be expected from them and even if they were disposed to adhere to their engagements, the barbarous violence of their followers would not permit them to do so. There appeared to be no advisable course of policy but that of at once taking possession of the country which had been thus thrown into our hand, and so using our power as to make our conquest beneficial to the people." *

Whatever view may be taken of the conquest of Sind, it is much to be regretted that Outram should have plunged into controversy upon the subject. His own share in the troubles of Sind had never been seriously reflected upon, and his reiterated vindications of his own conduct were even more uncalled for than his criminations of the officers more immediately connected with the annexation. Of his quarrel with Sir Charles Napier, Outram's biographer wisely says very little. Both were hot-tempered outspoken men, alike too ready to seize the pen when their feelings were warm; and the only conclusion that we could come to from an investigation of their quarrel would be, that there were right and wrong on both sides and that, if Outram's course was the more generous, Sir Charles Napier's was the more statesmanlike.

We must hurry over the succeeding years of Outram's life, not linger over the testimonials to his merits which poured from all quarters—a sword worth 300 guineas from the people of the Bombay Presidency, a gold medal from the Pope, and a Bible and Prayer book from the Bishop of Bombay, who felt himself debarred from contributing to the more warlike present. He visited England a Lieutenant-Colonel and a C. B. in 1843, and plunged into the thick of the Sind controversy which was then raging fiercely in Parliament and at Leadenhall Street. But the time had passed for altering the Sind policy, and all that Outram could do was to widen the breach

* The Indian Administration of Lord Ellenborough. Edited by Lord Colchester. Pp. 70–71.

between himself and Lord Ellenborough's party. Naturally on his return to India, the Government showed no disposition to provide him with an appointment adequate to his services and merit. The only post offered him was the Nimar agency in Central India, the salary of which was inferior to what he had drawn in the Mahi Kanta; and the duties were merely of a routine character. The disturbances in the Southern Mahratta country breaking out soon after, found him active employment again; and he served in a half-military, half-political capacity in the Kolapore and Sawant Wari States, doing brilliant service in the attacks upon the insurgent's forts, and, it must be owned, incurring frequent expostulations from the Government for the very free interpretation which he frequently put upon its instructions.

In 1845 we find Outram filling the post of Resident of Satara, an easy but not over-lucrative appointment. Although a Lieutenant-Colonel and a Companion of the Bath, Outram's substantive rank in the army was still only that of Captain, and his pay suffered in consequence. But though not free from the pinchings of poverty, he scornfully refused to touch an anna of the Rs. 29,941 (nearly £3,000) which came to him as his share of the Sind prize-money. Bayard would not participate in what he looked upon as plunder, and would have restored his portion to the son of his old friend, the Ameer Nur Muhammad, who had been committed to his charge. But there were obstacles in the way of such benevolence, and Outram got rid of the money by dividing it among the military and missionary institutions for the education of European children. He would fain have taken part in the exciting events that soon took place in the Punjab, but the Bombay Government refused to spare him. The Residency of Baroda, then the great prize in the Bombay political department, was soon to fall vacant, and the reversion of this post was Outram's by right of natural selection; and accordingly, in May, 1847, he was gazetted to his new appointment.

It might have been thought that by this time Outram's Quixotic feelings would have been well tamed down by the varied experiences through which he had passed, and the troubles which he had brought upon himself by breaking through the bonds of routine. He was now in middle life, with matured experience, and with a reputation which gave him a firm hold of the ladder leading to the highest prizes in the Company's service. It was his interest to avoid further sources of unpleasantness with his Government and with the Board of Directors. But while Outram was as yet beholding Baroda only from a distance, he had already planned out a work for which he had every reason to know his Government would give him scanty thanks. In Baroda, as in almost every other native State, there reigned the demon of *Khatpat*, which presides over bribery, corruption, the malversation of justice, and

official oppression generally; but there was this difference, that *Khatpat* had a stronger hold on Baroda than on any other native State of the day. Outram had long eyed the evil from afar as if he fain would grapple with it; and, even when in the Mahi Kanta, he had made use of his limited opportunities to denounce the system. On his arrival at Baroda he threw himself into the work of beating down corruption wherever he could detect it, and the consequence was that he soon had the whole State in a ferment. The Government and the Board of Directors knew as well as Outram the corrupt condition of the Gaikwar's court and administration; but they knew also that to strike at the root of the evil they would have to strike at the Gaikwar himself, and the time had not yet arrived when so extreme a measure could be ventured upon. The Resident had plenty of hints to be moderate in the measures which he was taking to unearth and hunt down corruption; but he was too high-minded to allow prudential advice to stand between him and what he saw to be the clear line of his duty, or to lend his official assistance to gloss over evils which were discreditable to the honor of British rule. Revelation after revelation of the grossest corruption in the palace, in the Residency, in every department of the Gaikwar's administration, aroused the public mind, both in India and in England, to the Baroda abuses; and the Court of Directors could no longer stifle the subject. Investigations were ordered, and the results did not always bear out the statements of the Resident. He had, of course, perjury and falsehood to contend with at every step; and there is little doubt that his warm temperament had led him to entertain extreme views of the corruption with which he was warring, and of the cases which he had championed. In December, 1851, the Bombay Government, at the head of which Viscount Falkland then was, found it impossible to maintain Outram longer at Baroda without committing itself to the extreme measures which would have been the natural action to have taken upon his reports; and a letter was sent to him announcing its resolution to remove him, but leaving it to him "to withdraw in the manner least offensive to his own feelings, and least calculated to embarrass Government or affect their amicable relations with H. H. the Gaikwar." The Court of Directors wrote even more harshly of his proceedings; and, although a large number of its members sympathized with Outram's aims, a dispatch was sent out strongly condemnatory of the tone of Outram's reports and of the character of his proceedings. The subject was ventilated in Parliament with very little result, and two huge blue-books were laid before the Houses, which had but little influence on public opinion. People generally felt that the course taken by Outram had been a noble and disinterested one, and that, if he had sinned at all, he had sinned from excess of zeal on behalf of the honor of his Government. His time, thus placed at his own dis-

posal, was employed in revisiting England; but it was fated that his holidays at home were always to be marred by his Indian quarrels. He persisted in fighting the battle of Baroda corruption in England with but little expectation of obtaining so unanimous a verdict in his favor as might compel the Court of Directors to reverse its harsh sentence. But when the time came for him to return to India, the Court addressed a dispatch to Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General, expressing a hope that, as there was no position under the Bombay Government equal in importance to the one from which Outram had been removed, his claims to employment under the Supreme Government might be favorably considered. Meanwhile the troubles in the East which ended in the Crimean war had broken out, and the Foreign Office was disposed to take advantage of Outram's services; but Lord Stratford de Redcliffe could hold out no immediate prospect of employment, and so he went on his way to Calcutta. He was now fortunate enough to meet with a chief who could appreciate his peculiar disposition and utilize his powers; and as soon as the transfer of the Baroda Residency from the Bombay to the Supreme Government was completed, Outram was replaced in his old appointment. At Baroda he had the satisfaction of removing from office some of the worst of his old antagonists, and his conduct called forth the warm approbation of the Governor-General. Had he been backed by a ruler like Lord Dalhousie during the eventful years of his first residence at Baroda, there can be no question but that he would have been able to purge the Gaikwar's Court, and have earned commendation instead of rebuke for his exertions. "The mingled sternness and consideration with which you have treated the Gaikwar," wrote the Governor-General, "will, I hope, have a lasting effect upon the Gaikwar himself, and will teach both him and those about him that, while the Supreme Government is desirous of upholding him, it must be obeyed in all things. . . . You must accept my personal congratulations and thanks in regard to the complete success of your return to Baroda."

Lord Dalhousie's aim in sending Outram back to Baroda had, however, rather been a generous desire that he might have an opportunity of removing the effects which the harsh judgment of the Bombay Government and the Court of Directors had produced, and that the Gaikwar might be shown that the Supreme Government was not disposed to put up with the corruption which had unhappily characterized his administration, than that he had any intention of continuing Outram in the post. To have maintained him longer than this end was accomplished, would not have been in accordance with the principles upon which the feudatory policy of the Indian Government is conducted; and accordingly, when the Residency and command at Aden fell vacant, Outram was selected to fill it. The short period which he occupied this office, coupled

with his shattered health, did not admit of his leaving his impress upon this ungenial station, but it gave him an insight into Arabian affairs which was subsequently useful in his Persian command. He gladly received Lord Dalhousie's summons to take up the Residency at Lucknow from Colonel Sleeman, who was retiring at the close of a long, useful, and honorable career. Here Outram was destined to take part in the crowning acts of Lord Dalhousie's Indian administration, upon which history never has been, and never will be, able to adopt a unanimous opinion. Had any possibility remained of preserving Oudh as an independent State, by a vigorous exercise of the influence which the Company's Government were entitled to exert by treaty, by a vigorous application of the knife to the corruptions of the Lucknow Court, and by the entire remodeling of the administration of the kingdom, Outram was of all others the man to carry such a work to a successful termination. But the Government had come to the conclusion upon very sufficient grounds that the Court of Oudh was past the aid of political surgery, and Outram was called in to kill and not to cure. By the time that he was sent to Lucknow annexation may be looked upon as having become a foregone conclusion, and it cannot be said to have been a part of his mission to deal with reform. But no fitter man could have been found to hold the helm while so important a revolution was being effected, and of this Lord Dalhousie was well aware. Had his duty lain in a different direction, we can scarcely suppose that Outram would have succeeded any better than Low and Sleeman had done. But his presence in Oudh unquestionably maintained peace while the arrangements of the annexation were being effected, and postponed for eighteen months the outbreak which was destined to put an end to the Company's Government in its turn. From a Calcutta newspaper of the day we get an interesting glimpse of Outram's personal appearance as he made his splendid entrance into Lucknow. "Everybody was delighted to see the Colonel looking so well, and many an anxious glance was turned to behold the Bayard of India. He is a small man, with dark hair and moustache, and the eyes of a falcon, with gentleman and soldier stamped in every feature." In addition to his previous honors, his services in Oudh brought him a civil K. C. B. at the same time that a similar decoration was conferred on John Lawrence for his services in the Punjab. To Outram this honor was enhanced by the farewell letter from Point de Galle, in which his retiring chief announced the distinction. "It is some comfort to me for other mortifications," wrote Lord Dalhousie, "that I am able, by the Gazette which I found here, to hail you as Sir James Outram before I cease to sail under the Company's flag. . . . . As long as I live I shall remember with genuine pleasure our official connection, and shall hope to retain your personal friendship. A letter now and then when you can find time would be a great gratification

to me." The strain of his duties in Oudh told severely upon a constitution already shattered by hard service and climate, and Outram had again to take leave to England in the hot weather of 1856. He had learned wisdom from previous experience, and kept aloof as much as possible from the discussions of the India House. He had risen greatly in the estimation of the Directors since his late successes in Baroda and Oudh, and might calculate upon the best things the Court had to bestow. But his health was still in an unsatisfactory condition, and he seems for some time to have been doubtful whether he would again be able to return to the East. His cure, however, is said to have been effected in this fashion :—

"On the determination of the Government to declare war against Persia, Colonel Sykes, then an East Indian Director, went to Outram, who was lying ill at Brighton. 'I am glad to see you,' said the sick man, 'for it may be the last time.' 'I am sorry for that,' said the Colonel, 'for I had come to tell you that we had decided to offer you the command of the expedition against Persia.' 'What! Persia?' exclaimed Outram; 'I'll go to-morrow.'"

The anecdote is at least *ben trovato ;* and Outram's ailments were certainly soon forgotten in the bustle of preparations for taking up his command. The story of Outram's Persian campaign has been already told at length in the columns of this magazine by one of his brave companions, and we must refer the reader to that paper * for a just and succinct summary. He was preceded in the field by General Stalker, who had carried Bushire and destroyed the magazine at Chahkota before his chief could arrive. Outram's biographer gives us to understand that the General was anxious that his old friend should have the credit of reducing Bushire before he himself appeared on the field. The other magazine, Borasjun, awaited Outram's arrival. His march against this village resulted in the cavalry and artillery battle of Kooshab, at the commencement of which Outram was stunned by a fall from his horse, when his place was ably supplied by Colonel Lugard, his chief of the staff, until, as he says in a letter to the Governor-General, "the noise of the commencement of the contest brought me to my senses." Havelock, whose name was destined to be coupled with that of Outram in a still more memorable campaign, joined the force with his division in the middle of February ; and the attack was then carried out upon Mohummra which Outram had resolved to make from the time that he assumed the command. This strong position, which was situated on a branch of the Shatel-Arab, was attacked by steamers and sloops of war ; and the only argument that could prevent Outram from exposing himself in the leading ship

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* *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xc., September, 1861.—"The Persian War of 1856–57," by the late Lieutenant-General J. A. Ballard, C.B , whose lam nted death, within the present year, deprived the Ro al (Bombay) Engineers of one of their ablest and most cultured officers.

was the plea that his presence might deprive the Commodore and Indian navy of their due share of credit. The Scindian in which he sailed came, however, under heavy fire, and a musket-ball was prevented from striking his foot by a *hookah* which fortunately happened to be in the way. Although the Persians numbered nearly four to one, the batteries were carried, and their force entirely routed, with a very trifling loss on our side. The Persians halted at Ahwaz, a town a hundred miles up the Karun river, whence a force under Captain Hunt of the 78th Highlanders quickly disloded them. Outram himself, writing in testimony of the gallantry of his troops on this occasion, says :—

"A more daring feat is not on record, perhaps, than that of a party of 300 infantry, backed by three small river boats, following up an army of 8,000 men, braving it by opening fire and deliberately landing and destroying the men, magazines, and capturing one of his guns in face of his entire army, and actually compelling that army to fly before them, and occupying for three whole days the position they had compelled the enemy to vacate !"

This daring feat, at which Outram was as much elated as if it had been carried out by himself, really closed the Persian war. The news of peace reached the General along with the intelligence of the success at Ahwaz. Victorious as we had been, the war had closed for us not a minute too soon, for the elements of mutiny were already making their appearance in Northern India, and the time was at hand when only the presence of such men as Outram in their own provinces could save British rule in the East from extinction.

Outram returned in all haste to Bombay on the summons of Government. He was covered with fresh honors, and now wore the Grand Cross of the Bath ; but we may readily believe that the tidings which reached him before sailing from Bushire, of the narrow escape of his wife and son from the mutineers at Allyghur, was a more heartfelt source of congratulation ; but he was still on "the tenter-hooks" to hear if they continued in safety at Agra.

We now come to that portion of Outram's career which it would be needless to recapitulate in detail. His name, with those of Lord Clyde and Havelock, occupies the central point of the history of the Sepoy war : and if his services met with a less meed than befell those of his distinguished chief, we are to remember that Outram enjoyed even the greater honor of having sacrificed his own chances to swell the glory of Havelock. But looking back to the whole campaign, from the day that he took up his command at Dinapore down to the final capture of Lucknow, it will be readily admitted that no single officer contributed more to the suppression of the mutiny than Sir James Outram. He brought to the task all the qualities of an experienced and successful general ; his personal daring warmed into enthusiasm all the troops with whom he came in contact ; while his native energy successfully battled against the

overwhelming difficulties by which he was surrounded. With marvelous celerity he put Behar in a position of safety, and pushed on to assist Havelock in the relief of the beleaguered garrison of Lucknow. In those days he was as hot for vengeance as Neill himself, though his views subsequently veered to the other extreme. "Proclaim at Cawnpore," he writes to Havelock on his march up, "that for every Christian woman and child maltreated at Lucknow an Oudh noble shall be hanged." He had already informed Havelock that he did not design to deprive him of the glory of relieving the Residency, but would join him in his capacity of Chief Commissioner and serve as a volunteer. It was not once or even twice that Outram had made similar sacrifices for the sake of his brothers in arms, but this splendid instance of self-denial eclipsed all the others. The episode has been worthily chosen for the central device of the magnificent shield presented to him by his own Presidency.

The meeting between Havelock and Outram took place on the morning of September 15th, and the first charge of the latter was to demit his rights as senior officer. The Governor-General had heard of the proposal, and expressed himself "in the warmest terms of admiration." We cannot say, however, that the necessary division of responsibility and of views was not without its disadvantages; but this arose more from the nature of things than from any wish that Outram had to influence the other General. As the chief of the volunteer cavalry Outram was in his element, and he led the charge at Mangalwar, which materially aided Havelock in making good his position after crossing the Ganges, with a stout cudgel in his hand. On the advance from the Alum Bagh, his knowledge of Lucknow "mainly, if not solely, enabled the column to thread its way through the streets, especially intricate near the Residency. The final attack had not been ventured on without differences of opinion between the generals, but Outram gallantly did his best to contribute to the success of the day. Outram would have halted at the Chatter Munzil when night fell, but Havelock was impatient to carry the goal; and the other would not balk him."

"Onward went the gallant and devoted band—Highlanders and Sikhs—with Havelock and Outram at their head. Neill and the Madras Fusileers followed, charging through a very tempest of fire. The Baillie Guard was reached, the garrison was saved; but the cost was heavy. Neill fell like a true soldier, shot through the head; while of the entire force of about 2,000 one-fourth were killed and wounded. The rear guard, with many wounded, remained at the Moti-Mahal, beyond which they were unable to pass until extricated by a force sent out the following day. In the words of the dispatch, 'Sir James Outram received a flesh wound in the arm in the early part of the action near Char Bagh, but nothing could subdue his spirit; and though faint from loss of blood, he continued to the end of the action to sit on his horse, which he only dismounted at the gate of the Residency.'"

Thus was the Residency relieved, or rather reinforced, for the

masses of rebels soon again closed round the British position, which but for its strength in numbers and store of provision and *matériel*, would soon have been in as great straits as the glorious little garrison. Retirement in the presence of so overwhelming a hostile force as that which hovered about them was hopeless, and from September 25th to November 22d Outram had to hold his ground against a constant series of attacks until the arrival of the Commander-in-chief. He has been blamed for having, by his urgent representations, hurried Sir Colin Campbell away from Cawnpore, and thus prevented the previous dispersion of the Gwalior contingent. Upon this point we may possibly receive fuller information when Major-General Shadwell's forthcoming "Life of Lord Clyde" appears. But that the Lucknow garrison was critically placed is manifested by the fact that Outram's last gun-bullock was killed on the day he and Campbell met at the Moti Mahal. His letters also rebut the charge that he had placed the safety of his position before the dispersion of the Gwalior force. On the Commander-in-chief's arrival the Residency was silently evacuated by a movement which Lord Clyde pronounced to be a model of discipline and exactness, but Outram afterwards publicly disclaimed the credit in favor of his chief. "The withdrawal of the Lucknow garrison," Outram himself says, "the credit of which is assigned to Sir James, was planned by Lord Clyde, and effected under the protection of the troops immediately under his lordship's command, Sir James Outram merely carrying out his chief's orders." Lord Clyde, in his dispatches, has on his part given Outram the honor of both planning and executing the evacuation; so we may fairly suppose that the credit of the movement is divisible between them.

With regard to the course to be next followed the Generals were divided. Outram wished to attack the Kaiser Bagh and town, and hold the city after turning out the rebels. Sir Colin preferred to move to an open position outside the town without further loss of life. The Governor-General, to whom reference was made by telegraph, took Sir Colin's view; and Outram was consequently left at the Alum Bagh to hold the city in check from November 27th to the end of the following February. We need not go over the incidents of his gallant stand upon this position, or of his subsequent movements across the Goomtee, which have been fully described in Sir Hope Grant's Journals. We shall better employ our remaining space to give the following personal reminiscence of him while at the Alum Bagh :—

"His care for the soldiers, consideration for brother officers, and abnegation of self, were then, as throughout his career, proverbial; and anecdotes no doubt abound in illustration of these prominent features in his character at this period. At the Residency, we are told that, on one occasion, when the scarcity of provisions for the mere sustenance of life necessitated a strict frugality on the part of all ranks, his indignation was aroused at the unexpected offer of an exceptionally luxurious meal. The soldier-butcher had begged his acceptance of the heart

and liver, or other delicate portions of the internal economy of a bullock, in addition to the ration of meat for the day. Now such a proposal was in his opinion simply outrageous ; the idea that *he*, of all others in the camp, should be selected as the recipient of a kind of modified *Khatpat*, was too horrible to contemplate : nothing would satisfy him but to place the culprit under arrest! But a little after-inquiry into the matter elicited the fact that the proffered dainties were the legitimate perquisities of the well-inclined butcher, who was at liberty to dispose of them as he liked, and had as much right to offer them to the General commanding as to the junior subaltern among his officers. The poor man was therefore released with a kindly apology."

There was always a thorough feeling of *camaraderie* between Outram and his troops, which enabled him to call out the enthusiasm of the men whenever there was occasion ; and though at times he could be a severe disciplinarian, he gratified them by showing an unusual amount of confidence with regard to what was going on around them.

"A general officer thus illustrates this latter trait : 'Nothing could exceed the courtesy and kindness of Sir James to all under his command, of whatever rank. While in camp at Alum Bàgh, when we visited the outlying pickets, who do not turn out to pay compliments, the men would all come forward to meet the General and salute him. They would come up and pat his charger, and ask him if he had any news. On one occasion a *cossid* had brought him some welcome intelligence : he said to me, "I will tell you shortly "—and we galloped off. When surrounded by the men he pulled the letter out of his pocket and read out to us all the report of one of Sir Colin's victories over the rebels. He then turned to me and said, "I wanted to be the first to let these fine fellows have the good news." His kindness and attention to the sick and wounded were very great.'"

The appointment of military member in the Viceroy's Council called Outram away to Calcutta before the campaign was finally over, and he was destined to take part in the great questions that were being discussed affecting the transfer of the government from the Company to the Crown. He filled this post for two years, from May, 1858, to July, 1860, but all the time he was struggling with failing health and against a constitution worn out with toil, care, and hardships. He returned home to be literally crushed with honours, for he had scarcely strength to appear in public to make acknowledgments for the addresses, testimonials, and thanks which were proffered to him. He moved about hither and thither in search of restored strength, but he was worn out. An attack of bronchitis at Nice hastened his end, and he died peacefully in his chair on March 11, 1863. His mother had only predeceased him by a few weeks, having lived to witness the full fruition of her son's triumphs.

A character like that of Outram is much more easily summed up than his career. He died a comparatively young man, but he had enjoyed the "crowded hour of glorious life," which requires volumes to describe it adequately. Outram's nature, however, lay on the surface, and could be read at a glance. Brave to recklessness where he was personally concerned, cautious and prudent, where the lives of others were in question ; self-sacrificing for

himself, hotly jealous in behalf of the interest of his friends and followers ; animated by high ideas, which he often carried to the verge of Quixotry, and which, as we have seen, brought him too frequently into collision with the authorities and with routine ; a gallant, loving, and generous nature—James Outram stands forth in our days as the true representative of the Chevalier whose name has been added to his own. He was, indeed, a knight *sans peur et sans reproche.* It is noteworthy that on his last departure from India, when he broke up his little stock of books among the soldiers' libaries, he carried away with him his copies of Froissart and Monstrelet.

We share Sir Francis Goldsmid's regret that Sir John Kaye did not live to fulfill his purpose of writing a life of Outram. Since Kaye's death, Anglo-Indian biography seems to have fallen upon evil days. No career in the present century affords ampler materials for a picturesque memoir than that of Outram. But Sir Francis Goldsmid has given us a biography which, but for its subject, would certainly have been tedious reading, and of which the chief value is the ample material it affords for forming an independent opinion apart from the biographer's reflections. It would require the pen of the genial canon of Chimay or of Sir Walter Scott to write a life of Outram worthy of such a *preux chevalier.*

Blackwood's Magazine.

ICELAND.

So far to the north-west of Europe lies this great island as to be a connecting link between the eastern and western continents, and it is said that on a clear day the Snæfells-Jökull in Iceland and Greenland's icy mountains may be seen simultaneously from the deck of a ship. Iceland is, however, a portion of Europe rather than of America ; its fauna and flora are European, and its inhabitants are of the pure Scandivanian stock. Politically, as well as ethnologically, Iceland is an integral part of what we are accustomed to call "Scandinavia," a group of kindred countries, usually included by their own inhabitants in the comprehensive title of *Norden,* "the North." The countries so designated are Denmark, with its dependency Iceland, and the "United Kingdoms" (*De Forenede Riger*), Sweden and Norway.

These northern countries have their own political and religious history, separating them distinctly from the rest of Europe proper on one side, and from the semi-Asiatic empire of Russia on the other. The Northmen have visited, as invaders and conquerors, all the principal European countries, but they have never bowed

their own necks to any foreign yoke, and they have vindicated their independence with equal success against Pope and Kaiser.

The Roman legions never invaded Scandinavia, and even to those Teutonic princes who claimed the inheritance of the Western Cæsars, the river Eyder was always "Finis Romani Imperii." The civil law, which was the best legacy left by Rome to her emancipated provinces, and which is still the basis of the legal system established throughout Western Europe, even in "Caledonia invicta Romanis," never prevailed in the far North. The Christian religion, which spread so rapidly over the Roman Empire, and so slowly beyond its limits, was long in conquering the stubborn worshipers of Odin; and even as late as A.D. 1000 the Scandinavians might still be called "the Heathen of the Northern Sea."

Thus the feudal system and the ordinance of chivalry, both of which prevailed for so many centuries throughout Christendom, and so profoundly modified all political and social institutions in other Christian countries, hardly obtained any hold over Scandinavia. In particular, the feudal land tenures characteristic of Scotland never took root on the opposite side of the North Sea, nor in any Scandinavian dependency, such as Orkney and Shetland, where the complicated Scotch system of conveyancing has not yet been able to supersede (in spite of frequent encroachments) the simple allodial tenure of the free-born Northmen. To these important peculiarities of early northern history may be attributed the distinctive character of ancient Scandinavian traditions, customs, and literature, our knowledge of which has been mainly derived from Icelandic sources.

Ten centuries have now elapsed since certain freedom-loving Norwegians, seeking a country where they might live in safety, far away from "kings, jarls, and other evil-doers," settled upon the recently discovered shores of Iceland. The free republic which they there established in the ninth century of the Christian era resembled marvelously in its original constitution the communities flourishing in the south of Europe more than a thousand years earlier. Those who wish to understand the primitive social condition of the Aryan settlers in Europe may study authentic accounts of a comparatively modern Aryan migration in the North, and will find in the proceedings of Flóki or Ingólfr a singular resemblance to those of Odysseus or Æneas. Mr. J. A. Hjaltalín thus describes the first settlement of Iceland:—

> When a chief had taken possession of an extensive tract of land, he allotted portions of it to his friends and retainers and even to his slaves; for it was a thing of frequent occurrence that slaves when they distinguished themselves in any way, obtained their liberty and a farm from their master. The chief also built a temple at his residence, placing under its foundation earth from the temple in his old home. He was himself the priest of the temple, and had to keep it in repair, to perform the sacred rites and to bear the expense of the sacrificial feasts. His retainers, or those who had fixed their abodes within the boundaries

of his settlements, were to pay a tax to the temple. They also had to attend their chief, and assist him in his quarrels with other chiefs. In return he had to adjust their quarrels, and protect them against other chiefs and their retainers. Thus a kind of patriarchal government was at once instituted, each chief being entirely independent of all other chiefs.

The first meetlng of the Alping (Althing), or General Legislative Assembly for all Iceland, took place A.D. 929. The whole island was divided into thirteen districts under thirty-nine chiefs or "temple priests," each of whom had a seat in the Althing, and the right of taking with him two retainers; the total number of members was 144, and the Assembly exercised legislative and judicial powers over all Iceland. An aristocratic commonwealth of precisely the same character existed in Attica before the days of Solon :—

Toute autorité fut aux mains des Eupatrides; ils étaient seuls prêtres et seuls archontes. Seuls ils rendaient la justice et connaissaient les lois, qui n'étaient pas écrites et dont ils se transmettaient de père en fils les formules sacrées. Ces familles gardaient autant qu'il leur était possible les anciennes formes du régime patriarcal. Elles ne vivaient pas réunies dans la ville. Elles continuaient à vivre dans les divers cantons de l'Attique, chacune sur son vaste domaine, entourée de ses nombreux serviteurs, gouvernée par son chef eupatride et pratiquant dans une indépendance absolue son culte héréditarire. La cité athénienne ne fut pendant quatre siècles que la confédération de ces puissants chefs de famille, qui s'assemblaient à certains jours pour la célébration du culte central ou pour la poursuite des intéréts communs.

A Rome aussi chacune des familles patriciennes vivait sur son domaine, entourée de ses clients. On venait à la ville pour les fêtes de culte public, ou pour les assemblées. Pendant les années qui suivirent l'expulsion des rois, le pouvoir de l'aristocratie fut absolu. Nul autre que le patricien ne pouvait remplir les fonctions sacerdotales dans la cité; les seuls patriciens rendaient la justice et connaissaient les formules de la loi.*

In these words M. Fustel de Coulanges, quoting from the best classical authorities, describes a state of society existing long before the Christian era. Mr. Hjaltalín is speaking of a period at least fifteen centuries later; the locality is changed, but the social and political condition described is the same. For example, in the Saga of Gisli the Soursop, translated by Sir George W. Dasent, we have a life-like picture of Icelandic society during the tenth century, a picture drawn by the hand of one who flourished only three generations later. In almost every detail appear indications of manners and customs existing among the heathen settlers in Iceland, identical with those prevailing in Southern Europe at the dawn of authentic history. The casual mention (without any expression of censure) of Hallsteinsness, as "the farm where Hallstein offered up his son, that a tree of sixty feet might be thrown up by the sea," recalls not merely the sacrifice of Iphigenia, but also the laws of early Rome, which gave the son's life absolutely into the hands of his father. When Thorgrim the priest is slain, "Bork sets up his abode with Thordisa, and takes his brother's widow to wife,

* *La Cité Antique*, livre lv. chap. 4.

with his brother's goods;" here the author considers it necessary to add: "That was the rule in those days—wives were heritage like other things." Bork also assumed the priestly functions of Thorgrim, until he was superseded and turned out by Snorro, Thorgrim's posthumous son and true heir. Iceland was at that time ruled by an hereditary aristocracy or oligarchy of priestly chiefs, who wielded their authority mainly through the action of the District Things or assemblies, where they were all powerful, the Althing being indeed established, but not having as yet made good its jurisdiction over the whole island. Hellenic society, as it is described in the Odyssey, was ruled in a similar fashion about 2,000 years earlier, and a *βασιλεὺς* in Ithaka 1000 B.C. must have been very like a priest in Iceland A.D. 1000.

During that long interval the Roman Empire arose, flourished, and declined, completely changing the face of European society by means of the civil law and the Christian religion; but "where Rome's eagles never flew," a primitive Aryan community maintained itself unmodified almost down to modern times.

The Icelandic Republic, which endured down to the middle of the thirteenth century, was a purely aristocratic commonwealth, and the Althing was an assembly constituted on the same principles as the original Comitia Curiata, in which the Patricians were supreme, and into which the client was admitted only as the follower of his patron. The Icelandic chiefs had not expelled a king, but had removed themselves out of his reach, and they established in their western island the same institutions which Harald Haarfager had overthrown in Norway. Their ideas of liberty, like those of other ancient and mediæval republicans, were thoroughly aristocratic, and their love of power was as strong as their hatred of subjection. The period immediately preceding the settlement of Iceland was throughout Europe one of political consolidation. Charlemagne united under his sceptre a large portion of the Western Roman Empire, England under Egbert became a single monarchy, and the three Scandinavian kingdoms were established. But the young colony was founded under peculiar auspices, and flourished for centuries amid the frost and fire of Ultima Thule, a republic of the early classical type, free from all taint of mediæval feudalism or of modern democracy. The absence of towns in Iceland prevented the growth of a *plebs*, and the rural population was composed of freemen and thralls, or patricians and clients, for the Northern thrall resembled in social position rather the client of early Roman history than the slave of later times. The social equality characteristic of Iceland at the present day did not prevail during the palmy days of the Republic, which was in fact a confederation of chiefs, with no capital city or permanent central authority.

Notwithstanding constant feuds and contests between rival chiefs, the country flourished under this government, or rather in the ab-

sence of all regular government, as it has never done since, and the most turbulent period of Icelandic history was also a period of the greatest literary activity, while the rest of Europe was plunged in intellectual torpor. But in Iceland, as elsewhere, foreign domination proved fatal to intellectual life, and with the loss of political independence was lost also literary pre-eminence. The Icelanders, seeking for political repose, surrendered themselves into the hands of the Norwegian kings, A. D. 1264, and soon discovered that in politics repose is death, and that mental vitality withers among a people ceasing to exercise any control over public affairs. When the free Icelanders became Norwegian subjects they did not lose their love of letters, but they lost all power of original thought and composition, and sank from authors into mere transcribers. When Norway was united to Denmark, A.D. 1380, Iceland was transferred to the Danish rule, under which it has since remained. The recent history of Iceland—a poor, outlying province of a distant metropolis—has been gloomy enough : misgovernment has combined with famine, pestilence, and volcanic eruptions to depress the condition of the inhabitants, who have distinctly retrograded in material prosperity since the days of Snorri Sturluson. A few Danish merchants enjoyed a complete monopoly of the Icelandic trade down to a recent date, when the legal bonds, which prevented the Icelanders from trading with the world at large, were relaxed. Governed entirely by Danes (whom they have always regarded as foreigners), compelled to deal with Danes only in all commercial affairs, it is not surprising that the natives of Iceland should gradually have lost much of the energy and self-reliance which characterized their free forefathers. Six centuries of subjection have succeeded four centuries of independence, and now a third era is commencing in the history of Iceland, which is henceforth to experience the benefits of local self-government, and is in fact to enjoy a modified form of "Home Rule."

In 1874 the King of Denmark celebrated by a personal visit to Iceland the thousandth anniversary of its colonization, and he also signed a new constitution whereby the Icelanders acquire legislative independence, and a certain amount of administrative control over their own affairs ; being unrepresented in the Danish Rigsdag, they are not required to contribute to the general expenditure of the kingdom, nor have they any direct voice in the general State administration. The King has, however, retained a large share of power in his own hands, and the Icelanders can hardly be said to have a Parliamentary government or responsible Ministers. The King appoints a Governor, to whom the chief executive functions are intrusted, and who is responsible, not to the Althing, but to the Ministerial Department of Justice in Copenhagen. The Althing, or Legislative Assembly, meets each alternate year, and consists of six members nominated by the King, with thirty elected by the people, and is divided into two Houses. The Upper House contains the six nomi-

nated members and six chosen from among themselves by the thirty elected deputies; the remaining twenty-four compose the Lower House. As regards judicial matters, there lies a right of appeal to the Supreme Court of Denmark from Icelandic tribunals in all criminal cases, and in civil cases when the matter in dispute is above a certain pecuniary value. Altogether the new constitution of Iceland is analogous to those of the Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man, and there is reason to hope that it may work as smoothly and favorably as in the case of those prosperous and loyal communities. It is, however, at present a grievance that the Secretary of State, on whose advice the King acts in vetoing or assenting to bills passed by the Althing, is responsible in Icelandic matters to the King only, although, as being also Danish Minister of Justice, he is liable to be turned out of office by a vote of the Rigsdag.

Primary education is diffused over Iceland to a degree which is quite marvelous, considering the sparseness of the population, the extent of the country, and the enormous difficulties of intercommunication. Time for teaching is afforded by the long dark winters, when out-of-door work is impossible, and teachers for children are abundant where all in childhood have been instructed. Even in the most remote habitations a certain knowledge of the humane arts has produced softness of manners, and rosy-faced, flaxen-haired urchins will walk up to a stranger and shake hands with a friendly "God Dag!" In Reykjavík, and among the clergy in general, are to be found men of high literary culture, scholars who would do credit to any seat of learning in Europe. It is to be regretted, however, that Icelandic students should devote their attention so exclusively to languages and literature, neglecting science and mathematics. Scholars and linguists abound, but architects and engineers are rare in Iceland, and educational reform is necessary even in this educated community. The achievements of their ancestors have been a damaging inheritance for the modern Icelanders, who are too conservative, and fail to realize the progress that human knowledge has made in recent times. In order to reap the full benefit of their new constitution the Icelanders must be prepared to inaugurate many practical reforms.

"They must be left free, unfettered, and unchecked by the State to which they belong (Denmark) to follow out the course which they think most beneficial to themselves. They must be made to feel the responsibility of the management of their own affairs that the making or marring of their fortune is in their own hands On their part the Icelanders must throw off the sluggishness and indolence of former years. They must not any longer be absorbed in the contemplation of the past. They must learn to become self reliant, to make it clear to themselves that they cannot expect anything from others, and if they wish to thrive, they must do so with their own means." *

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* *The Thousandth Anniversary of the Norwegian Settlement in Iceland*, by Jón A. Hjaltalin. The first English pamphlet printed in Iceland.

If the Icelanders are able to carry out their "Home Rule" experiment under the conditions for which their countryman thus stipulates, it can hardly fail to prove a success, and to strengthen the hands of all who advocate decentralization and local self-government. Under similar conditions British colonies have risen, from the smallest beginnings, to be populous and wealthy States within the lifetime of one generation, while Ireland still suffers from the effects of the opposite course of policy.

Icelanders learn to speak the English language with an excellent pronunciation, due partly to the fact that they possess in their own vernacular the double sound of *th*, which is so great a stumbling block in English pronunciation to most Europeans. The Icelandic possesses two special letters : Þ, identical with the Greek θ, and ð, equivalent to δ : the first letter Þ (or theta) is pronounced like *th* in "thing," the second ð (or delta) like *th* in "thou." These letters have been adopted in addition to the ordinary Roman alphabet, used in Iceland only since the introduction of Christianity, prior to which epoch there was no Icelandic literature, and the runes were the only known literary symbols. As a genuine living dialect, spoken, written, and even printed in newspapers at the present day, Icelandic may claim to be the oldest in Europe ; for even Romaic, strongly as it resembles classical Greek, has dropped many cases and tenses, following the general tendency of modern languages. Thus Danish and Swedish are modernized and simplified dialects, while Icelandic still retains the archaic forms of the ancient Scandinavian tongue, once in use throughout Northern Europe. Icelandic literature, written in the popular idiom, was always much studied by the people, and has thus been the principal means of preserving almost unchanged this ancient language, an isolated survivor from a bygone historical period.

Iceland is a country of snow and glaciers, without trees and without coal, where the peat is bad in quality and can be dried only with great difficulty, and where fuel is so scarce that human beings and animals have no better resource against the cold than to huddle together in ill-ventilated, semi-subterranean dwellings. In such a country it is only natural that the existence of lignite in various situations among the basaltic rocks, which compose a very large portion of the island, should have been a fact full of interest, and even of hope, for the half-frozen inhabitants. Lignite, under the poetical name of "Surturbrandr" (Demon-coal), has long been known to the Icelanders, and it was at one time hoped that places might be discovered by experts where it would be sufficiently abundant, and sufficiently accessible, to become an article of commercial value in a land producing so little that is commercially valuable. These hopes have, however, been doomed to disappointment, and Surturbrandr is now interesting only from a geological point of view. It is found in small quantities, it is imperfectly

combustible, and even where exposed on the face of cliffs, it is inaccessible for practical purposes. The astonishing fact is that it should exist at all. There are no trees growing now in Iceland except dwarf birches and willows; but here are the almost uninjured remains of great forest trees under mountains of superincumbent rock, which must have spread over them in a molten condition, when they were embedded in mud beneath the sea-surface.

Within an easy day's ride of Isafjörðr, the principal port and trading village of North-western Iceland, layers of this lignite are found; and having a day to spare while the "Diana," Danish mail steamer, lay in the perfectly land-locked harbor, Captain Wandel and I resolved to make an expedition in search of Surturbrandr. The little town of Isafjörðr, like other trading places in this part of Iceland, lies on a stony spit of land, doubtless the moraine of a huge glacier, which once occupied the site of the existing fjord. This "Eyri," or spit of land, runs out from the western shore of the fjord, and almost reaches the opposite bank, leaving only a narrow, deep channel close to the precipitous cliffs of basaltic trap, rising on every side to a height of 2,000 feet, so close in fact that it seems as if the avalanches of stones, which frequently descend from the rocky terraces, might fall on the decks of a passing vessel, or even on the houses of Isafjörðr.

These houses are built entirely of wood, unlike the ordinary farmhouses or "Bærs" of Iceland, are brightly painted, and with the red and white Dannebrog, the flag of Denmark, fluttering everywhere in honor of the "Diana," the little town presented quite a gay appearance, as we galloped through the stacks of dried fish, piled high on every side. Our guide was the local pilot, a lively veteran of seventy-two, and we had three capital ponies, sure-footed, good-tempered, and willing. The guide's pony was rather too willing, for in his case the brisk canter with which we started soon developed into a gallop, and he tore past us at full speed. There is but little ground in Iceland suitable for racing purposes, and very soon horse and man rolled over in a soft green bog, into which our guide, unable to restrain his gallant little charger, found it necessary to direct his career. This was a bad start, but the fall had a sobering effect upon both, and when extricated they gradually restored our shaken confidence by their successful pilotage amid bogs, torrents, and snow-drifts.

The main difficulty in Icelandic traveling is to find ground firm enough to bear a horse and his rider, and the safest track is often along the sea-beach, where that is available, or even in the bed of a stream. Water is everywhere, and the traveler constantly crosses fords, either in the river whose course he is following, or through torrents rushing down from the fjeld on either side. The pass over which we had to ride is about 1,500 feet high, and in the month of June the "divide" was still blocked with snow. This snow was

hard enough to bear a man *or* a pony, but in many places it would give way beneath them, when both on the same set of feet, and in consequence the captain and I did a good deal of walking. The old guide, however, stuck to his steed, except when obliged to cross a torrent on a precarious bridge of snow, and they managed to flounder triumphantly through all difficulties. An Icelander in riding uses neither whip nor spur, but works his arms and legs perpetually like the sails of a wind-mill, and can thus keep his pony moving at a pace which leaves the foreigner far in the rear.

On the quiet waters of the fjord the eider-ducks were taking their newly hatched broods for a first swim, and as we scrambled up the fjeld, the cock ptarmigan fluttered and croaked over our heads, according to his habit when the hen is sitting upon eggs. The region of forests, represented by dwarf birches and whortleberries, is soon left behind, and near the summit of the pass there is hardly any vegetation of a higher order than Icelandic moss, while the bare rocks are profusely marked with striations from glaciers that have long since disappeared.

Descending towards the head of a small salt-water loch or firth, the Súgandafjörðr, we came upon a little herd of piebald and cream-colored ponies, and soon afterwards reached the solitary farm of this remote and desolate region.

Frowning black precipices inclose the little land-locked bay and the scanty pastures upon its shores, so as apparently to cut off all communication with the outer world; and in winter, when snow lies deep on the fjeld, and ice blocks up the fjord, the inhabitants of this lonely glen are indeed thrown very much upon their own resources. Even in summer a visitor is a very rare bird indeed, and the sight of a Danish gentleman is as strange to these simple folks as that of an Englishman, so that our arrival excited intense interest. A "Dreng" (boy) was told off to show us the spot where the Surturbrandr has been exposed by the action of a mountain torrent, about 400 feet above the sea. The lignite is in thin layers, mixed with slaty rock; it is partly carbonized, partly in the condition of ordinary wood, with the bark still adhering, but infiltrated with a certain amount of mineral matter; over it lie enormous masses of basaltic rock.

Returning to the farm we ate our luncheon, sharing it with the admiring crowd of youngsters—Gisli, Hjalmar, Thora, Gudrun, &c. —who surrounded us. Like the modern Greeks, the Icelanders delight in naming their children after men and women whose names are associated with the heroic period of their country's history. It was quite touching to witness the delight of these children at seeing certain pictures of the *Illustrated London News*, in which our food had been packed. We gave them both the papers and their contents; but, although hard-boiled eggs and ham sandwiches must have been rare dainties to them, the elder children evidently thought far more of the pictures, and pounced upon these with the

eager love of knowledge conspicuous in Icelanders, who are full of admiration at the sight of things new and strange—a characteristic of intelligent races all the world over. We could only regret that so much capacity for intellectual enjoyment should be wasted in this wilderness, and that we had nothing better to give them in the way of literature than fragments of a foreign newspaper.

All the able-bodied men were absent from home, engaged either in fishing or looking after sheep; but their wives did the honors of the place, and supplied us with hot coffee. On their invitation we inspected the interior of their dwelling, which externally looks like a mere heap of stones and turf, with a chimney and one or two panes of glass. On the ground floor are the "Eld-hús" ("fire-house" or kitchen), and store rooms, all very dark and dirty. The family residence is in the "Baðstofa" ("bath-room," a sad misnomer at the present day), which is reached by means of a ladder, and is dimly lighted, but not ventilated, by a small window hermetically closed. Here, in a low-roofed, narrow garret, is the abode of the whole clan, numbering some five-and-twenty souls of every age and either sex. Along the sides of the room are placed the beds, but the obscurity—which was increased by the festoons of stockings and other garments suspended from the rafters—at first prevented our making out whether these were occupied or not.

Our eyes became accustomed to the lack of light more readily than our nostrils to the lack of fresh air, and we gradually discovered the inmates of the apartment.

On one bed sat a blind old woman knitting, with an old man, her husband and the patriarch of the family, seated beside her; he received us politely, and entered into conversation in Danish, which is a foreign language in Iceland, but is generally understood throughout the island. On the opposite bed one of the younger women disclosed to our view, with maternal pride, a pretty little sleeping "Pige" (girl), and in a cradle alongside lay another new-born infant. From a particularly dark corner proceeded sounds of feeble moaning, and on closer inspection we were able to make out that these proceeded from a very old woman, evidently as near to the close of her life as the two infants were to the commencement of theirs—"Last stage of all that ends this sad eventful history." Thus within this narrow space the seven ages of man were all represented, most of them by the female sex only, as there was no male on the premises intermediate in age between the school-boy and the "slippered pantaloon." At the door of the only human habitation passed in the course of to-day's ride between Isafjörðr and Súgandafjörðr we saw an old man of eighty basking in the sun; and altogether it is clear that crowded, unwholesome dwellings, together with a somewhat free indulgence in stimulants, and a very severe climate, do not prevent the hardy Icelanders from attaining a good old age. The discomfort of living in such a hovel amidst damp, darkness

and evil smells can hardly be surpassed, and yet our friends at Súgandafjörðr must not be regarded as really poor. They possess plenty of live stock in the form of ponies and sheep, they have always enough to eat, they are warmly clothed, and they can even indulge in such exotic luxuries as snuff, coffee, and loaf sugar.

They might easily build better habitations, following the example of the Danish merchants and other settlers, whose clean, airy houses, adorned with flowers and pictures, present a striking contrast to those of their Icelandic neighbors. But the modern Icelander prefers the rude architecture of his ancestors; he therefore continues to build in a style which enables us to realize at the present day the domestic economy of a Sutherland "Pict's house."

We parted after a general hand-shaking with old and young; kissing is a customary salutation in Iceland, but from this, under all the circumstances, we were not sorry to be excused upon the present occasion. It was otherwise at Reykjavík, where a pretty little "Stulka" (young lady), running out into the street, persuaded me to come in and look at specimens of her embroidery in gold and silver thread; of course I bought one, and she shook hands with me cordially upon the bargain, but I should have preferred in *that* case the Icelandic salute. As a matter of fact, however, it is between men that this form of greeting is most common, and in so democratic a country it is peculiarly inconvenient. I have been greatly amused at witnessing the annoyance of an accomplished and reverend gentleman, just returned to his native shores from a trip to Scotland and Denmark, when a snuffy old fisherman attempted to kiss him in the street: he availed himself of his superior stature, and pretended not to notice that his humble friend wished thus to testify his esteem for the parson.

Perhaps in no country is social equality more complete than in Iceland; the priest indeed enjoys a certain rank and distinction, along with the title of "Sira," but even the governer himself, whose office is one of power as well as of dignity, is liable to have his hand grasped by farmer or fisherman, with the familiar inquiry: "How are you, Finsen?"

Nothing peculiar in the way of national costume is now worn in Iceland by men, except that they incase their hands in woolen mittens with double thumbs, and their feet in moccasins and leggings of untanned sheepskin. The women, however, invariably wear a small cap of black cloth with a long silken tassel ornamented in gold or silver. This cap is worn jauntily on one side, and is fastened with pins to the hair, which is plaited around the head in elaborate loops and coils. As the hair is usually fair and abundant, this forms a very becoming headdress; but out of doors it is concealed by a dark shawl wrapped around the head and partially veiling the face. The analogies between Iceland and Greece are numerous and striking, unlike as the two countries at first sight

appear, and it is remarkable that the Athenian "bourgeoise" wears a cap almost identical, except in its red color, with that worn by Icelandic women of all classes.

Traveling is similar in Greece and in Iceland—both countries are devoid of roads, and are much intersected with arms of the sea; in both locomotion involves long rides among barren mountains, and the total absence of inns, except at a few points on the sea-coast, makes the traveler dependent on his own resources, or upon the hospitality of the country people. As I happened to visit both Iceland and Greece within the space of a few months, the analogy between them was to me peculiarly striking; and in both countries my otherwise solitary rides were enlivened by the company of a first-class specimen of the native youth acting as guide and interpreter. Of each it may be truly said that he was a good scholar, speaking several languages fluently, familiar with the literature and history of his country, proud of its fame in the past, and zealous for its interests in the present and future.

It would be absurd to compare the ancient fame of Iceland with that of Greece—in arts, in arms, and in song, Hellas stands pre-eminent; but even in the far North gallant deeds and poetic genius have made classic ground of almost every habitable spot, and, like the cultivated Greek, the Icelander lives much in the past, knowing well that, whatever benefits the future may have in store for his race, it can never again occupy its former conspicuous position upon the world's stage.

Although patriotic natives have styled Iceland "the best country on which the sun shines," it must be regarded by impartial strangers as one of the worst that has ever been inhabited by civilized human beings. Peopled originally by some of the boldest and most energetic individuals of a peculiarly bold and energetic race, it "shone, a northern light, when all was gloom around." All the natural disadvantages of their situation were insufficient to quell the spirit of the Icelanders, so long as their dependence was on themselves alone, but it cannot be denied that their energy has diminished under foreign rule.

The language, laws, and traditions of Iceland are distinct from those of Denmark, and it is too remote in situation to be governed properly as an integral portion of the Danish kingdom. So remote is it, without a telegraph cable, and with infrequent mail steamers, that during a summer month, spent there at the time of a European crisis, no news reached us from the outside world, and no one in the island knew whether there was peace or war in Europe.

In a country so poor as Iceland the down of the eider-duck is an appreciable source of wealth, and the bird has been practically domesticated. Close to every little Handel-stad, or trading station, if there is a convenient island, there is sure to be a colony of eider-ducks, and the birds are to be seen by hundreds, swimming and

fluttering about their island home, or squatted upon its shores in conscious security from the foxes which infest the mainland.

The eider-ducks are protected all the year round under heavy penalties, being the only birds enjoying legal protection in Iceland, and they prefer the neighborhood of human habitations for their breeding places. From the largest of these "duckeries" as much as 300*l.* is cleared annually, the down being worth about a sovereign per pound on an average; but we were surprised to hear that its value was a little depressed in 1878, owing to the war in Turkey.

The ducks make their nests among the rough hummocks, characteristic of all grass-land in Iceland, laying their large, olive-green eggs upon neat little beds of down, "so soft and brown." They are perfectly tame, allowing themselves to be lifted off their eggs and replaced, with only a few querulous notes of remonstrance, or they will flop slowly and heavily away for a few yards on the approach of an intruder, waddling hastily back as soon as he retires. The duck is of a mottled gray and brown color, and is hardly to be distinguished at a short distance, when squatted upon her nest; it is she who furnishes the precious down. The drake, on the contrary, has a showy black and white plumage, and is a remarkably conspicuous bird; he is not so tame as his mate, and has an easy time of it, while she is attending to her domestic duties. When the nest, however, has been repeatedly robbed of the down, and the poor duck finds difficulty in replacing it, the drake comes to the rescue, and recognizes his paternal responsibility by furnishing a supply of down from his own breast.

Iceland is a pleasant country in which to spend a month of summer, when there is no darkness, and when the longest riding expeditions may be undertaken without any fear of being benighted. The midnight sun may be seen resting on the surface of the Arctic Ocean, not hasting to go down, nor up, and diffusing over mountain and glacier for hours together those tints of purple and gold which in lower latitudes last only for a few minutes at sunrise or sunset. Such a spectacle is alone well worth a visit to Iceland, although ice fogs render it almost as rare as an eruption of the Great Geyser, and he may be considered a lucky visitor who sees the midnight sun. A day among the floating ice-fields, covering the sea as far as the eye can reach, and blocking up the entrance to the northern fjords, is a novel experience for a stranger from the South; and as the steamer slowly winds her way along, seeking an open channel between the brilliant blue-green edges of the broken ice, an idea may be gained as to what an arctic voyage is like. The people of Iceland are intelligent, cultivated, and kindly: there are barely 70,000 of them scattered over an area equal to two-thirds of England and Wales, yet they can boast of many learned men, and several poets now living. In this respect no community of equal numbers can rival them, and they deserve all praise for their gal-

lant struggle with nature, under a hostile sky, and on an ungrateful soil.

Draining and imported hay might enable the Icelanders to increase the number of their permanent live stock to a considerable extent; but it is to the water rather than to the land that they must look for increased prosperity. Fish of all sorts, including salmon, are Iceland's best and most certain crop—a crop which is not fully reaped by the inhabitants of the island, partly owing to the want of decked vessels adapted for deep-sea fishing, partly because the "truck" system prevails, and the fish cannot be sold on the spot for ready money. Fleets of large fishing-boats spend the summer months at work off the coasts of Iceland, but these are chiefly French or English. Norwegian colors are frequently to be seen in Icelandic harbors, as they are in every part of the globe; but the Icelanders themselves have ceased to be a sea-faring people, and rarely own anything more sea-worthy than an open boat. They have recently been relieved from an oppressive commercial monopoly which enriched a handful of Copenhagen merchants at their expense, and they are beginning to enter into trade; their lack of capital is at present a serious impediment, but may be got over by the formation of co-operative companies. Emigration to British North America has been attempted on a considerable scale, under the auspices of the Canadian Government; but the results have not been altogether encouraging, as might perhaps have been expected, when persons altogether unacquainted with agriculture were suddenly transferred to a country where they could only thrive by the cultivation of the soil. A population of fishermen and shepherds from the coasts of a treeless land is certainly ill prepared to fell the forests and till the prairies of the American interior. The Icelanders were the first Europeans to set foot in the New World, five hundred years before its re-discovery by the great Genoese; but they failed at that time to establish permanent colonies, possibly from the same causes which even now tend to disqualify them for being successful American settlers.

Like other races who are much exposed to inclement seasons "and churlish chiding of the winter's wind," the Icelanders have a certain harshness of feature, but there is a very pleasing expression in their weather-beaten faces and frank blue eyes. In a sparsely peopled country, without public-houses of any sort, hospitality is a necessary virtue, and the Icelanders are hospitable to all comers, as far as their means will permit. But to those who happen to live near much-frequented tracks the burden of hospitality would be ruinous were it not customary for them to accept a pecuniary present from such guests as are well able to afford it. From foreign visitors a present is always expected, although it is never demanded, and it is customary on taking leave for the guest to hand a few marks to his host with a polite "Vær saa god!" (Be so good, or If

you please). "Mange Tak!" (Many thanks!) is the usual reply, with a warm grasp of the hand, but not without a careful inspection of the coin. The fare at an Icelandic Bær or farm is often frugal enough, but the traveler may count at least upon a draught of delicious milk, and need never scruple to ask for it. Unless he is invited to enter, he will drink it as a stirrup cup outside the door; for Icelandic etiquette forbids a stranger to walk into a house without an express request. During the months when there is no darkness in Iceland, midnight arrivals are of frequent occurrence; the numerous dogs, reposing on the grassy roofs of the parsonage or farmhouse, soon arouse the inmates by a noisy greeting to the travelers, and preparations are made for their reception in the guest-chamber or in the church, if there is one close by. The church is utilized for a variety of secular purposes, frequently as a storehouse for the parson's wool, and as regards air and light is usually a preferable bed-room to the guest-chamber of the establishment; being built entirely of wood, without any turf on the roof, it is also much drier than ordinary Icelandic habitations.

On one occasion we arrived, a party of three, at midnight, and found no one stirring about the farm except a woman, who was watching the cattle in the home-field or "Tún." Being invited into the house, we entered the usual dark passage, sliding and stumbling over the slippery and uneven pavement, and knocking our heads against the low beams of the roof. The guest-chamber contained only one bed, which the good woman at once proceeded to arrange for us all three to sleep in, heads and tails, like herrings in a barrel. Two of us being tall and one stout, while the bed was both short and narrow, it was clear that this arrangement would not be suitable; but politeness sealed our mouths, and we solemnly watched her operations, as she spread the couch with pillows at both ends, and removed from its interior a great variety of household articles, for which it was used as a general receptacle. As soon as she had retired our suppressed merriment burst forth, and we soon dragged bedding and eiderdown quilts off the bed enough to make two lairs in other parts of the room. Although we were of various nationalities (a Dane, an American, and an Englishman), and had all three traveled much and roughed it in many countries, we had never elsewhere witnessed similar bedmaking nor seen a bedstead used instead of a wardrobe and cupboard.

A gun and a fishing-rod may come into real use during a ride in Iceland: ptarmigan and golden plover abound on the fells and heaths, and furnish a very agreeable addition to the traveler's fare, even when simply cooked in a boiling spring; the same may be said of the lake char, which are remarkably fine. A light tent with a couple of waterproof blankets can easly be carried by a single pony, and will make the traveler independent, even of churches, as regards sleep; occasionally a tent is offered by a farmer to a

foreign visitor, and if he accepts it, he will probably find, on comparing notes, that he has had more untroubled repose outside than his guide inside the house. Besides this equipment nothing is required except a couple of stout boxes of native manufacture, to be fastened like panniers upon a pony, and warranted to stand any amount of knocking about.

In order to travel with speed and comfort, each horseman requires a couple of ponies, which are saddled and ridden alternately, while the loose horses and those carrying the baggage are driven forward in a little herd, with shouts and cracking of whips. Spurs are unknown, and an Icelandic whip is certainly a most humane invention, with a thin leather strap for a thong, and devoid altogether of a lash; the ponies despise it utterly, and although it makes a noise, it evidently does not hurt. Hearing a loud sound of blows on one occasion about twelve o'clock at night, I looked out of the window, and saw our host angrily belaboring a man with a riding-whip; the individual assailed made no attempt to retaliate, hardly even to ward off the blows, receiving each with a mild ejaculation of "Nei!"

Outside the little town of Reykjavík there are no roads, merely tracks, worn deeply by the feet of ponies in soft peat or in hard lava, but among loose stones marked out with cairns known as "old women" (Kerlingar). Along these tracks the ponies pick their way with singular intelligence, invariably selecting the safest place for crossing a "Heiði" (boggy heath), a "Hraun" (lava stream), a river, or a snowdrift. Accustomed from his birth to find his own way over his wild mountain pastures, an Iceland pony is so clever and sure-footed as to give his rider a sense of security, even in the most awkward places, and if left to himself he will never make a mistake. He is as cautious as an elephant, snuffing at every suspicious place, and testing it with his forefoot; if dissatisfied, nothing will induce him to proceed, and he turns aside to search for a safer way, being particularly on his guard when crossing water upon a bridge of snow, or when in the neighborhood of boiling springs. Even where the ground was roughest I have not hesitated to throw the bridle on the pony's neck, and open a knife in order to scrape certain cartridges too large for the rifle which I carried under my arm. The gallant little beast picks his way rapidly over all obstacles, like the sturdy Stulka, who can knit and stare at the passing stranger, while she strides along over "Hraun" and "Heiði" as if she were on a shaven lawn. Boggy ground is to a horseman always a very troublesome obstacle; but so remarkably dry was the country in June, 1878, that bogs could be avoided, and we were a good deal annoyed by dust and drifting sand. The ponies got nothing to eat except the scanty herbage by the wayside, and were much disposed to linger wherever they could find a few blades of grass. To any such temptation the poor animals were,

however, not often exposed, and they jogged along with great perseverance, making up for little food with much drink at the numerous streams which they had to ford.

Fords across glacier torrents full of rocky boulders are often disagreeable, sometimes dangerous, and bridges are very rare; I only saw two. For crossing rivers too deep to be forded, there are ferries, where the horses are unloaded and unsaddled; one or two are then towed behind the boat, and the rest swim across after them.

Iceland ponies are generally of a light color, dun, pale chestnut, white, or piebald; under a rough exterior they hide many good qualities, and are as well adapted for the peculiar country which they inhabit as is the noblest thorough-bred of Arabia. A vicious animal is almost unknown, and a dealer in ponies, who has passed more of them through his hands than anybody else in the business, assured me that he has not encountered more than one. The endurance of the little nags is astonishing: they will keep up a steady jog for hours together, and will travel on through the long summer days of northern latitudes with no other sustenance than may be picked up during an hour's midway halt.

Distances in Iceland cannot be estimated correctly from examination of the map, as the tracks are of necessity circuitous, avoiding as far as possible swamps or lava, and leading to fords or passes.

The best ground for traveling is usually that which lies just along the lowest part of the hill slopes; beneath are moss-hags and marshes, above are moss-hags and rocks, while there is a strip of tolerable grass between. Caravans of ponies are constantly moving to and from the coast during summer; going down country they are laden with wool, going up country they are almost concealed under loads of planks and dried cod's-heads. The heads are that portion of the fish which the Icelanders reserve for their own consumption, while the bodies are sent to Spain and other Roman Catholic countries. Wood is imported from Norway, and must be carried into the interior on horseback, in the absence of roads and wheeled vehicles; I once saw a wheelbarrow, never a cart.

Wool, on the other hand, is the chief article of export, besides dried fish, and is of excellent quality, although it presents a very ragged appearance, not being shorn, but simply pulled off the sheep's back; unlike the ponies, the sheep are commonly dark in color, black or brown.

Farmers in Iceland are obliged to combine a good many trades and accomplishments: they must be their own carpenters and blacksmiths, they must know how to mend almost anything that they are in the habit of using, and even how to make a piece of packthread do duty upon occasion for a saddle-girth. Shoes are rarely worn, the ordinary chaussure being moccasins of untanned sheepskin, over which for riding are drawn huge "skin-socks,' or

loose jack-boots, of the same parchment material, well greased and water-tight.

Roughing it in every possible way, facing all the hardships of a colonial pioneer, without his prospects and hopes, in a land which seems to have been left unfinished by the hand of Nature, and under a most inclement sky, the Icelander still enjoys the first of blessings, a healthy and vigorous constitution. Not only do Icelanders frequently live to be very old, but they almost always look younger than their true age; they are late in attaining their full stature and strength, and the hair of a sexagenarian is almost untinged with gray. A youthful appearance in elderly men is a pretty certain sign of having enjoyed habitual good health, and it seems as if a diet of fish and dairy produce, which Icelanders consume in great abundance, must be strongly conducive to longevity.

At the present time, when Italians and Germans display their readiness to sink all minor differences in order to build up one great nationality, it is disappointing to find among Scandinavians so little of the political wisdom which has made Piedmont, Lombardy, Tuscany, Romagna, and the Two Sicilies into the kingdom of Italy, and has welded so many petty principalities into the mighty German Empire. The last scene has just been played in that tragic farce whereby an integral portion of the Scandinavian territory has been annexed to Germany, and it is to be feared that the Danes of North Slesvig must now finally reconcile themselves to be Danes no longer. Such has been the result of the policy pursued by successive Danish rulers, who persisted in separating the Duchy of Slesvig from the Danish monarchy and uniting it by dynastic ties with the German province of Holstein; the greater body has attracted the lesser. Holstein, once a State of the German Confederation, is now a province of the German Empire, and Slesvig has shared her fate.

To a sympathetic foreigner it seems as if nothing can save the Danes of the kingdom from being drawn in the same direction as the Slesvigers, except union with their Scandinavian brethren on the other side of the Sound. When we are told of jealousies subsisting between Denmark and Sweden, or between Copenhagen and Stockholm, or of dynastic difficulties being insuperable, we cannot help feeling that Scandinavians either do not realize the perils of the situation, or that they are indifferent as to the continued existence of their own noble nationality. Unless Sweden is contented to become even as Finland, and unless Jutland wishes to follow Slesvig, the three Northern crowns must be again united upon one head, as they were upon that of Margaret, "Kong Volmers Datter prud."

The Italians were in earnest about an independent Italy, and the Houses of Bourbon, Este, and Lorraine were obliged to retire in fa-

vor of the House of Savoy, nor were the differences of dialect in the various provinces regarded as any valid impediment to union. The Germans were also in earnest when the Empire was consolidated, and the dynastic claims of royal and serene personages in Hanover, Nassau and Hesse were not allowed to stand in the way of a change essential to the greatness, if not to the security, of the German people. It is difficult to believe that Scandinavians can be in earnest as to maintaining their own independence when they urge the existence of a modern Swedish law (excluding females from the throne) as a serious objection to the ultimate union of the three crowns upon the head of the young prince whose parents are the Crown Prince of Denmark and the only daughter of the late King of Sweden and Norway. If the heirs male of Bernadotte, the Béarnais, are to be regarded as having a divine right of succession, and if a rivalry between Copenhagen and Stockholm is sufficient to prevent Sweden from being united to Denmark, as she is already united to Norway, there is a serious danger lest Scandinavia should become what Italy once was—"a mere geographical expression." Such a consummation would be a cause of sincere regret to the people of Great Britain, who are justly proud of their Scandinavian ancestry, and who claim to have inherited their naval supremacy from the hardy sea-kings of the North.

The establishment of a united Scandinavian nation, a free maritime, Protestant people, of our own kindred, would seem to be a political event in all respects desirable from an English point of view, and calculated to frustrate territorial aggressions on the part of the two great military empires by which the existence of the Scandinavian kingdoms is now menaced.

The Northern question as well as the Eastern affects British interests; the Sound is a channel of commerce not less important than the Bosphorus; and a free Copenhagen is as essential to Europe as a free Constantinople.

The dynastic union of Sweden and Norway was accomplished by force, against the wishes of the Norwegian people; but both countries are now prosperous and contented, each enjoying self-government within its own borders, and being united for all purposes of external defense. It is difficult to discover any valid reason why the "United Kingdoms" should not be *three*, instead of *two*, and why Denmark should not aspire to be the third kingdom of the League, which would unite all Scandinavians, 8,000,000 in number—a nation strong enough, with western alliances, to defend itself against its formidable neighbors on the east and on the south.

Sir DAVID WEDDERBURN, *in The Nineteenth Century.*

FOREIGN TITLES.

A GOOD many misconceptions prevail in England on the subject of foreign titles; one section of society rating them too highly, another unduly depreciating them. Another common mistake is to suppose that the grades of nobility abroad are as precisely defined as with us. In France there are dukes who rank before princes, and indeed prince is often the title of the eldest son of a duke in that country: the Duke de Broglie's eldest son is styled Prince Victor de Broglie—and his other sons are likewise princes, the Duke happening to be a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire; but of that by-and-by. Sometimes father and son enjoy the same title; the present Duc de Gramont was styled Duc de Guiche in his father's lifetime. He might, had he pleased, have called himself Prince de Bidache. As a rule, however, the eldest son of a French duke bears the same name as his father, with the title of marquis, *e. g.* Duc d'Avaray, Marquis d'Avaray. The next son would be Comte d'Avaray, the third Vicomte, and so on.

The names just cited are among the greatest in France, and entitled to all such honor as birth can claim; but there are about five hundred French dukes, and all Englishmen cannot be expected to discern between them. The table of precedence assigns no place to foreign noblemen, but the rule generally observed in society is this: the head of a foreign house of authentic nobility, be he prince, duke, or count, walks out of a room after an English duke. The same precedence is accorded to "envoys extraordinary" and "ministers plenipotentiary," as distinguished from "embassadors," who rank immediately after members of the royal family. Only France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Italy, and Turkey are represented by embassadors at the Court of St. James's.

As for the cadets of foreign houses, they are as little thought of as they think of themselves. Many drop their titles altogether, contenting themselves with the prefix "de" or "von" before their family names, just to mark its nobility. And here it may be remarked that English gentlemen abroad, especially in Germany, should be careful how they answer the question, which may any day be put to them, "Are you noble?" You may be, like most of us, plain Mister, but you should answer "Yes" if you are, however remotely, descended from a peer or a baronet (contrary to the popular belief, baronets are distinctly "noblemen," according to the Institution of James I.), or even if you are merely entitled to a coat of arms either by grant to yourself from the sovereign or by inheritance. The matter grows year by year of less importance; but at Berlin and Vienna you may still lose access to some pleasant clubs and social gatherings, if not of the privileged caste. And the conditions of nobility, as recognized on the Continent, are simply those

state- ve. It is ludicrous to recollect that the younger son of an English duke replied "No" to the shibboleth question of a small Prussian Freiherr, thus losing a great deal of fun during his stay in King William's dominions. Lord A's rank, had he known it, was precisely the equivalent of that of a German prince's son: English dukes, marquises, and earls being all (heraldically) "princes." The Duke of Norfolk's full style, to take an example, would be—"The most high, most noble, and most puissant prince, Henry, Duke of Norfolk," &c. The fact is, Lord A mistook his legal status of "commoner" for his social status of "noble."

The highest order of foreign nobility is that of the mediatized princes of Germany. They represent houses which once exercised sovereign power, and are still accorded semi-regal honors. Of these is the Prince of Leinington, Her Majesty's nephew, and a Rear-Admiral in the British Navy; also Count Gleichen (he too is a Rear-Admiral, and Governor of Windsor Castle). Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, brother of the "reigning" prince, assumed the title of Count Gleichen on his marriage with a daughter of the late Admiral Sir George Seymour, father of the present Marquis of Hertford. Mediatized princes are entitled to the style of Serene Highness (Durchlaucht), though there appears to be some doubt as to whether all their descendants can claim the same style. "Princes" they would seem to be down to any generation. On this point, again, Britons caring for these things should beware of supposing that every foreign "prince" is a Highness. The vast number of them are entitled to no other recognition of their rank than "Prince" or "Mon Prince," and this need not be repeated more than once in the conversation. One says advisedly the vast number, for Russian princes alone can be counted by thousands, not to say tens of thousands. There are said to be 600 of the house of Galitzin alone.

Scarcely inferior in dignity to the mediatized princes are the members of those Comital Houses the chiefs of which, by a decision of the German Diet of 1829, have right to the title of "Most Illustrious Count" (Erlaucht). They are all counts—father, son, grandson, great-grandson, they and all their male descendants *ad infinitum*. Of course the descendants of princes or counts in the female line are not, as such, noble. The heraldic canon, that *le ventre n'anoblit pas*, is of almost universal acceptation. This is even the case in England, with a few exceptions.

One of the most famous of the Comital Houses is that of Bentinck, which is not without interest for Englishmen. Its head, a few years ago, was Colonel Bentinck (of the British Army), who, however, in 1874 resigned his rights in favor of Mr. William Bentinck, of the Diplomatic Service, who had not, any more than his elder brother, borne any title till that time. Count William was a great favorite at Christ Church; and few were aware that the pale,

fair-haired, rather shy lad belonged to one of the proudest families in Europe. Count Bentinck and the present Duke of Portland both descend lineally from the *fidus Achates* of William III. The House has further given England a Prime Minister, and India one of her best Governor-Generals.

The serene and illustrious compose a mighty host occupying 127 closely printed pages of the Almanach de Gotha. Next to them in universally recognized rank are those princes of the Holy Roman Empire (all the sovereign and mediatized princes of Germany are princes of the empire: the emperors of Germany having been also emperors of the Romans) whose titles were honorary from the first. Three English peers, the Dukes of Marlborough and Leeds and Earl Cowper, are princes of the empire. It may be added that the Earl of Denbigh and Lord Arundell of Wardour are counts of the empire. Lord Denbigh claims to come of the same stock as the Emperor of Austria; but the best title of his family to fame is that it produced the author of "Tom Jones."

Lord Arundell's ancestor got into serious trouble for accepting the title of count, conferred on him by the Emperor in grateful recognition of services in the war against the Ottomans. On his arrival in England, Count Arundell was sent without ceremony to the Tower, and questioned before the Star Chamber as to wherefore he had dared to accept a title from a foreign prince, to the contempt of the Queen's grace. He pleaded that the empire was *communis patria,* an argument more pleasing to the Emperor, whose style was *mundi dominus,* than to an English sovereign. He was released after a time, but made to understand that he could not be permitted to assume his title in England. To this day it is necessary to obtain the Queen's permission to bear a foreign title; nor is it ever granted without the proviso that no precedence whatsoever shall be claimed in respect of it.

Among other British subjects enjoying foreign titles are the Duke of Hamilton, who is Duke of Chatelhérault in France; the Duke of Wellington, who is Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands, and Duke of Vittoria and Grandee of the first class in Spain; Earl Nelson, who is Duke of Bronte in Italy; the Earl of Clancarty, Marquis of Hensden in the Netherlands; Sir Nathaniel Rothschild, an Austrian baron; Mr. Albert Grant, an Italian baron; and Sir Edward Thornton, Count of Cassilhas in Portugal. This last title may be called semi-hereditary, having been granted to Sir Edward's father for three lives and no more. Sir Edward's is the second life.

Several French noblemen are also princes of the empire. All the lineal descendants (in the male line) of such princes being themselves princes, it is not surprising to find that there are nineteen princes of the House of Broglie alone, to say nothing of eight princesses. The family has given to France three marshals. It is of

Italian origin, the name having originally been written Broglio. The pronunciation of the modern form is "Broil."

Perhaps the greatest name in the roll of the French nobility is that of Rohan. A device of this family was "King am not, Prince disdain to be, Rohan am." Nevertheless, princes they became without abating one jot of their pride. The wife of one of them was asked when she expected to lie-in? "I hope to have that honor in six weeks," replied the lady. The "honor" was to be delivered of a Rohan. In spite of some distinguished scions of this house, it is to be feared the two best known to history are the Cardinal who did his best to ruin the reputation of Marie-Antoinette, and the Marshal Prince of Soubise, so egregiously beaten by Frederic at Rosbach. "Ce pauvre Soubise," said Louis XV. when he heard the news, "il ne lui manque plus que d'être content." The prince had been unfortunate in his domestic relations.

The head of the Rohans migrated to Austria at the time of the first Revolution, and the elder branch is no longer French. Doubtless there were Rohans in the field against their old country at Magenta and Solferino. There are at least five in the armies of Francis Joseph at the present day. The Rohan-Chabots, a younger branch, have remained faithful to the fatherland. They are all, by right, "cousins of the king"—a dignity more highly prized than it would be in England, where it is enjoyed by every peer down to viscounts inclusive. Should, however, "the king" ever return, and the old order of things be re-established, the Duke of Uzés would be entitled to take precedence of the whole aristocracy of France. An Uzés was already premier duke (after the princes of the blood) in the reign of Louis XIV. The late duke died a year or two ago, and a little child is now the heir of this splendid title—and of many hopes. He dwells in the château of Uzés, which still stands, and which the family have managed to keep.

Another famous French house is that of the Lévis, now represented by the Duc de Mirepoix, "hereditary marshal of the Faith." Their pedigree stretches back to Levi, son of Jacob, and consequently up to Adam, whose arms every one has *not* the right to quarter: purity as well as directness of descent having to be proved. Whether the Lévis have established theirs is another matter. There was once a picture in the possession of the family in which a Lévis appeared taking off his hat to the Blessed Virgin. From her lips issued a scroll with the words "Cover yourself, my cousin."

The historic names of Noailles, Richelieu, Rochechouart, La Rochefoucauld, Luynes, and many others still figure in the roll of the French peerage. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, be it observed in passing, who made himself so conspicuous in the National Assembly as a partisan of Henry V., has but a doubtful right to the title he assumes. In France he is simply Chevalier de la Rochefoucauld, and Duc de Bisaccia in Italy.

The title of marquis carries more prestige with it nowadays in France than that of the duke; and for this reason. The Empire made no marquises, *ergo*, a marquis (unless the son of an Imperialist duke) must derive his title from the old dynasty; and it is unquestionably more honorable to have been ennobled by the Pompadour than by Napoleon. The first emperor created some thirty dukes and princes, all more or less men of talent; but none of their sons or grandsons appear to have done anything. Nor is this because they were frowned upon by the monarchy. On the contrary, everything was done by the Bourbons to conciliate the marshals. Soult was President of the Council to Louis Philippe, and ultimately glorified with the magnificent title of Marshal-General of the Armies of France. His son, the Marquis of Dalmatia, was named Secretary of Legation at Vienna, whence arose an unforeseen difficulty. The Court of Austria objected to receive a man whose title was taken from an Austrian province, though the matter was ultimately arrangcd. By the courtesy of nations a sovereign is allowed in one instance (and one only) to confer a title taken from a locality in a brother sovereign's dominions. A soldier who has won a victory may be ennobled by the name of the battle-field. Thus Austria would cheerfully accord their full honors to a Prince of Wagram or a Duke of Magenta. The same rule holds good in the case of naval victories. Spain would have no right to object to a Viscount Trafalgar, or Holland to an Earl of Camperdown.

Apropos of Holland, it is not generally known that the old Earls of Holland—the English Earls of the house of Rich—and the late Lords Holland (house of Fox) derived their title from a district of Lincolnshire called Holland. Holland was probably a common name enough at one time, signifying Hollow Land, or Valley, though some say it meant wooded land. The first English title derived from a place out of England was that of Viscount Barfleur, conferred, together with the Earldom of Oxford, on Admiral Russell, the victor of La Hogue. It was near Cape Barfleur that the battle was one, but the French Fleet was followed up into the Bay of La Hogue and terribly handled there. But there is another Anglo-foreign title which has no such martial origin, yet against which no protest was ever raised.

When William III. raised his favorite Keppel to the peerage, the title chosen was Earl of Abbemarle, avowedly from Abbemarle, a town in Normandy. The title is still borne by his descendants. It must be remembered that the Kings of England were then titular Kings of France as well; nor did the Court of Versailles ever quarrel with them for quartering the lilies with the leopards. It was reserved for Napoleon, as First Consul, to object to this style of the British sovereign; and the union with Ireland presented a convenient occasion for dropping it.

To return for a moment to France. What serious student of

history but must regret that the present condition of its ariscocracy can be best described in the mournful motto of the Bruces—"Fuimus"? Gone for ever is the power and the splendor: nothing left but pride. Gallant, of course, French gentlemen must always be according to both inflections of the word. But seven thousand of the type of Alcibiades, though they had never bowed the knee to the Republic, would hardly restore their order to its old place, or greatly benefit France if they did. Yet have they a brilliant past to remember. So many of them were paragons of wit, of chivalry, of munificence, of loyalty. And with all their faults one cannot help thinking that they worshiped the golden calf less than any other nobility of whom history makes mention. A youthful Duc d'Enghien, whom his relatives frequently tipped, laid by his pocket-money till he had amassed fifty louis, when he took the purse to his father and proudly exhibited its contents, expecting to be praised for his economical habits. The Prince of Condé emptied the purse and flung the money out of the window. "Let that be a lesson to you, sir," he then said, turning to his son, "to think and act more like a gentleman." Too many of the peers of England descend from merchants or lawyers to make it likely that one of them should ever exhibit such a reckless contempt for the stamped effigy of the monarch. Still the act of Condé must not be too hastily condemned. "This money might have been given to the poor!" Yes—but who once used these words? And on what occasion? It was when money had been lavishly spent "for an idea!"—as the world would say.

There is a finer story, though, of a Spanish grandee, where the sentiment of *noblesse oblige* and the highest commercial spirit (in its true essence) are happily blended. Somebody forged the Duke of Ossuña's name, appending it to a bill for 10,000 ducats. On the bill being presented, the duke saw that the signature was counterfeited, but paid the money at once. The name of Ossuña was not to be dishonored by a rascal. It would be uncharitable to ask whether a second forged bill of the same amount would have been equally honored. *Non omnia possumus.*

Talking of the Spanish aristocracy, it may be observed that the titled part of it is by no means so large as is supposed. The heads of noble families number about 2,000, and they alone, as a rule, bear titles. Even the eldest son of a duke (say of) Alicante would only be called Don Juan or Don Alfonso d'Alicante during his father's lifetime. The younger sons remain simple Dons—the Spanish equivalent of Esquires. As to the qualificatives of titles, they are lightly esteemed, inasmuch as even a beggar must be addressed as "Your Grace" (Merced). The superscription on an envelope addressed to a duke would be, "A l'eccellentissimo Señor Duque de la Torre." So at least the wife of Marshal Serrano writes to her lord.

A Spanish title is an expensive luxury. An ordinary Castilian one costs £600. The dignity of grandee is rated at £1,000. With us a dukedom costs about £1,300 or £1,400 in fees to its recipient, and minor titles are rated in proportion; but then it is the first grantee of the honor alone who pays. In Spain the fine has to be renewed with each succession to the title. Moreover, it has to be paid in full on each separate title which a man may bear; *e. g.*, a Duke of Richmond and Gordon, had he the blessing to be subject of his Catholic Majesty, would have to pay £9,000 into the Treasury on his accession to the family titles, which are nine in number. The Dukes of Ossuña and Medina Cœli contribute £12,000 or £15,000 apiece to the necessities of Spain every generation, merely under this particular head of taxation.

Grandees of Spain of the first class have the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the sovereign, an honor enjoyed in the United Kingdom by Lord Kingsdale and Lord Forester. It may not be generally known that one great family, that of the Princes of Lara, are claimants to the Crown of Spain. They content themselves, however, with filing a protest at the accession of each new king or queen: after which record of their wrongs they return to cigarettes and leisure of a more or less dignified kind. Possibly, since Byron sang, the name of Lara is better known in Britain than Castile.

Italy has a power of nobles, mostly marquises when they are not princes. Some domains, notably that of San Donato (now in the market), confer titles. It was from his estate of San Donato, that Count Anathole Demidoff, who married the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, derived his style of Prince. Similarly the tenure of Arundel Castle confers an English earldom, but Parliament has taken very good care that it shall never be sold—at any rate till the heirs of the old earls are extinct, and their name is legion.

In the north of Italy, the younger son of a marquis is generally styled simply "cavaliere," *e. g.*, "il Cavaliere Massimo d'Azeglio." In Southern Italy, and in the Roman States, he would be accorded the same title as his father. A cadet of a princely family frequently contents himself with putting on his card his Christian and surname, adding "of the Princes of ——;" thus, "Felice Barberini, de' Principi, Barberini," often with a little princely coronet surmounting the whole.

Speaking of Massimo d'Azeglio reminds one of what excellent service the Piedmontese nobility have rendered their country. They were never wealthy as a class, nor attempted to vie with the aristocracy of France in splendor of hospitality; nor were they renowned for wit, or for exquisite polish of manner. But if Florence was the Athens, Turin was the Sparta of Italy in the days of old. Piedmontese gentlemen were renowned for the hardy virtues, for courage, manliness of life, integrity, unswerving loyalty

to their sovereign. If any one wishes to realize an idea of what the Italian character is at its best, he should read the "Life of the Marquis Costa de Beauregard," which has been translated into English by Miss Yonge. The Marquis was all that a man can be —a good son, a trusty friend, a brave soldier, an ardent patriot, an humbled-minded Christian. Had there been more of his stamp in Tuscany and Naples at the commencement of the century, Italy might have achieved her independence at the fall of Napoleon.

It has long been the fashion to sneer at Papal titles, it being commonly supposed that they can be had for the asking, and a lump sum down. This is an error, at all events as far as the later practice of the Court of Rome. Titles have to be paid for, as everywhere, but they are not granted to any moneyed man who may choose to apply for one. Some zeal for the faith, some services rendered to the Church, or to humanity, must be proved before a candidate's claim can be admitted. Of course a fortune of the first magnitude will virtually command a title; but here, again, the Supreme Pontiffs are not more facile than an Emperor of Austria or even a Queen of England. The most famous house of banker-nobles in Rome is that of the Dukes and Princes Torlonia—for there are two lines, the ducal being the elder. The first duke was ennobled by Pius VII., who may very well have been under obligations to him. Shrewd in finance, he was otherwise dull, and prouder of his rank than ambitious to illustrate it by amiability or munificence. Still, he could be generous on occasion, and was sensible enough not to be ashamed of his humble origin. A young Roman noble was once playing for high stakes in his presence. Torlonia waited till he had won a considerable sum, then, stepping up to the gamester, and laying a hand on his shoulder, said in a fatherly way, "My son, it was not in that way that I made a fortune." It is amusing to read in the diary of the first Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, how Torlonia humbly tendered his services to His Grace, not venturing to approach so great a man as an equal. The English duke received the advances of his Italian brother with extreme coldness, and even suspicion. "Evidently Torlonia wanted his connection."

The Roman nobility of to-day is smitten with Anglomania. They hunt, they dress as much as possible like Englishmen, and they talk English even among themselves, often, too, with the purest accent. This faculty for pronouncing our language correctly is shared with them by the Maltese. The nobility of this little island, by the way, has given a good deal of trouble to English Governors and Secretaries of State. Lord Carnarvon finally accorded them a distinct official status, recognizing the number of noble families as twelve. They take precedence among themselves by the dates of their patents, irrespective of titular rank—a baron of the seventeenth century ranking before a prince of the eighteenth.

All Monacans are noble, this distinction having been conferred on the inhabitants of the principality by the Emperor Charles II. The Republic of San Marino claims and exercises the right to confer titles. These are to be bought at reasonable prices, and with no troublesome examinations into character or antecedents. A year or two ago San Marino created an apothecary "Duc de Bruc," and named him "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary" to the French Republic. The Duke gave up the medical profession, announcing that he had been summoned to "high diplomatic functions," but was not above starting a kind of Universal Pill Company, of which His Grace constituted himself chairman. As usual, there was no lack of persons willing to take shares in the new enterprise.

A word as to the Belgian nobility. It must be divided into two classes: 1. Those who derive their titles from Emperors or from Kings of Spain; 2. Those ennobled by the King of the Netherlands (between 1815 and 1830), or by Leopold I. and his son. It is no disparagement to the latter to say that they derive their grandeur, like Cromwell, from themselves alone. As nobles, they are of no account. But the Duke of Orenburg, a mediatized prince of the empire, the Prince de Ligne (who is a Knight of the Golden Fleece), the Prince de Caraman-Chimay, and others, belong to the first order of European Society. In fact their country is Europe, and they attach no more importance to the fact of their Belgian nationality than a Devonshire man among us would to the circumstance that he was born in the Queen of the Western counties. One D'Orenburg serves in the French army, a De Ligne in the Austrian. It is related of the present head of the Lignes (who is President of the Belgian Senate) that he once took his hat off (quite for his own convenience) in the presence of a German Grand-Duke. "Cover yourself, Prince," affably commanded the Serenity. "Cover myself!" replied the Prince de Ligne. "I shall cover myself when I please."

Nobility in Belgium, as in Russia, can be conferred for life. Needless to say, no true herald could take cognizance of such blazonry. The very essence of nobility has always consisted in its hereditary character. Sir Bernard Burke discusses the question as to whether the son or daughter of a "Lord of Appeal in Ordinary" (who is a baron for life) can assume the style of "Honorable," and inclines to the opinion that they cannot. A peer accused of felony must be tried by his peers; a bishop, though a "lord of Parliament, is tried by an ordinary jury as not having the privilege of nobility." Why? Simply because his dignity is not hereditary.

Russia has 650,000 hereditary nobles, and 380,000 whose nobility expires with them. But a noble has few, if any, civil privileges as such. He must enter the army or the civil service to obtain precedence in society. There are ten grades in the civil service roughly

corresponding to the the ten grades of commissioned officers in the army, and military or civil appointments alone confer social standing in Russia. The priesthood is more despised than was the Anglican clergy under the later Stuarts. Only the metropolitans, archbishops, and other high dignitaries are accorded any sort of honor.

Most countries constitutionally governed intrust the legislative power to an assembly composed of two chambers. In England alone is one chamber almost entirely composed of hereditary members. Nevertheless the hereditary principle is recognized to a limited extent in some other countries. The Austrian Upper House is thus made up: Archdukes who are of age (now thirteen in number), fifty-three hereditary nobles, seventeen archbishops and prince-bishops, and 105 life-members.

The Prussian House of Lords has also a considerable hereditary element in it; so has the Upper Chamber of the Spanish Cortes, of which Princes of the Blood and Grandees of the first class are members by birth.

It is worthy of note that the Duc de Broglie, who once drew up a constitution for France, while dividing the legislature in two, according to the approved method, did not venture, even with a restored monarchy in view, to introduce an hereditary element into the Upper House. He frankly avows, in the preamble to his Project of Law, that such an institution as that of hereditary lawmakers would be impossible in the France of to-day. The Duke's authority on such a point is unimpeachable. And from all one can see, the axiom he lays down will soon be true of every country on the continent of Europe. In a word, foreign titles are fast becoming purely ornamental appendages to large fortunes, and incumbrances on small ones. *Cornhill Magazine.*

JELLY-FISHES.

THERE are few objects of the shore which to the ordinary observer appear more hopeless of evolving interest or instruction than the animals which give a title to this paper. So far, indeed, from exciting any feelings of interest, their appearance generally inspires the unscientific mind with distrust, if it does not bring to the surface a stronger and less polite trait of character in the shape of an expression of repugnance at the aspects of jelly-fish existence in general. The distrust with which the medusæ are regarded has, it must be owned, a firm foundation in fact. As we shall see hereafter, they possess the means for making themselves intensely disagreeable to the human race, and to lower organisms as well, through the possession of certain offensive organs called

"stinging cells." And it is not at all an improbable idea that, handicapped thus in public opinion, the more æsthetic aspects of jelly-fish life and structure have not received that amount of justice which the unprejudiced scientist with an eye for the ethereal may fairly maintain that they possess. But, as in many other departments of human knowledge, so in the history of jelly-fishes, a one-sided philosophy neither does justice to the objects it investigates nor brings profit to its students and devotees. Although "philosophy" may seem a high-sounding term to apply to a study of beings which, like the Scotch minister's sermon (described by an ancient lady-member of his congregation), may well-nigh be said to have "nae vitals," it may nevertheless be shown that a large modicum of interest is bound up with the story of their life and existence. It might be fairly enough maintained that, from a zoological point of view, there are few animal forms which possess a more curious history than those masses of living jelly that pulsate through the summer sea, and occasionally strew the coast for miles when the fury of contending winds and waves has wreaked itself upon the hapless race. The natural history of these beings has ere now engaged the earnest attention of more than one eminent observer. Witness in proof of this statement the researches of Edward Forbes, the charming studies of Professor and Mrs. Alexander Agassiz, and the recent work of Mr. G. J. Romanes. At any rate, in the structure and life-actions of these organisms we are certain to find some material even for wonderment; and if only as a seaside study, when the summer days and smooth waters lure us seawards, the history of a very "common object of the shore" may perchance awaken wholesome thought concerning many other and higher objects, even in the nearer circle of human interests themselves.

There is but little need to describe in anything like minute detail the general form of a "jelly-fish." If we capture a few specimens by aid of a muslin tow-net, dragged after a boat in which we lazily paddle over the surface of the calm summer sea, and convey our booty homeward to a jar of sea-water, or place them in a convenient rock-pool, we may study their principal features in ready fashion. A jelly-fish is then seen to resemble a bell in shape; and the resemblance to that object is further increased by the presence of a central organ depending from the roof of the body and corresponding to the clapper, or tongue. Although, as will be hereafter noted, the term "jelly-fish" may even now include forms of widely different kind and of varied nature, the structure here described is common to all of those forms which belong to the medusoid kith and kin. So close is the resemblance just alluded to, that the dome-like body of the jelly-fish is spoken of by naturalists as the "swimming-bell;" while it may be useful to bear in mind that the clapper of the bell is named the "polypite." The delicacy of jelly-fish substance is tacitly implied in the name itself. So unre-

sisting is the bodily fabric of these beings, that they seem to drain away into a shapeless pulp if we attempt, even carefully and gently, to lift them from their native waters. And their delicacy of structure is fully paralleled by the ethereal beauty of their tints and by the irridescent lines that play throughout the glassy dome as it pulsates through the sea with a regularity of rhythm that speaks volumes for the stable ordering of its nervous arrangements. Agassiz, amid his severer studies of jelly-fish form, has not neglected to adorn the tale while pointing the moral of their history. Says this author: "There is a deep scientific interest connected with the study of medusæ. Notwithstanding their slight consistency and their extraordinary transparency, a highly organized structure has been observed in many of them; and though the most opposite opinions still prevail among observers respecting the signification of the facts thus ascertained, it is not less evident that their structure deserves to fix the attention of physiologists in the highest degree. It is in reality one of the most wonderful sights which the philosophic naturalist can behold to see animals scarcely more dense than the water in which they play, and almost as limpid, perform in that medium movements as varied as those of the eagle which soars in the air, or of the butterfly dancing from flower to flower, testifying by their activity their sensitiveness and their volition. Their mode of living, so far as it is known; their periodical appearance, like annual or biennial plants; their rapid growth; the short duration of their life; the brightness or softness of the light which they emit during night, and which illuminates even the deep ocean; the wonderful facts which have been ascertained respecting their mode of reproduction: all this is of a character to strike, in the highest degree, the curiosity even of the most careless."

Poet and naturalist have alike noted the delicacy of jelly-fish structure.* Notwithstanding the delicacy in question, the regular and active movements of these beings may strike us as of somewhat peculiar nature. The bell and the clapper are both formed of a jelly-like tissue which is not contractile, and is of tolerably firm consistence. When, however, the surface of the clapper, or "polypite," is examined, and when we investigate the nature of the

* It is true that their bodies are of exceptionally delicate structure; but this fact does not appear to have interfered with the practical ideas of a Scottish farmer, who carted load after load of the medusæ, which strewed the sea-coast in his neighborhood, from the shore to his fields to serve as manure. The chagrin of the agriculturist over his lost labor may be imagined when he was informed that he had in reality been merely watering his fields instead of adding fertilizing matter thereto. Owen calculates that in a jelly-fish of two-pounds' weight, the solids amount to about thirty grains. Every ton of jelly-fishes would, therefore, contain about four pounds of solid matter. The large proportion of water in jelly-fish structure is not unparalleled even in the human economy, for two-thirds of a man's body consists of water. Thus, in a human body weighing 165 pounds there exist 110 pounds of water.

tissue that lines the inside of the bell, we at once discover the seat of the jelly-fish movements. Both clapper and bell are covered with a thin layer of a tissue which, without straining any analogy, may be termed "muscle." No doubt there is little apparent resemblance between jelly-fish muscle and human biceps; but there are to be seen in the former the incipient stages of the latter; while physiologically both agree, in that they contract at once and forcibly under appropriate stimulation. How and why these rudimentary muscle-fibres act are matters which do not call for notice here, and which the interested reader will find fully described in the papers of Mr. G. J. Romanes in *Nature* for 1877, and in the *Fortnightly Review* for October, 1878. Suffice it to say, at present, that, like man's muscles, those of the jelly-fish are stimulated by nerves which, in the shape of the merest rudiments, appear to present us with the beginnings in the animal world of a defined sensory and motor apparatus. But when we consider the regularity of the graceful movements whereby the jelly-fish swims through the water, we may well be inclined to argue that such regularity speaks volumes for the accurate and stable nature of the ruling power seated in its tissues. Thus the animal pulsates through the water much after the fashion of a veritable hydraulic engine. As the bell expands, water passes into its interior; as the bell contracts, this water is expelled with force from its mouth, and, by its reaction on the surrounding water, drives the jelly-fish forward. Thus contraction and expansion proceed with stable regularity. Only when unduly alarmed does jelly-fish existence seem to bestir itself. If we touch a jelly-fish while, in the full play of its vigor, the being is pumping its way through the sea, we may note that we thereby increase the activity of its pulsations and accelerate its movements. The bell-shaped disc contracts and expands under the stimulation of our touch at an increased rate, and jelly-fish alarm thus carries the organism to lower depths and safer regions of sea. As has been well remarked, there is the most patent correspondence and likeness between the regular rhythm of the heart and that of the jelly-fish body. Essentially similar movements of contraction and expansion operate in both; unusual stimulation presents us, in both, with the same increase of play; and if we further reflect that the heart is simply a hollow muscle, and that, like the jelly-fish body, it possesses within its tissues its own peculiar nerve-centers, we may perceive a further and most interesting analogy between the physiology of the medusa and that of the central organ of our own circulation.

The further structure of the jelly-fish bell, or body, however, awaits our consideration. One distinctive point of the jelly-fish structure consists in the fact that the mouth of the bell is partially closed by a membrane named the "veil," through an opening in the center of which the water flows in, and through which it is

ejected from the cavity of the bell in the act of swimming. The clapper of the bell—or, as we have already named it, the "polypite"—may readily be discovered to form a highly important part of jelly-fish personality. At the free extremity of this tongue, which hangs from the roof of the bell, we discover the mouth, bounded by prominent "lips." This mouth leads into the hollow of the polypite; and the cavity of this structure—albeit that a naturalist would regard it as strictly corresponding with the inside of the body—serves the medusa for a digestive sac or stomach. Hither are brought the minute morsels in the shape of the marine water-fleas and the allied small fry upon which jelly-fish existence is maintained, and in the hollow of the tongue, or polypite, they may be regarded as being assimilated and converted into the substance of the medusa. From the base or attached end of the polypite, certain canals are readily seen to be distributed through the soft jelly-like body. Thus, usually four canals pass away from the base, in diverging fashion, towards the circumference of the bell; these being named accordingly the "radial canals." At the margin of the body these tubes join another vessel which runs completely round the edge of the jelly-fish body, and which is termed appropriately enough the "marginal canal." The purport and use of this system of canals are clearly nutrative. Through these vessels flows the blood which jelly-fish digestion has elaborated and prepared from jelly-fish food. They represent, along with the central polypite, the commissiarat department of the organism, whereby nourishment is distributed to the body, and whereby the losses of tissue and the bodily wear and tear, which beset jelly-fish activity as inevitably as they follow human action are repaired and renewed. Considering the activity of movement in the medusa, such loss of substance must be considerable; and even if existence be of short duration in the jelly-fish race, it is clearly maintained only at the expense of some considerable amount of work and energy exerted in the labor of bodily repair.

The margin of the bell, however, may claim further attention, as in reality the most important region of the body when the innervation or nervous regulation of the organism is taken into account. Here appear to be specially localized those powers and properties which, diffused through the bell itself, and propagated to the muscular tissue already noticed as lining its interior, produce those movements and manifestations of action that, in one form or other, are invariable concomitants of life itself. What, then, are the structures to be perceived at the boundary or margin of the medusa's body? First in order we may perceive the tentacles, or feelers, varying in number and disposition in different species; secondly, the "eyes" of the jelly-fish in the form of spots of pigment are readily observed; and, thirdly, a more careful examination of the rim of the bell reveals the presence of "ears" as

well as "eyes." Each of these organs constitutes so distinct and typical a portion of medusa-structure that a few words concerning their nature and functions are demanded, as an end to the elucidation of the history of their possessors. The tentacles are unquestionably organs of touch, but their functions in the capture of prey appear to be equally, if not more, important. Here are specially localized those means of offense for which jelly-fish nature, despite the beauty of form and the ethereal elegance of its frame, has attained a somewhat evil reputation. The "living jellies which the flesh inflame" form an important feature in Crabbe's description of the beauties of the shore; although, indeed, his impartial mention of their urticating powers, while perfectly true to nature, may be held to somewhat vitiate the otherwise pleasant picture of medusoid loveliness, and illustrate anew the axiom that beauty may not merely be vain, but deceitful likewise. Stinging powers are not limited to the jelly-fishes, but are possessed in greater or less perfection by every member of the great division of the animal series to which these forms belong. From the *hydra* of the ditches to the corals and anemones of the ocean, stinging powers form a natural heritage of the race of Cœlenterate animals, as we name them in zoology. The nature of the offensive apparatus is not difficult to discover. If we take a hydra from its pool, place it under our microscope, and gently press its body, we may discern numberless little threads shooting out from the tissues, and we may likewise see imbedded within these tissues little cells, each containing a thread-like filament, similar to those which have been protruded. The little cells or capsules are "thread-cells;" and a thread-cell is simply a minute bag filled with fluid, and having coiled up within it a thread-like filament, which is attached to one extremity of the cell. Under pressure, or even under the mere stimulus of touch, this cell ruptures, and thread and fluid are discharged upon the offending body. The threads are often armed with barbs or hooks, adapted probably to effect their adherence to the body in question. There seems no reason to doubt that the thread is simply a dart, and the fluid a poison—in short, we are presented in each "thread-cell" with a miniature poison-apparatus. Such is the armature of our sea-anemones and jelly-fishes and their zoological relations. By aid of these thread-cells, acting upon tissues of the requisite degree of delicacy, the prey is paralyzed or killed outright By these thread-cells the larger jelly-fishes "sting" the incautious bather, and paralyze the nutritious objects which come in contact with tentacles or polypite. The smaller species do not affect the human organization, owing to the inability of the lassos of the thread-cells to pierce the epidermis but if applied to a more delicate region, such as the mucous membrane of the lips, the effect of the thread-cells' virus may then be practically illustrated. The tentacles of a sea-anemone, which do not affect

the hands, will cause a smarting sensation if applied to the more tender lip. The Abbé Dicquemare, an enthusastic observer of the jelly-fishes and their relations, somewhere remarks that the sting of certain species of *Oceania* was felt only when they were brought in contact with sensitive portions of the body, such as the eyes—an observation which called forth from Edward Forbes the remark that most sensible people would prefer to keep "their eyes intact to poking medusæ into them."

Turning to the remaining organs borne by the margin of the jelly-fish body, we find eyes and ears to await our survey. The "eyes" in question are represented by specks of color, on the surface of which a little clear refractile body, probably of the nature of a lens, is found. In the determination of the nature of organs of sense in the lower confines of the animal world, the zoologist is naturally led to associate the beginnings of the sense of sight with the appearance of pigment-spots. Even in infusorian animalcules there occur pigment-masses, often of bright hue, which, for want of any better explanation of their function or use, and because pigment is invariably associated with organs of sight of well-developed nature, are to be esteemed the beginnings of eyes. There would seem to be little doubt, therefore, that the pigment-specks of the jelly-fish are rudimentary "eyes"—organs of visions these, not capable of discernment in the sense in which we speak of "seeing" in higher life, but probably highly sensitive to alternations of light and darkness, and thus serving to guide their possessors to the surface or to the depths below, when sweetness and light prevail in the upper world, and when darkness reigns supreme, respectively.

Closely associated with the "eyes" are the reputed "ears" of the medusa. As the elementary eye is merely a sensitive pigment-spot, so the rudimentary ear presents itself to view in the form of a sac or bag, containing fluid, suspended amidst which are particles of lime. Such an apparatus dimly foreshadows ears of a more perfect type; but even in jelly-fish existence it is not difficult to understand how waves of sound falling upon these sacs will cause disturbance of their contained fluid and its lime-particles, and how such disturbance, propagated along nerves and affecting nerve-centers, will produce actions and movements of corresponding kind in the organism at large. One pregnant fact connected with the sense-organs of jelly-fishes, and testifying to the extreme probability of the body-margin and its belongings being the seat and sources of sense," is found in the discovery that this region of the jelly-fish is that which reigns paramount in the direction and regulation of the creature's movements. When Mr. Romanes removed the margin of the swimmiug-bell "immediate, total, and permanent paralysis of the entire organ" followed the operation; or, as that experimenter remarks: "That is to say, if, with a pair of scissors, I cut

off the whole marginal rim of the bell, carrying the cut round just above the insertion of the tentacles, the moment the last atom of the margin was removed the pulsations of the bell instantly and for ever ceased." No less remarkable were the acts of the detached portion. On this head Mr. Romanes remarks: "On the other hand, the severed margin continued its pulsations with vigor and pertinacity, notwithstanding its severance from the main organism. For hours, and even for days, after its removal the severed margin would continue its rhythmical contractions; so that the contrast between the death-like quiescence of the mutilated bell and the active movements of the thread-like portion which had first been removed from its margin was as striking as it is possible to conceive." Such facts are absolutely conclusive in their affirmation that in the margin of the jelly-fish bell we must locate the active and controlling centers and parts of its nervous system. Hence, as an additional conclusion, we may safely enough maintain that it is but natural to find in this nervous area of the animal's body the organs of sense just described.

Leaving zoological taxonomists to dispute the correctness of their systems and arrangements, we find yet awaiting us, in our study of the jelly-fishes, phenomena which certainly far excel in interest even the personal history and individual structure of the race. The history of any animal or plant is not fully answered when we have replied to the query, "What is it?" and when its structure has been fully investigated. To fully answer this question we must understand its early history. The query, "What is it?" really includes a knowledge of the past life of a living being in its reply; and since the adult stages of existence form only a part of the term of life it follows that the "development" of the living being presents us with subject-matter for study of essential nature to a full and complete knowledge of the organisms around. These remarks apply with double force and meaning to jelly-fish history. It can readily be shown that the exact answer to the inquiry, "What is a jelly-fish?" can only be supplied by a study of the medusa in the days of its infancy and youth. Much of the mystery of jelly-fish nature really springs from our ignorance of the early history of these organisms, coupled with their curious relationships to other diverse organisms disclosed by the recital of their development On all grounds, therefore that development demands notice; and even its cursory investigation may be found to reveal much that is startling, not merely in jelly-fish affairs, but in the philosophy which regulates living nature at large.

Reference must in the first instance be made to the fact that the "zoophytes" are near relations of the medusæ. Now, the name "zoophyte" happens to be a very generalized term for a plant-like animal, and as employed here it is certainly not misapplied, seeing that the zoophytes which claim the jelly-fishes as near kith and kin

are so plant-like that, when picked up on the beach by ingenuous collectors of seaweeds, their plant-nature seems unquestionable. Growing on oyster-shells, such zoophytes as the "sea-firs," or Sertularians are seen to mimic in perfection the forms of miniature fir-trees; and a visit to any museum of note will fully convince the observer who glances into the zoophyte case that the animal form may mimic in exactitude, not merely the appearance, but the fixation and manner of growth of the plant. We have little concern at present with the structure of the zoophytes, beyond indicating that each of these plant-like beings is in reality a colony of little animals. Each member of this colony—consisting of little else than a mouth and feelers, with a simple body-cavity—is connected, through the hollow stem and branches—on which the individuals are borne—with every other citizen of this plant-like republic. Through the hollow stem and branches flows a continual stream of nutriment, which is continually being elaborated by the mouths and digestive sacs of the members of the colony. So that, as each member draws its own nourishment from the stream it has helped to manufacture, the principle of perfect and harmonious co-operation seems to be realized in zoophyte existence with a unanimity and peace, from the bliss of which the most perfectly organized of human societies appear to be, as yet, far removed. Zoophyte life thus speeds its commonplace round. The individuals which die and fall off like the ripe blossoms of the plant, are replaced, as losses of plant-existence are repaired, by new buds which grow into new individuals. But the parallel between a zoophyte colony and a plant ends not thus. The latter will, in due time, make provision for the future of its race by the production of seeds—seeing that the budding of one individual affects not the increase of the species at large. Each seed, it is plain, is capable of giving origin to a new plant, and of thus perpetuating the race in time. In the zoophyte, similarly, there exists provision for the maintenance of the species, and for repairing the loss which death inflicts thereupon, just as the local and partial death in the individual is arrested and opposed by the development of new buds.

At this stage of our inquiries, the interests of the zoophytes would seem in a marvelous fashion to join issue with those of the jelly-fishes. In the ordinary course of zoophyte existence, the little eggs which have been produced by the zoophyte colony at first swim freely through the sea, and ultimately settle down to develop first one little individual of the colony—by way of a founder of the community—and then, by budding, to produce a whole connected series of beings. That is to say, from a zoophyte's egg, a zoophyte, as the ordinary course of nature directs, is seen to spring. But zoophyte development is more frequently extraordinary than commonplace in its methods. From very many zoophytes, "buds of a shape not in the least resembling the ordinary members of the

colony are produced in large numbers. As these buds develop, they assume the exact likeness of jelly-fishes or medusæ. Sooner or later they are seen to detach themselves from the zoophyte stock which produced them, and not merely to swim freely in the sea, after the fashion of medusæ—pulsating through the water with rhythmical stroke—but to exhibit the central mouth, the radiating canals, and the sense-organs, which, as we have noted, are the natural belongings of jelly-fish existence. So that, in short, from a fixed and rooted zoophyte stock a free-swimming medusæ is thus produced. But the history of the zoophyte's jelly-fish progeny includes a further stage of development, since the cycle of its life is not completed with its detachment from the plant-like parent. For a lengthened period, in some cases, this jelly-fish progeny will swim in the sea, undistinguishable, save on the knowledge of its origin, from the ordinary or true medusæ. Sooner or later, however, the jelly-fish of the zoophyte will produce "eggs;" and when this work has been completed, the clear glassy dome will decay and become dissolved amid the waters to which, in the delicacy of its structure, it was so near akin. But the "eggs" will undergo the regular development proper to their race: they will at first swim freely in the sea. Next they will settle down, attach themselves, and develop each a little stalked organism, in which we can have no difficulty in recognizing the first beginnings and lineaments of the zoophyte. This first seedling of the zoophyte tree will then exhibit the process of budding; the primary bud produces a second; these buds in turn develop others, which, remaining to form a single and connected organism, in due time reproduce before us the zoophyte stock. From this stock, when the proper period arrives, the jelly-fish buds will once again be liberated; and thus the circle of development and the perpetuation of the race will be illustrated anew.

In the consideration of these marvelous relationships betwixt zoophyte and jelly-fish, it is not wonderful to find that the older naturalists should have applied the term "alternation of generations" to the included phenomena. One generation (of zoophytes) was seen to reproduce another generation of animals (the jelly-fishes), and this latter in turn reproduced the zoophyte stock; generation alternating with generation in a curious and apparently inexplicable relationship. Nor was the problem of such relationship rendered anywise clearer by the discovery that, in certain cases, jelly-fishes produced jelly-fishes without any apparent zoophyte-stage or interpolation of plant-like forms whatever. Forbes remarked such an anomaly; and Sars of Christiania, at the same period, confirmed the observation of his English neighbor. Chamisso, the versatile and talented author of "Peter Schlemil," making similar observations regarding certain curious species of sea-squirts, summed up the alternations by saying that the off-

spring never resembled the parent, but reproduced the likeness of the grand-parent. And applying such a remark to the case in point, the likeness of the zoophyte parent might be held to be reproduced in the grand-children; the children of the zoophyte being, of course, represented by the dissimilar medusæ. As zoological science advanced, however, the true nature of this so-called "alternations of generations" became apparent. This latter term was applied to the development we have been studying, because two distinct animals—zoophyte and jelly-fish—were found to apparently reproduce each other. A better acquaintance with zoophyte history reveals the interesting fact, that between the ordinary reproductive buds of these forms—buds which never leave the zoophyte branch, and which give origin to eggs that develop directly into zoophytes—and the jelly-fish buds themselves, there is a gradual and well-marked series of transitions. Further, it is noted that the jelly-fish bud corresponds in its type of structure with the ordinary fixed bud of the zoophyte. And, best of all, the study of the comparative physiology of buds and zoophyte brings clearly into view the important fact that the jelly-fish is not a distinct animal in any sense, but merely a detached part of the colony, specially developed and organized for a free life, during which it is intended to mature the "eggs," or elements, which otherwise would have been developed in a fixed part of the zoophyte stem. The roving jelly-fish is physiologically a part of the mother colony, even although separated by leagues of sea from its parent stock. It is simply an emigrant member of that colony, connected by every tie of blood, and still more by the results of its life-history, with the rooted colony of the coast or sea-depths. Hence the applicability of the term "alternation of generations" was first questioned and then denied. It no longer finds a place in the phraseology of philosophic natural history, when the true relation of the jelly-fish bud to the zoophyte stock is comprehended and made plain.

But the question may be asked, How does this discovery that the errant zoophyte buds mimic the jelly-fishes affect, firstly, our recognition of a true jelly-fish when we see it, and, secondly, the origin of the connection between jelly-fishes and zoophytes; or, in other words, the causes which have evolved jelly-fishes and zoophytes respectively? To reply fully to such important queries requires a little further acquaintance with the jelly-fish race. It may, however, be remarked that it was formerly, and may still be, a highly difficult question, apart from a knowledge of their exact origin, to say whether a given jelly-fish was a true medusa—possessing a personality and existence entirely independent of the zoophyte stock—or merely the detached reproductive bud of some zoophyte colony. The ranks of the true Medusæ have been sadly thinned of late years through the discovery that the so-called jelly-fishes were

the offspring of the zoophytes, and that their proper place in zoology was among their plant-like parentage. Indeed, being merely "buds," and not individual animals in any sense, they had, as organisms, no classification at all, any more than a leaf or a flower possesses a classification apart from the plant of which it forms part. It may be asserted that by far the greater proportion of jelly-fishes —especially the smaller species that exist by the hundred or thousand in the summer seas—found around our coasts are the free "buds" of zoophytes and that only a small remnant of the *Medusidæ* of past zoology represents a true and distinct class of animals. And thus, at present, we limit the term "jelly-fish," popularly applied and scientifically used, to those organisms which consist of a single polypite (to quote the zoological definition), suspended from the roof of a single swimming-bell, and whose eggs develop directly into forms resembling themselves. It must be confessed that the jelly-fishes, thus defined, form a very limited class; still, such beings do exist, and remain as the representative "jelly-fishes" of modern zoology.

Such a typical and zoologically familiar form as *Pelagia*, for instance, fully accords with the definition just given. A new phase of the difficulty, however, arises when the history of certain other members of the jelly-fish group is made known. Among the "hidden-eyed" medusæ (or *Lucernaridans*, as we now name them) there are many jelly-fishes which appear in the most aggravating fashion to turn the tables upon their zoophytic relations, in that, in the course of true jelly-fish development, the likeness of the zoophyte may be temporarily assumed—just as, in zoophyte development, the form of the jelly-fish is for a time developed.

One of the most notable cases of this curious development among the jelly-fishes is illustrated by the history of one of the commonest members of the race—the *Aurelia aurita*, whose title to be called the "common jelly-fish" can hardly be disputed. From the egg of this organism is first developed a little oval, free-swimming speck named the *planula*. Attaching itself to some fixed object, the planula assumes a pear-shaped form, and, as a depression at its free end deepens to form a mouth, little tentacles bud out around the opening. In such a guise—exactly resembling the hydra of our fresh-water pools, or the primitive bud of a zoophyte—does the progeny of the Aurelian jelly-fish appear; and when the tentacles have become numerous it receives the name of *Hydra tuba*—a term applied, under the belief hat it was a distinct form of animal life, by Sir J. G. Dalyell, the once-famous authority on zoophyte life and structure. In length the *Hydra tuba* organism measures about half an inch, and, curiously enough, it has been known to continue in this stage of development for years. It moreover possesses a power of producing other *Hydræ tubæ* by a process of budding, and thus comes to imitate perfectly the conditions

of zoophyte existence. Its further history begins when the body elongates, and when it becomes marked across by grooves or indentations, which gradually deepen, while their edges become notched. In this stage Sars named the organism *Scyphistoma*, believing it to be a new and mature animal. As the *Hydra tuba* becomes further divided crosswise it assumes the appearance aptly described as that of a pile of saucers with notched edges placed one within the other, their hollows being turned upwards. Now it is known as the *Strobila*. Sooner or later this pile of saucer-like bodies—each called an *Ephyra*—falls to pieces; the saucers each swim freely in the water; they assume a more concave form, and appear before the observer as veritable jelly-fishes, or *Aureliæ*, which pulsate through the sea, and which exhibit all the characteristics of their species and race. Not the least surprising fact in connection with this curious life-history is that which informs us of the extreme disparity between the size of the *Hydra tuba* and of the beings to which it may thus give origin. A *Hydra tuba* measuring about half an inch long breaks up into saucer-like *Ephyræ*, or jelly-fishes, each of which latter, when fully developed, may measure seven feet in diameter, and may possess tentacles fifty feet long. Huge oceanic jelly-fishes, occurring in tropical seas, and measuring from six to eight feet across, thus spring from a fixed organism whose diminutive size would seem to preclude the possibility of its containing even potentially the energies requisite for the development of an ordinary-sized jelly-fish. Such facts are not unparalleled in higher life-histories. The germ of the sperm whale is a mere microscopic speck in its earlier phases; and the red kangaroo, which in its full growth attains a height of seven feet and a half, measures at birth about an inch in length.

Within the past few weeks one of the most interesting facts in the history of the medusa-race has been brought to light by the discovery, on June 10, that a fresh-water jelly-fish was living and propagating its kind by the hundred in the water-lily tank of the Botanical Society of London, at Regent's Park. Considering that all species of medusæ hitherto known are marine in habits—with one or two very doubtful exceptions—the interest evoked by Mr Sowerby's discovery may be readily enough conceived. The diameter of the swimming-bell does not exceed one-third of an inch—the fresh-water stranger being thus a comparatively small-sized member of the race. It occurs in fresh water maintained at a temperature of 90° F.; and the problem of its occurrence in Regent's Park is perhaps best solved on the supposition that it is an introduced tropical species, which, until the present summer, has not been developed in sufficient numbers to attract notice; while its small size, added to a lack of numbers, may perfectly account for its being hitherto overlooked. Like other medusæ, the new comer, which has received the name of *Limnocodium Sowerbii*, feeds on

minute forms of animal life—Mr. Sowerby recording its capture of the "branched-horned water-flea" (*Daphnia pulex*) in large numbers. There is an extreme paucity of female medusæ among the Regent's Park specimens. The reason for this, and the preponderance of the sterner sex, is a difficult matter to say anything about—considering our lack of knowledge of the animal's original *habitat*, and our inability to say whether the conditions under which it is now living are such as to favor the development of one sex over that of the other.

Already—that is, within a month of its discovery—the scientific world has come to differ over the affinities of the little stranger. Professor Allman, whose name is never to be mentioned without the respect due to an authority in things medusoid, says that the new jelly-fish represents a half-way house between two distinct groups of jelly-fishes; while Professor Lankester maintains its place as a member of a well-known group of medusæ. The attachment of its tentacles is peculiar; for, while ordinarily these organs are simple prolongations of the edge of the bell, in the *Limnocodium* they arise from above the bell's margin. The number of tentacles is extremely numerous, and so also is the number of the sense-organs, or "ears," at the edge of the bell. Dr. Allman says the latter bodies average 128 in number, and, curiously enough, there are no "eye-spots," or ocelli. The polypite, or central mouth, is relatively large, and the mouth has four lips. Mr. Romanes records the interesting fact that the mouth of this new species will move over towards any part of the bell that is touched, just as the mouth of a well-known jelly-fish (*Tiaropsis*) unerringly indicates the part of the body which has been irritated. If the margin of the fresh-water form be cut away, the mouth is no longer able to indicate the part touched; whereas in *Tiaropsis* such an operation does not interfere with the "indicating" or "pointing" power of the mouth. This fact shows clearly enough that the nervous elements of the fresh-water jelly-fish are more specially localized in the margin of the bell than are those of *Tiaropsis*. The latter, in other words, appears to have attained a higher phase of nervous development than its fresh-water neighbor.

One of the most important questions connected with the new medusa is that of its origin and occurrence in fresh water. Mr. Romanes has been experimenting on this subject. A marine medusa, *suddenly* transferred to fresh water and left there, remains motionless until it dies. Fifteen minutes in fresh water kills an ordinary jelly-fish. When the new medusa, on the other hand, is placed in sea-water at 85°, it exhibits passiveness in about a minute; and it may ultimately die, even when restored to fresh water. Similar or analogous results follow the immersion of the new jelly-fish in weak solutions of salt water; and Mr. Romanes argues that the change of constitution which has adapted a marine

jelly-fish to fresh water is more sweeping than that which could adapt a salt-water species to live among brine. "Sea-water is now more poisonous to the modified" (or fresh-water) "species than is fresh water to the unmodified" (or marine), says Mr. Romanes; and one can but agree with this naturalist when he argues for the marine ancestry of the fresh-water jelly-fish and for its gradual modification through life in the brackish water of estuaries, to an existence in the fresh water of rivers. Such an hypothetical case is not unparalleled elsewhere in the animal world. One has only to think of the case of the opossum shrimp (*Mysis relicta*) of the fresh-water lakes of Northern Europe and of North America. This crustacean is barely distinguishable from the *Mysis oculata* of the Arctic seas. Now, we have evidence that the lakes of Norway and Sweden were once mere arms of the sea, and were converted into lakes by physical change. Hence *Mysis oculata* of the sea has become *Mysis relicta* of the lakes by the slow modification of its constitution due to the change in surroundings, just as the fresh-water jelly-fish, once marine, has become modified for a new existence. As Mr. Romanes remarks of the new jelly-fish: "If an animal so exceedingly intolerant of fresh water as is a marine jelly-fish may yet have all its tissues changed so as to adapt them to thrive in fresh water, and even die after an exposure of one minute to their ancestral element—assuredly we can see no reason why any animal in earth, sea, or anywhere else, may not in time become fitted to change its element."

Medusa-life has its oddities like higher existence, and one of the most curious habits of the race consists in their occasionally affording shelter and lodging to fishes and to other organisms. Such a condition is known to be illustrated by the *Aurelia aurita*, whose history has already been noted. A small fish, probably the *Merlangus Carbonarius* (or "Poddlie" of juvenile fishers in Scotland), has been seen to accompany this medusa in its movements; residing within the bell, and darting out when the jelly-fish turned over so as to bring the mouth of the bell uppermost in the water. Such association with fishes is known to occur in other species of jelly-fishes; and even tropical sea-anemones are known to lodge, if not likewise to board, certain small fishes in their interior. Such conditions probably illustrate to us the beginnings of "parasitism;" since, when mere association and companionship become replaced by the entire dependence of one being on another, we reach a stage represented before our eyes to-day by the internal parasites which molest even man's estate and cause disease and death through their infestation. Almost equally interesting is the following statement which, under the heading of "A Curious Incident," is contained in a newspaper cutting of last year's date:—

"A correspondent of the 'Western Morning News' gives an interesting description of the voyage of the 'Crocodile.' In the

course of his observations he says: 'On September 21 the ship crossed the Equator early in the morning. On the following night a most curious circumstance occurred, which would hardly be credited. The ship was stopped by jelly-fish, which, shortly aften one o'clock, appeared in myriads as far as the eye could reach, and the thousands of luminous bodies floating upon the water gave the appearance of a scene from fairyland. Some of the fish got into the strainers of the condensers and blocked the holes, so that the water would not enter, and the result was that the vacuum went down and then disappeared entirely. The condensers afterwards became so heated that we had to stop steaming altogether, take off the strainers and clear them. Three attempts were made to steam, and each failed from the same cause. In this way we were delayed no less than five hours; but at daybreak the fish sank, and the ship was able to proceed. The same thing occurred again on the following night, the ship being delayed four hours."

Summing up this brief recital of the history of jelly-fishes, the question now awaits us as to the deliverance which modern natural history may make respecting the origin of the jelly-fishes themselves, and of their relations with the fixed and rooted zoophyte stocks. The explanation which modern zoology is prepared to afford respecting these matters is founded necessarily upon the perfectly rational dictum that the history of an animal's development furnishes us with the means for tracing its origin and descent. Regarding the varied universe of life as having been evolved from originally simple forms—just as to-day we see from the shapeless and uniform germ or seed the complex and intricate animal or plant arise—we should find small difficulty in discerning in the history of the jelly-fishes a clue to the origin of their race, and possibly to that of the zoophyte stock likewise. If one stage in the common development of zoophytes and jelly-fishes may be credited with representing, more typically than another, the elementary form of the race, one might reasonably lean towards the hydra tuba as illustrating this primitive type. And not merely is the *Hydra tuba* the initial stage in the development of the special forms of jelly-fishes already mentioned. It also represents the permanent form of the common hydra of our pools, and it recalls the first beginnings of the zoophyte, ere the process of budding has produced the compound and connected colony. In both cases the jelly-fish type arises from the fixed zoophyte stock, and this latter originates, in turn, from the simpler type of the *Hydra tuba*. If, therefore, speculation is content to be guided by the light of facts as they stand, such theorizing will accept some primitive hydra-like animal as the root-stock of the jelly-fish race. Such a conclusion is likewise supported by the pregnant fact that the hydra stage is one of those halting-places in development common to all animals. In this case it has apparently formed the starting-point

for the evolution of new races and groups of beings. Free jelly-fishes, like *Pelagia*, which pulsate in all their independence of zoophytes, and in whose development no *Hydra tuba* stage is found, represent, on this theory, the most specialized and highly-developed forms of the group. In their development the panoramic display of the stages in their past history has been modified, and here and there obliterated, through the operation of causes beyond our ken. Their independence has been obtained possibly through better adaptation to the free life of the ocean, but their former connection with the rooted zoophytes and with past and gone types of zoophyte life cannot be doubted. Otherwise, the fact that, before our waiting eyes to-day, zoophytes produce medusæ, and true jelly-fishes in turn exhibit a zoophyte stage in development, has no meaning, and must prove, as hard facts do to the prepossessed understanding, but stumbling-blocks and causes of offense. Bound up in the history of a jelly-fish we thus find problems which directly concern the origin of the whole universe of life. And it may well be maintained that it is in these mental pathways, which, from a study of commonplace things, lead outwards to the great questions of existence, that the highest aims and greatest triumphs of science are to be sought and found.

ANDREW WILSON, *in Belgravia.*

MILTON AND WORDSWORTH.

There are some literary topics the interest of which is inexhaustible. Men, we may be sure, will continue to write about Homer and Dante, about Shakespeare and Goethe, as long as literature exists, and the criticisms thus written will attract the attention of readers. It was said in the last century that the poets had so appropriated Nature as to make it well nigh impossible for their successors to break fresh ground—as if Nature, with her infinite voices of gladness and terror, her ever-changing aspects, her tender beauty and wealth of color, her soothing ministry and perpetual suggestiveness, could ever lose her hold upon the poet's heart, or cease to stimulate his song! And just as Nature must always supply her children with fresh food and quicken poetic life, so will the study of great poets yield new thoughts and new delight to every generation of readers.

If this be true, poets of the highest mark, like Milton and Wordsworth, can never be put aside as if they had ceased to exercise a living influence. They belong to England as much as her lakes and mountains, her woods and meadows; they, like all our splendid writers, are a part of her history, the part which for many readers has the most abiding interest. The critical biography of Milton,

lately written by Mr. Mark Pattison, and the little volume of Wordsworth's poems, "chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold," may serve as an excuse, if one be needed, for linking these poets together. With many points of difference they have much in common, and if Wordsworth owns a poetical father, that father is Milton. This may seem a doubtful assertion. Milton is, in a certain sense, a highly artificial poet. His "lofty rhyme" is built with the utmost elaboration, with the most consummate skill. So exquisite is the harmony of his rhythm, that if after reading aloud a noble passage from the "Paradise Lost," we read another from the "Excursion," it is as if we had exchanged the music of a cathedral organ for that of a harmonium. Milton's style is majestic. Wordsworth, although he considered style of "incalculable importance," can be scarcely said, as Mr. Arnold has pointed out, to have a style of his own; and when he seeks one, "he falls into ponderosity and pomposity."

The splendor of Milton's style must take every ear captive that is not dead to music. It shows what a noble instrument our poets possess, and to what a height the language may attain. There is no verse we know of that has the elevating power Milton's verse possesses. And he understood well the advantage of contrast and variety. In a great poem like the "Paradise Lost" there must be depressions as well as elevations, low-lying country as well as mountain summits, and Milton has the advantage over Wordsworth not only in choosing a high argument, in having an action worthy of his imagination, but also because, even in his most prosaic moments, he never crawls, as Scott said, truly, Wordsworth sometimes does, upon all-fours.

The imagination of Wordsworth, genuine and exquisite though it be, is moreover wholly different in kind from the far-reaching and sublime imagination that conceived the "Paradise Lost;" and Wordsworth, it need scarcely be added, reads nature with very different eyes from Milton, who knew her chiefly through the spectacles of books.

To the elder poet Nature was a glorious spectacle; to the other it was a living power. Wordsworth gave a soul to inanimate objects, and has told his readers that he did so:

> "To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,
> Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
> I gave a moral life; I saw them feel,
> Or linked them to some feeling."

To all the changes of Nature's face he was as sensitive as waters are to the sky's influence, as

> "obedient as a lute
> That waits upon the touches of the wind,"

But the humility of an attitude like this was quite alien to the mind of Milton.

Wordsworth's study was under the open sky, and his verses, nine-tenths of them, he says, were composed out of doors. Milton, and here we quote from Mr Pattison.

"is not a man of the fields but of books. Natural impressions are received from without, but always in those forms of beautiful speech in which the poets of all ages have clothed them. His epithets are not like the epithets of Dryden and Pope, culled from the 'Gradus ad Parnasseum;' they are expressive of some reality, but it is of a real emotion in the spectator's soul, not of any quality detected by keen insight in the objects themselves."

That insight which Milton lacked was the secret of Wordsworth's strength. When the great Puritan poet was smitten with blindness, he probably deplored the loss of his books as much as the loss of

> "Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine."

Wordsworth, we can well believe, had he been shut out from the sight of his beloved mountains, would have felt the universal blank even more keenly, but the want of books he would have scarcely felt at all. Other points of difference might be mentioned, but the affinity between these poets is stronger than the antagonism, and across the gulf of two centuries they may be said to clasp inseparable hands. Both of them looked at the world very much from the same Puritan standing-point, both made plain living and high thinking the rule of life; both were profoundly devout, and both were set apart for song as no other English poets have been. The absolute sincerity and egotism of Milton were reflected in Wordsworth: never for a moment, we can well believe, was the supreme importance of their life's work absent from the thoughts of either, and in both a like weakness is discernible, which may be traced to the want of humor. It is partly owing to this want and partly due to other causes—the absence, for example, of geniality and love-passion—that Milton has never found more than the "fit audience" he craved, and that Wordsworth is not, and in our judgment never can be, a popular poet. Probably when Wordsworth influences at all, his power goes deeper than that of Milton; he is less admired, but he is more beloved; instead of reverencing him as a great master, we take him to our heart of hearts as a friend. It would be difficult to say whether the adverse circumstances of Milton's life and the troubles of his age were more or less favorable to song than the peaceful, prosperous, career of Wordsworth. Milton's early career of studious delight and generous aspirations, was soon destined to be shadowed; but Wordsworth throughout life was the happiest of men; and profoundly pathetic though he be, this happiness is reflected in his most characteristic poems—in the "Highland Keeper," in the "Daffodils," and in the "Ode on Immortality," for example.

Joy is the atmosphere in which a poet breathes most freely, and Milton doubtless had "his god-like hours" of supreme delight; but the "Samson Agonistes," published three years before the writer's death, represents as in a mirror the sorrows of his life, and the retrospect is one of sadness. The poet, like his Samson, gained indeed heroic calm, and bore the "weary load of death" called life, manfully; but who can doubt that he felt the load to be weary?

It is probable that we know everything we are ever likely to know about Milton. Professor Masson has left no corner unexplored, no manuscript unsearched, that might possibly add a grain of wheat to his granary. In his life and in his copious edition of the works which contain innumerable comments and annotations, he has exhausted his subject, and is sometimes in danger, owing to the unexampled minuteness of his remarks, of exhausting the patience of his readers. But Mr. Masson's love of his subject will sufficiently explain and excuse his fault. He has achieved a great work, and henceforth writers who have to record facts about Milton, must be content to follow humbly in his steps. Mr. Pattison has no new statements to make, but he has much that is fresh to say, and the book, while meant for those who run while they read, is written so as to attract all intelligent and thoughtful readers. The masterly critic of Pope is alike vigorous and subtle in his observations upon Milton, and if the reader may sometimes dissent from his conclusions, he will always respect his arguments. The three periods of the poet's life are clearly represented—its beautiful commencement in which, seconded by his father, he lays a solid foundation for his future greatness; the twenty years of political strife that followed, and ended in blindness, some of them being years also of family discord; and finally the period from his fifty-second year until his death, during which the great poet, who by the way was treated far better by the Royalists than he had a right to expect, lived in comparative retirement, brooding over high thoughts and securing an earthly immortality. The troubles of the time from 1640 to 1660 forced Milton to turn away from his mistress, Poetry, and to commit himself to party warfare.

"No man," says Mr. Pattison, "can with impunity addict himself to party. And the best men will suffer most because the conviction of their cause is deeper. But when one with the sensibility of a poet throws himself into the excitement of a struggle, he is certain to lose his balance."

And he adds finely:

"Milton's capacity of emotion, when once he became champion of a cause, could not be contained within the bounds of ordinary speech. It breaks into ferocious reprobation, into terrific blasts of vituperation, beneath which the very language creaks as the timbers of a ship in a storm."

Mr. Pattison will have it, however, that all this delirious rage was mere sound and fury, and that Milton's polemical pamphlets were

only fitted to apply the poet's own words, "to catch the worthless approbation of an inconstant, irrational and image-doting rabble." He maintains, in short, that the labor of Milton for twenty years of his life—the labor, be it remembered, which cost him his eyesight—was expended utterly in vain. Nor is this all, for he calls Milton's pamphleteering work a "prostitution of faculty," while acknowledging that through all these party pleadings "runs the one redeeming characteristic, that they are written on the side of liberty." Would it then have been better for Milton's happiness, and better for his fame, had he kept apart from the strife of the time, and sung of wars in Heaven while in England Cavaliers and Roundheads were putting their principles to bloody arbitrament on the red acres of the battle-field? On the contrary, we believe that had Milton, one of the greatest of living Englishmen and holding the strongest convictions of what was best for the country, kept aloof at such a time, he would have gained nothing as a poet and lost much as a man. It matters not to our argument that he was grossly wrong in many of his opinions and scurrilous in his expressions: it matters not that he frequently lost all dignity and mistook abuse for argument, that he who knew how to use "the large utterance of the early gods," descended to the language of the fish market. Milton lacked possibly political foresight, he certainly lacked judgment: he knew better how to destroy than how to construct; he was a "good hater," and not a wise reformer. If there is much in his prose writings that recalls the noble vehemence of the Hebrew prophets, there is much also wholly shameless and reprehensible. All this is too evident to be questioned. But, without laying stress on the obvious fact that men are far more swayed by rhetoric than argument, that calling names vigorously is always an effective weapon with the populace, and that Milton could scarcely have been altogether mistaken in the belief that his "noble task" had made all Europe ring from side to side, we do not doubt that, whether or not of service to Milton's cause, the irruption of this lava flood of honest passion was of advantage to the poet himself.

Most Englishmen, in spite of Mr. Carlyle, have the conviction, not altogether just, perhaps, that Goethe's devotion to self-culture to the full development of his majestic intellect, detracts from his greatness, and may reasonably lessen our admiration of his character. Milton, although he too proposed, even in youthful days, to give his life to poetry, when a time of trial came, made a great sacrifice for England, and although called by Nature to another task, devoted to her the best years of his life. He did this, moreover, in the full consciousness that the great purpose to which he had consecrated his genius might remain unfulfilled. This long period of self-sacrifice brought, we think, its ultimate reward; and the divine calm that dove-like sits brooding over the great works of his blindness and old age, may be due to the conflict for liberty, in which, though worsted,

he was not defeated. "He being dead yet speaketh," and that Milton had a voice whose sound was like the sea—pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free; a voice that spoke the manly purpose of a life dedicated to noble ends, was profoundly felt by Wordsworth at another crisis of our country's fortunes. In the glorious sonnets dedicated to liberty, the spirit of Milton seems to live again in the greatest of his successors.

In his autobiographical poem—"The Prelude"—Wordsworth has told us how the French Revolution swayed his intellect and aroused within him many a strong hope and bootless aspiration. That his mind was keenly alive to political events may be seen in "The Convention of Cintra," a piece of fine writing vigorous in statement, and logical in argument; while later on in life the sonnets already mentioned show how, beneath a calm exterior, the love of country made the fire that burned within him glow with a white heat. In this respect too, the Conservative and Churchman stands on the same platform with the Independent and Iconoclast.

The great poets of England are now constantly served up in text-books, in order that boys may win prizes, and students pass examinations. Every allusion is explained, every sentence has to be parsed, every grammatical peculiarity studied, and the result of all this discipline is probably to make our English poets as much hated by the average student as Horace was hated by Lord Byron. The process may be necessary, but the result is inevitable. The bloom of the poetry is lost, and as a compensation the competitor for prizes gains, or is thought to gain, a more accurate knowledge of the poet's language and meaning. Every poem of Milton's has been thus placed in the hands of the dissector, and many poems of Wordsworth have felt also the scalpel of the grammarians. In this way it has come to pass that these poets are better known to young readers than they were twenty years ago. It would be interesting to learn whether in another and higher sense they have gained in the number of intelligent readers and admirers. How many passages of their verse live in the memory and can be quoted without book? How many will a slight allusion instantly recall? How far have these poets proved themselves masters to whom the lovers of literature own fealty? Milton as a great English classic, has a place in every library, and is supposed to be read by every intelligent Englishman; but the men who feel the wonderful harmony of his verse, and listen to it with ever fresh delight—the readers who would acknowledge, if deprived of it, that a great joy had vanished from their lives—are, we believe, comparatively few in number. Still fewer, it is to be feared, are conscious of the less prominent, but not less potent, force by which Wordsworth sways the hearts of his worshippers. A well-known journal has recently expressed the opinion that Wordsworth is little known in our day, and the belief in this indifference has led Mr. Arnold to come forward as the champion of a poet for whom his reverence is

profound. He is a daring champion; for putting Chaucer out of the question, he does not hesitate to rank Wordsworth above all the poets of his country, with the exception of Shakespeare and Milton, and above all the poets of the Continent since the days of Moliere with the single exception of Goethe. He considers that Wordsworth has "left a body of poetical work superior in power, interest, and the great qualities which give enduring freshness to that which any one of the others has left," and he believes that this high position will be ultimately awarded him, not in England only, but throughout Europe. To some readers and critics this splendid laudation of the "homely poet of Rydal" will be astounding and incomprehensible. At the same time they will acknowledge Mr. Arnold's title to be heard on a subject like this. Not only is he himself a true poet able from culture and training to appreciate the subtlest charms and most enduring qualities of verse, but his reading is extensive, and the national partiality is likely to sway his judgment. On the other hand some influence may be allowed to the force of early impressions, and to the fact that as a young man Mr. Arnold sat at Wordsworth's feet and listened reverently to his words. No doubt too, something like prejudice, if so harsh a word need be used, must almost always blend with the love a man feels for a poet whose verses have stirred his strongest feelings, stimulated his intellect, opened his eyes to nature and given him solace and strength. Those of us who have felt Wordsworth's power in these ways, and have gained from him life and food, are not likely to place him below poets from whom we have received less of satisfaction and delight. An absolutely impartial estimate of Wordsworth's poetry from one who loves it, is perhaps impossible, since he cannot view it apart from his own life. But if this be so, it seems far more certain that the impartiality which arises from indifference is still less capable of forming a just opinion.

Of all modern poets Wordsworth demands most attention from the reader, and will best repay it. He does not write for those who regard poetry as an amusement, and he will not go one step out of his way to attract such readers. So little does he care for ornament and for what is called poetical diction, that he becomes at times negligent and simple to a fault. Wilkes used to say that in society he needed a little extra time to get over the first impression made by his ugly features. Wordsworth's poetry, too, in order that the reader may forget its meaner features, needs the extra time and thought which they who run while they read are not likely to give. Wordsworth's peculiarities, and what may not unreasonably be called his insularity, his themes of song and his method of treatment, will probably prevent what Mr. Arnold anticipates, the recognition of foreign countries. Few are the poets whose fame is world wide, and Wordsworth, although, "one of the very chief glories of English poetry," does not belong to that number. He must be con-

tent, as Milton professed himself to be, with these British Isles as his world, or rather—and this assuredly is fame enough for any man—with the love and admiration of many ' who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake," not here alone, but throughout the colonies and dependencies of the Empire.

The deficiencies of Wordsworth are obvious. His verse, like that of Ruckert, too often degenerates into prose; after dropping his singing robes, he imagines he is still singing; he lacks humor, wit, dramatic skill, and while he knew well one class of men, the stalwart peasantry of Cumberland, he lacked the wider knowledge of men so invaluable to a poet. *Temple Bar.*

THE NEW RENAISSANCE; OR THE GOSPEL OF INTENSITY.

SOME apology is due to readers for the title chosen for this paper. "Renaissance" is perhaps too inclusive a word to be used, as we intend to use it here, to signify the new birth of certain phases of art and literature. Attention is naturally directed to the great Italian revival of learning generally denoted by our title, and we hesitate to admit its significance as applied to the ephemeral changes of fashion which mark the present time.

Nevertheless, there may be re-births of every variety of magnitude, and one such has begun in England during the last thirty years. During that time there has hardly been one belief, however firmly held, which has not been severely questioned; one habit of life which has not been altered or swept away; or any department of art, science, or literature which has not undergone the most vital changes. One result of these changes is undoubtedly a sense of uncertainty and unrest—a disposition to hesitate in the formation of beliefs, and to give to them, not an absolute, but a provisional, assent; to maintain, or at all events feel, that we are doing, not the best, but the best under present circumstances. The notion of development, snatched hastily from its first province of natural science, has quickly overspread the whole field of thought and action, and opens out to us all vistas of possible glory, as beautiful, and perhaps as unsubstantial, as the lands of purple and gold which we see—

> "beyond the sun-set, and the baths
> Of all the Western stars."

We travel sixty miles an hour instead of six; we speak by electricity across the globe, and have the voices of our friends

passed to us through an interval of two or three hundred miles as we sit by our own fireside; we have magnified sound till by its means we can detect disease, and imprisoned it till we can reproduce a lost voice years after its accents have faded; every power of earth, air, and water has been pressed into our service, and analyzed by our ingenuity; nay even the last great problem has found claimants for its solution—and there be those who believe that means have been found to generate life itself.

At the very moment in which I write these lines a scientific Englishman, by a fast of forty days, is engaged in demonstrating that it is possible for a man to live without eating, and almost without drinking; and probably ere long sleep will be eliminated from the catalogue of indispensables, and it will be shown to have been only a vulgar error which has made us pass a third of our lives in dull oblivion.

But if the conquests and discoveries of science have been fruitful of change, a no less wonderful transformation has taken place in the region of the mind; though here, from the very nature of the case, the effects are not so clearly evident at first sight. If the whole field of the physical universe has been thrown open to science, the whole field of the mental universe has likewise been attacked. In philosophy, in morality, and in religion, the movement of the century has stirred the depths to an almost unparalleled extent; beliefs, the inheritance of ages, seem to have grown old, withered, and vanished almost in a day, and instead of the calm, and perhaps a little unthinking belief of our fathers, we now hear on every side—

> "Obstinate questionings
> Of self and outward things;"

and, as one of the most typical of present writers once said, there is "no child now but can throw stones at the windows which Colenso has broken." What the world has been for ages before our chronology takes it up; what it will be for ages after our race has done its work and gone its way; the evolution of mind from matter, of life from lifelessness—the great doctrine of the conservation of energy, and the still greater theory of evolution—all these speculations, theories, discoveries (call them by what name we will, according as we accept or dispute the grounds upon which they rest) have terribly shaken the old formulas of life. Every day a fresh attack seems to be made upon some hitherto secure position of thought, and the air is filled with the din, as the earth is covered with the ruins, of falling temples.

It is not my purpose here to enter upon any discussion as to the endurance or the ultimate result of the state of things which has been briefly indicated above; indeed, such a discussion would be

premature and certainly futile. We are at present, to use the old simile, as soldiers in a hand-to-hand conflict, hearing the noise and seeing the dust of the battle, striking perhaps a hard blow now and then (we hope upon our rightful enemy), but getting no clue to the general issue, much less the purpose, of our combat. The question asked so frequently now, "Is life worth living?" must be left for solution to the future generations—the most we can hope to do being to make it more "worth living" for them; and not the least efficient way of so doing will be to clear the path of the sham philosophies and sensational fashions which have sprung up thickly in the place of the ancient creeds.

At a time, such as we have described, when all things are being put to the test of fresh investigation, it was not to be expected that the wave of change would leave poetry and painting untouched; but rather that those factors in man's life, sensitive as they are by their nature to every passing influence, would show perhaps more quickly and plainly than could be seen elsewhere, some of the effects of the new theories. In this paper I propose to trace, as briefly as possible, the way in which one special phase of poetry and painting developed under the influences which surrounded it, and say a few words upon some of the results which the cultivation of this special phase has brought about. If in the course of such narration I am forced to linger somewhat long over a "twice-told tale"—that of modern pre Raphaelitism—I hope my readers will bear in mind that the subject is one upon which there has always been much misconception; and that though pre-Raphaelitism, in its pure and original form, has passed away, its dead carcass is still left with us, and is a source of corruption which cannot be too soon fully understood. The claims of the modern gospel of intensity, and the critical theories of pure sensuousness which are proclaimed so loudly just now, have their curiously unfitting root in the pre-Raphaelite movement; and it strangely happens that the action taken by three or four clever art students, towards a reformation in art as healthy as it was needful, has ended in breeding phases of art and poetry which embody the lowest theory of art usefulness, and the most morbid and sickly art results. And, as might be expected, the evil is spreading from pictures and poems into private life; it has attacked with considerable success the decoration of our houses and the dresses of our women; and if it has not founded an actual creed, it is less because disciples are wanting, than that its elements are so heterogeneous as to be incapable of easy consolidation. If this hybrid pre-Raphaelitism has not yet erected itself into a rule of conduct, it has become in some sort effective as a standard of manners; and there may now be seen at many a social gathering young men and women whose lackluster eyes, disheveled hair, eccentricity of attire, and general appearance of weary passion, proclaim them to be members of the new school.

What that school is, and how it arose and flourished, I will now endeavor to state ; but to do so I must first beg you to carry your imagination back for about thirty years.

Even now, when much of the bitter antagonism on the one side, and enthusiastic exaggeration on the other, which alike helped to conceal the real motives of the young artists known as the pre-Raphelite Brotherhood, has cleared away, few people have a clear idea as to what were the objects at which the artists aimed, or what were the really vital characteristics of the art which they produced. Most of the laity still connect the word pre-Raphaelitism with visions of gaunt melancholy women, and pale cadaverous men, standing or lying in more or less uncomfortable attitudes, in landscapes painted with minute chromatic accuracy of detail. There are but few who remember or believe that the object of the early pre-Raphaelite work was simply to paint things as they were, and that the crudeness of color and harshness of form, which in some cases resulted, was as much deplored by the artists themselves as by the most bitter of their opponents. Too proud to explain their shortcomings to those who misrepresented their work, too much praised by their friends, as well as vilified by their enemies, to have a chance of quietly working out their principles, the three artists who at first formed the association went on for some time endeavoring to paint as well as they could without reference to the praise bestowed as frequently upon their faults as their merits, and the blame which comprehended fault and merit alike in one anathema.

The point which needs to be insisted upon in speaking of this early time is, that the movement was not only an original but a thoroughly healthy one. It was the protest of young enthusiastic artists, who felt a pride in their profession, against being restricted to the conventional subjects, and to the conventional manner, of the English figure painters. They asserted their right to range at will over the whole field of human passion and natural beauty ; they resolved that no problem of color should be shirked, no manifestation of human feeling be considered unsuitable, no fact of nature rendered inadequately, as far as lay in their power. They saw, or thought they saw, that painting had gone astray from its devotion, begun in the Renaissance times, to the antique ideal ; and they sought, with a devotion perhaps too blind, to gain that simple directness of purpose and *naïveté* of treatment which had characterized Italian art previous to the great classic revival. No doubt the movement had its ludicrous side ; no doubt the three young artists, challenging the practices which had been accepted as unquestioned (and unquestionable) for three hundred years, did present to the mass of graver and older painters a spectacle of absurd conceit. It is easy to be wise after the event ; we can all see that failure was certain, now that failure has occurred. But, as I have said, the movement was undoubtedly honest, and as undoubtedly in the right direction.

Let it be mentioned, too, in passing, that it gave us some of the grandest pictures of this century. When we think of the *Ophelia*, the *Eve of St. Agnes*, *The Scapegoat*, *The Light of the World*, *The Huguenots*, and *The Finding of Our Saviour in the Temple*, we are forced to acknowledge that, were it only for the production of such works, we should owe a considerable debt of gratitude to Messrs. Millais and Hunt.

But far more was accomplished than this, for perhaps one of the greatest influences for good which have touched the art of the present day, sprang from the book illustrations which were executed at this period by the pre-Raphaelites, and above all by Mr. Millais. Not to speak of his illustrations to the *Parables* (because of the comparative smallness of circulation of that book), the drawings made by this artist for Mr. Anthony Trollope's three novels of *Framley Parsonage*, *The Small House at Allington*, and *Orley Farm*, probably laid the foundation of the enormous progress in wood-engraving and book-illustration, which ultimately gave us such work as Pinwell's and Frederic Walker's drawings for Jean Ingelow's poems and Thackeray's *Philip*. Indubitably these works by Mr. Millais form some of the very finest art of the age. Manly and powerful in the extreme in their treatment of the subject and enforcement of its meaning; simple, as befits such work, with a frank simplicity which omits no essential point; with a grasp of character and power of depicting emotion which the present writer, at least, has never seen equaled and rarely approached; gentle in the highest sense of the word, giving a portrait of English gentlemen and English ladies such as we might well be proud to think them; essentially true to the spirit of the author's work, and yet as free and spontaneous as if they sprang alone from the artist's imagination—with all these merits, and many more, which it is beyond our province to dwell upon here, these works form, rightly understood, the strongest testimony that could be given to the perfect health and right intention of the early pre-Raphaelites. And it is the more necessary to remember this as the movement was soon to change its character.

What happened after a while is perhaps best expressed shortly by saying the cause was given up, though probably no specific yielding ever took place. Mr. Millais, the healthiest if not the greatest genius of the three, gradually worked less and less in his early manner, till he became practically the same in method as the ordinary run of academic painters. Mr. Holman Hunt, touched with the ambition of painting great religious pictures, and confining himself more and more to problems of light and color, set up his easel in the sacred city itself, and faded from the view of the majority of the picture-loving public. Mr. Rossetti, from causes which it would be impertinent to dwell upon, retired from public exhibitions altogether.

The brotherhood, as a brotherhood, was at an end; the cause, in

so far as it hoped to propagate itself, was lost, and all that remained was the bray of the ferocious criticism which had been roused by the young artists' work, and the effect which had been produced upon contemporary art. Such was the first stage of pre-Raphaelitism. Something at least had been achieved; men's minds had been shaken roughly out of the conventional grooves in which they had long traveled with sleepy contentment. New vistas of natural beauty, and new phases of thought and feeling, had been laid open to artists; above all, the first brunt of the battle of unconventionality had been borne, and the way was made comparatively smooth for innovators of less boldness, or less ability.

Probably the society never had had much life in it as a society, the elements were too incongruous, the individualities of the founders too strong, to work together with much unity of purpose. A common bond of discontent with art as it was, and the teaching they received, had united them for a brief space; but probably no two ways of looking at life and art were more thoroughly opposed in spirit than those of Messrs. Millais and Rossetti, and Mr. Holman Hunt had little in common with either. The future direction of the movement, or rather of the results of the movement, was mainly determined by the influence of a group of Oxford men, who in the three lines of painting, poetry, and criticism allied themselves to the dying cause, and who, though they entirely forgot the idea with which it had been started, and perverted its main doctrines, succeeded in endowing it with new life.

At this moment pre-Raphaelitism died as an instrument for regenerating art, and was at the same time re-born as a phase of artistic life, and furnished by the exertions of two or three poets and critics with new formulas. Many artists too eccentric, too earnest, or too self-confident to work in the old methods, found a ready resting-place under the new banner, and it soon grew to be considered a sufficient claim to be a pre-Raphaelite if the artist's work showed a disregard of ordinary artistic principles, and an adherence to archaicism of treatment. In fact at this moment the movement, so to speak, crystallized—it became an end rather than a means; it began to extol medievalism in itself, not because of the qualities of simplicity, truth, and earnestness which had first led to the works of that period being selected as models.

To return, however, to the new influences: these were chiefly embodied in Messrs. Swinburne, Pater, and Burne Jones—a poet, a critic, and a painter, all of them Oxford men, and all (if I remember right) contemporaries at the university. The painter's career was begun under the auspices of Mr. Rossetti, and soon showed the direction to be taken in the future by the school in question. The slightest acquaintance with this artist's pictures, especially his early works, suffices to make evident the enormous difference in aim which had now taken place. Perhaps the difference of spirit

between Millais and Burne Jones in pre-Raphaelitism may be fairly likened to that between the art of Giotto and that of Botticelli, in which there is evident on the one side a loss of purpose and frankness of treatment, and, on the other, a growth of sumptuous color and detail, and the substitution of over-refinement and sweetness of expression for the vivid energy of the older painter. One curious resemblance to Botticelli which belongs to Mr. Burne Jones's work may indeed just be noticed in passing, which is the assimilation of the types of male and female; it is difficult, if not impossible, to tell, in many instances, in either painter's work, the sex of the person represented. In what proportion the character of Mr. Jones's art was first determined by the influence of his master Rossetti, or by the poetry of his friend Mr. Swinburne, it would be excessively difficult to say; probably a genuine love of medieval art and a somewhat melancholy temperament co-operated with both these causes; but it is certainly the case that in many ways Swinburne's poetry does leave its accurate reflection in the painter's pictures, and that from this time forward the same note is continually struck by both men.

It is unnecessary to enter into any detailed account of the merits and defects of Mr. Swinburne's poetry; both are by this time generally acknowledged, and the venomous criticism and exaggerated praise bestowed so liberally upon the young author on the first appearance of his *Poems and Ballads*, have given way to more temperate judgment. No one now denies the beauty of many of the poems; no one either—at least, no sensible person—denies the unhealthy tone of the book as a whole. What concerns us here is not to pass a judgment upon either its beauty or its *morale*, but to explain very briefly what that *morale* was, because it formed one of the keynotes to all the melodies of the later pre-Raphaelites, and furnished the elements of the new "Gospel of Intensity." Whither that gospel leads us, in art, in criticism, and in poetry, we can at present only guess, but I hope at some future day to bring some of its first infantile results before you.

The following verse from one of the *Poems and Ballads*, entitled "The Triumph of Time," puts the articles of the new creed before us plainly enough:

> "Sick dreams and sad of a dull delight;
> For what shall it profit when men are dead
> To have dreamed, to have loved with the whole soul's might,
> To have looked for day when the day is fled?
> Let come what will, there is one thing worth—
> To have had fair love in the life upon earth,
> To have held love safe till the day grew night,
> While skies had color, and lips were red."

Such is the note struck throughout these poems of Swinburne's; sometimes with fierce repining, sometimes with dull resignation,

but always to the same intent. What shall it profit? That is the question he has to ask. What shall honor, truth, energy, unselfishness, whatever you will that men have agreed to seek and honor, what shall they profit "when the day is fled"? Turn in imagination from this verse to one of the later pre-Raphelite pictures—all have had an opportunity of seeing them since the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery—and think whether there could be a more accurately beautiful reflection of a poet's feeling than the reflection to be seen in, say, the great picture by Mr. Burne Jones, entitled *Laus Veneris*. Very beautiful is this work, perhaps as beautiful as any picture that has been produced in our time; but what a sad, weary, hopeless beauty it is. Struggle against the impression as we will, the composition enervates and depresses us, in exactly the same way as the poet's words above quoted do. And now if one would feel the full difference between this and true pre-Raphaelite art, think for a moment of this view of love and the one taken by Mr. Millais in that most beautiful and poetic of his pictures, *The Huguenots*. Note that in the first picture we are supposed to be looking at a scene of joy, and in the second at a scene of grief, and then let us ask ourselves whether we would not prefer the grief of the Huguenot, lightened as it is by the influence of truth and honor, to the joy of that Venus choir where truth and honor, and indeed all else, seem but "the shadow of a dream." And the sentiment of the picture is:

> "All passes, naught that has been is,
> Things good and evil have one end;
> Can anything be otherwise
> Though all men swear all things would mend
> With God to friend?"

I do not intend to say a word on this philosophy beyond the statement of its motive, or rather its want of motive. What concerns us here is its enforcement by the new school. Rossetti's poems also were published about this time, and are in the main imbued with the same spirit, though they are neither so powerful nor so frankly material as those of Mr. Swinburne. The same melancholy hopelessness is in them as in the work of the younger poet, but expressed less vividly and with far less spontaneity of feeling. Sensuousness is still the main thing to be desired, as melancholy is still the inevitable end of all things; but the sensuousness is of a cultivated intellectual type, hesitates here and there between the philosophic and the amatory—sometimes even fades out of sight in the enjoyment of the literary or artistic aspect of legend or nature. Love interrupted by death is the main subject of the majority of the poems, sometimes love dreaming of a possible reunion beyond the grave. On the whole, Rossetti's poems glorify the passion of love in its abstract, instead of in its concrete, sense. The moral element

is perhaps even more absent than in Swinburne, whose very rebellion against morality seems to indicate a sense of it, which Rossetti appears to lack, unless the poem of *Jenny* be taken as an instance. In *Jenny,* however, the moralizing is wholly *ab extra.*

So that here we have two great literary factors to take into account: the one a volume of poems inculcating a weary and hopeless passion, expressed in the most seductively beautiful music of which even our language can boast, and dedicated to an artist whose pictures express in color, form, and intention the same ideas ; and the other, an artist, publishing in mature years a volume of beautiful poems, written (we believe we are accurate in saying) chiefly under a sense of personal bereavement, and inevitably shadowed by such loss. Both books melodious in the extreme, both almost purely sensuous, both connected—one through friendship and kinship of feeling, the other through the author himself—with the new pre-Raphaelite idea.

Now it would have mattered little that Messrs. Swinburne and Rossetti, preachers as they were of a dreary gospel, should have been connected with, and champions of, a style of art which was tinged by the same melancholy as their poetry, had it not been the case that the very faults both of the poetry and the art were such as to chime in with the deep intellectual unrest and shaken beliefs of the more thoughtful portion of our countrymen.

It was, to say the least, excessively unfortunate that at the very moment when a general desire for art had been awakened, and a general doubt of ancient formulas of belief aroused, there should be presented for acceptance by society an art of great beauty but of inherent weakness, backed by a poetry which took as its chief tenet that nothing was worth the doing but "love."

There were but wanting now two things to aid the little group of poets and artists in the consolidation of their principles to render the lately vanquished pre-Raphaelite school a working social power. These were a sympathetic criticism, which, while omitting all the more debilitating effects of the poetry and art, should point out its essential beauties, and some link with practical life, whereby the influence could be extended over those people who cared little for poems and pictures, or for the criticism which expounded them.

Nature, we are told by scientific authorities, never creates a want without creating also the means for its supply, and accordingly, in the instance before us, both requisites were forthcoming. A criticism of the required kind sprang up, headed by Mr. Pater and Mr. Swinburne, and the genius of Mr William Morris, himself a poet and an artist gave its main attention to the invention and supply of good decorative designs in accordance with medieval theories.

The criticism which now started in aid of the new poetry and art was in some ways, very notable. It was sympathetic in the highest degree with the objects of its laudation, and subtly

suggestive of thought rather than actually thoughtful. It was, as we might have expected from its origin, scholarly almost to affectation, and was expressed with a seemingly accurate choice of beautiful words, the very sound of which was pleasant. It had, however, some great vices. Its praise was almost exclusively given to out-of-the-way people and things; poets and artists of very minor merit, long since forgotten, were dug up and held forth to the admiration of the disciples with praise which would have been fulsome if applied to the Shakespeare. There was no medium in its judgments, no standard of comparison, no actual knowledge of the subject, save the fleeting and variable knowledge of emotional insight. The inner consciousness of the critic was taken as the first and ultimate judge in the matter, and as the inner consciousness is often wrong when it reports on what it knows nothing about, the criticism was often very much astray. There were two other very great drawbacks. The first was that the critic's language often proved too strong for his meaning, and many of the sentences so ended that it was doubtful whether they had any meaning at all. The other drawback was, that the criticism was almost purely governed by personal feeling—and so the critics and painters got to be spoken of as the "Mutual Admiration Society." The temptation of course was very great for Mr. W. M. Rossetti to write complimentary criticisms of Mr. Swinburne, and who could complain if Mr. Swinburne felt inclined to return the compliment?

In fact, the way in which the art, poetry, and criticism of the new school were mixed up was excessively curious, and will perhaps one day be fully known. As it is, we know that Swinburne wrote criticisms and poems, that one Rossetti wrote poems and painted pictures, and the other wrote criticisms on them, and so influenced both arts; that Burne Jones painted pictures with motives from Swinburne's poems, and was at the same time in partnership with William Morris in his decoration business; that Morris wrote poems and made designs; and that Mr. Pater educated the public generally in the appreciation of whatever archaic and out-of-the-way art he could lay his hands on

Other artists and poets soon followed suit, bringing other critics in their train. The decoration of Mr Morris being really beautiful in its way, and very much needed as a protest against various upholstery abominations to which we had too long tamely submitted, grew and prospered prodigiously. Art upholsterers and decorators followed the lead in every direction The mystic words "conventional decoration" began to be used, a little vaguely, but with the best intentions; the "Queen Anne revival" set in; and one aspiring tradesman even christened his chairs and tables as Neo-Jacobean! This last bold flight of fancy was, however, I believe, a failure, as I have not since heard it repeated.

At this period, when the poetry, and decoration, and criticisms of

Swinburne, Morris, and Pater first came into fashion, it must be remembered that the central idea of the early pre-Raphaelites, that of painting occurrences as they happened, emotions as they actually appear, and nature as it actually looks, had practically disappeared. Mr. Holman Hunt was in Jerusalem struggling with the problem of Eastern sunlight and shadow; Mr. Rossetti was equally out of sight as far as his painting was concerned; and Mr. Millais, wholly free from his old prepossessions, was just entering upon that career of portrait-painting in which he has since had such marked success. The new poetry, beautiful as it was, and wholly devoted in spirit to that changed pre-Raphaelitism of which Mr. Burne Jones stood at the head, was singularly inconsistent with the first tenets of the school. In place of the simple frankness of spirit, at which Millais and Hunt had aimed, it substituted a refined and weary cynicism; in place of showing things as they were, it depicted them as they were not, and as, fortunately, they never could be; in place of holding the belief that the subject-matter of art was far broader than was commonly allowed, it substituted the doctrine that there was only one subject worthy of painting or writing about, and that was—Love. Now we should be doing great injustice to the poets, artists, and critics whom we have just mentioned if we did not at once confess that their work was in the main good of its kind. The accusation which is rightly to be made against the clique is that their whole object was an unworthy one, that it inculcated a philosophy of life and morality out of which it was impossible that healthiness of thought or feeling should come, or with which it could coexist, and sought to turn all the power of art and poetry, not to the improvement of the race, but its injury. The philosophy of its criticism and painting stood at the very opposite pole to Ruskin's great definition of the best art, and, instead of maintaining that art to be the finest which embodied "the greatest number of the greatest ideas," held that the province of art was altogether exclusive of ideas, and that the fewer ideas there were contained therein the finer was the art. For instance, according to one of the later and lesser lights of this school, Shelley's poetry was judged to be on a distinctly lower level than Keats's, simply and solely because there were to be found therein certain great intellectual ideas! These, the critic remarked naively, had no business there, and he—like Mr. Podsnap in *Our Mutual Friend*—"waved them off the earth."

Well, this poetry and art worked its way a little into the public mind, and a similar criticism commented on and explained the doctrines of pure sensuousness in art, as above hinted at. Morris's decoration began to be popular, and to overspread our houses, and even touch and alter the dresses of our women, and still no one seems to have suspected the healthiness or the advantage of the movement. Papers and magazines teemed with panegyrics elo-

quently incomprehensible except to the initiated, in favor of conventional art and erotic poetry; from the inner consciousness of critic after critic, we received instruction upon the merits of "solid sensuousness"; with one accord all reference to English art was considered to be Philistine, and nothing was allowed to be praised as worthy of later period than what the prophets termed the Early Renascence. From the recesses of Oriel College Mr. Pater took every now and then dives into medieval French or Italian history, emerging triumphantly with some firmly-clutched improper little story which he had rescued from the oblivion into which it had unfortunately fallen, or with the name of some forgotten painter, too long allowed to slumber in peaceful obscurity. Swinburne was no less active in the intervals of his poetic labors, and brought many a buried or misconceived genius before the glare of our modern footlights. Morris's business, and his epics, both expanded, and, at last, only yesterday as it seems, the Grosvernor Gallery opened, and gave to the movement its final fashionable influence. Imitators and admirers had by this time sprung up all round, especially among the women, and the first Grosvenor Exhibition witnessed the curious sight of the now greatest master of the new school, surrounded on all sides by the works of his followers, and as Mr. Ruskin said at the time, in a famous number of *Fors Clavigera*, the effect of the master's work was both "weakened by the repetition, and degraded by the fallacy" of its echoes.

Behold, then, a new philosophy of art and life, sanctioned by the aristocracy, and supported on all sides by an admiring and what the Americans would call a "high falutin'" criticism. Can we wonder at the success attained? Here, indeed, was a gospel suited to cultured England, the very first article of whose creed was, "Whatever is, is wrong." A curious result this of scientific discovery and nineteenth century progress in general culture and enlightenment, that melancholy should be discovered to be the *summum bonum*, that the great object of art was to express, in words or colors, that there is

> "A little time for laughter;
> A little time to sing;
> A little time to kiss and cling,
> And no more kissing after."

Cast your recollection back for thirty or forty years before this new light had broken upon us, and try to imagine what Turner, or De Wint, or David Cox, or even old William Hunt, would have thought of our new theories. Fancy inviting the painter of the *Hayfield* and the *Welsh Funeral* to a modern æsthetic "at home," or explaining "the sweet secret of Leonardo" to Hunt while he painted *Too Hot* or the *Listening Stable-boy!* Fancy a young lady asking Turner if he was "intense," or reading "Eden Bower's in flower" to De

Wint as he sat sketching in the muddy lanes under the gray skies, which he knew so well and (curiously as it now seems to us) loved so dearly. And yet why should these suppositions sound so ludicrous? Surely all fine art has ties of blood-relationship, and we have not yet got so far as to deny that Turner, Cox, De Wint, and Hunt were true artists!

Is it possible that somehow our revival has strayed "off the line," and is wandering in mazes of false feeling and morbid affectation? Is it possible that, after all, melancholy is not the key to all fine art, and that even a return to the "Early Renascence" will not compensate us for the loss of healthy national feeling? Is it possible that Hunt's motto, still to be seen on one of his pictures, "Love what you paint and paint what you love," is a truer one than "Love nothing but regret, and regret nothing but love"? And lastly, is it possible that this self-consciousness of a miserable, thwarted, and limited existence—this conception of the world as a place where effort is absurd and action futile, and where the only vital thing to remember is

> "That sad things stay and glad things fly
> And then to die"—

is it possible that such a creed as this is unworthy of English men and English women, and is poorly compensated for by a little increased knowledge of the peculiaritiies of early Italian artists, and a morbid love of medieval ballads?

It is too soon to trace the effects which will surely follow the spread of the present fashion. If Mr. and Mrs. "Cimabue Brown," "Maudle," and "Postlethwaite" are to become permanent facts in our social system; if the mutual-admiration societies, and the "intense" young ladies who have lately been so well satirized for us by Mr. Du Maurier, still continue to increase as they have done of late; if our women's dresses and drawing-rooms continue to present a combination of dreary faded tints, dotted here and there with spots of bright color; if china must still be hung upon the wall, and parasols stuck in the fire-place; if our houses continue to assume the appearance of a compromise between a Buddhist temple and a Bond Street curiosity-shop; if the cultivation of hysteric self-consciousness continues to be considered as a sign of artistic faculty, and the incomprehensibility of art-criticism to be a guarantee of its profundity; if we still continue to think that no art is worthy of examination which has been produced since the time of the "Early Renascence"; if, in a word, the present fashion continues to live and flourish among us, if we can't have art at all unless we have art of the kind I have mentioned, with results to match—why then, in Heaven's name, let us "throw up the sponge" without further contention; let us become frankly and thoroughly "Philistine," as were our fathers.

Very certainly there is more hope for a nation in thorough but loving ignorance of art—caring, for instance, for pictures in the way a child cares for a picture-book—than in a state of knowledge of which the only result is a sick indifference to the things of our own time, and a spurious devotion to whatever is foreign, eccentric, archaic, or grotesque. I may perhaps try to show my readers in a future article a few of the more evident absurdities involved in the new criticism and decoration; for the present I bid gladly adieu to the worst gospel I have ever come in contact with—the "Gospel of Intensity."

HARRY QUILTER, *in Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE SEAMY SIDE OF LETTERS.

To Jerome Cardan, the celebrated physician, mathematician and astrologer, posterity is indebted for one remark at least in which he appears to have sacrificed a familiar truth to an ambition of epigrammatic exactitude. In his *Treatise on Wisdom* the Milan doctor tells us that the wise man is happy, and the happy man wise. Both parts of this apothegm seem equally open to exception. The former indeed is contradicted not only by scriptural authority, but by his own example. Solomon, or the Alexandrian Jew, or whoever wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes, found much wisdom to be much grief, and laid it down as a general proposition that he who increases knowledge increases sorrow. The most cursory examination of Cardan's biography will show this first of astrologers to have been himself the victim, mainly in consequence of his learned labor, of slander and conspiracy, of poverty and imprisonment, of insult and exile. Surely at last must he have learned of the familiar demon, by whom the enlightened public of his time supposed him ever attended, that erudition is a thing not to be desired by him who has it not, while he who has it should regard it as a jewel purchased at a great price, and only to be preserved with constant care and danger.

From the time of Homer, if we may believe in his existence, to that of Chatterton—from the days of the old vagrant, blind, and a beggar, to those of the indigent and afflicted poet who poisoned himself before he was eighteen with a dose of arsenic, history has never been at a loss for examples of the calamities of a learned life. Numerous as the leaves in Vallombrosa's plain are the names of the men who have found much study something more than a weariness of the flesh. Are they not written in the books of the Chronicles of Valerian and Cornelius Tollius, of Gabriel Naudé and Isaac Disraeli? Ancients and moderns, poets, philosophers,

orators and historians, over and over again their weeping ghosts are summoned to warn us of the evils attached to a literary life. We learn that Pythagoras was burned or starved, that Empedocles cast himself into Ætna, or was taken up into heaven like Enoch, or translated alive like Elijah without any warning; that Euripides was torn to pieces by dogs or women set on him by the envy of his rivals; that Aristotle, *il maestro di color che sanno,* drowned himself in the Euripus, owing to his inability to explain the causes of its currents; that Demosthenes drank poison in order to escape slavery; that Lucretius was maddened by a love potion of Hippomanes administered by a too devoted wife; that Tully had his head cut off; that Seneca and Lucan died from excessive self-inflicted phlebotomy; and that Terence when a young man pined away from grief at a loss by sea of his Translations of Menander. Such men as these are the coryphæi of old, the moons of literature; how many of the lesser lights have untimely died, blown out by the rude gusts of circumstance? What a fry of literary folk has perished by fire or famine, poison or the sword, whose meaner names are all too numerous to be enrolled in Libitina's records of the famous dead! Nor are modern writers a whit more lucky. The ordeal of flame, the mighty purifier of books and men in the middle ages, has burned more than Savonarola and Urban Grandier; suicide seduced more than Carey and Creech; madness befooled more than Collins and Cowper; imprisonment fettered more than Davenant and De Foe. The innumerous victims of poverty and her family in every age among the herd of learned moderns, those who have fought with famine and wrestled with disease, and contended with insult, show, whatever Dryden may have supposed to the contrary, that it has never been enough for any one age to have "neglected its Mr. Cowley and starved its Mr. Butler." He who runs may read of the leanness of Edmund Castell, and of the rats that battened on his Polyglot Bible; of Robert Greene, who was only saved by a chance charity from starvation in the public street; of Simon Ockley, dating his letters from Cambridge Castle, where he was confined for debt; and of Sale, the well-known translator of the Koran, borrowing alternately a shilling and a shirt. Many more than Toland have found philosophy an unprofitable study; many more than Churchyard poetry barren of reward. Toland, the English Lope in fertility of production, and a greater than Lope in variety of talent, died, we are told, in the utmost distress in a room he rented of a poor carpenter at Putney. Tom Churchyard, Spenser's Palæmon, singing until he grew hoarse while alive, made little money by it, but when dead pointed an excellent moral in the following ragged rhyme which composed his epitaph—

"Poverty and poetry his tomb doth inclose;
Wherefore, good neighbors, be merry in prose."

Those afflicted with poverty among the learned are not so scarce that Dr. Johnson need have coupled, in his two instances in the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, Lydiat with Galileo. Lydiat was a man so little known that the printers seem to have substituted Lydia, and we read in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of a correspondent asking for information about Lydia's life. The allusion to this learned scholar was, according to Disraeli, a matter of mystery to Boswell himself. Poverty is, indeed, so common a color in the patchwork of woes which is often the only coat of the wise for themselves not wise, that it may be considered the rule rather than the exception of their lives, and has been, therefore, not incongruously called Learning's Sister.

Besides the greater evils of suicide and exile, poverty and imprisonment, sorrows worthy of the tragic buskin, we read of the exposition of authors to the minor miseries of injustice, mockery, and contempt. Their works are admired, but they themselves are dishonored. When they ask for bread, they are presented after some little indignant delay with a stone. Mellow fruits are offered to their manes, but they themselves dine on bitter herbs. An ungrateful public, careless as the revelers of ancient Egypt, worships the gods, while the gaunt god-makers are spurned from their marble thresholds. To these unhappy ones fortune behaves, we are told, like a terrible stepmother, and when not engaged in preparing for them a potion of lurid aconite, assiduously persecutes them with the arrows of calumny and abuse. Such are a few of the misfortunes of the learned which books record. But in these things, as in all others, how difficult it is to ascertain the truth! There is disagreement even in books. Aristotle, for instance, according to some of these, so far from committing suicide in despair of ascertaining the cause of the currents of the Euripus, died of a chronic disorder in his stomach; and our tears are scarcely dried from off our faces after reading in one volume how the hungry Otway choked himself with the first bite of a penny roll—a circumstance which, for some reason as mysterious as his ultimate employment of orange peel, Dr. Johnson was unwilling to mention—when we read in another, on the authority of Dr. Doran, that he was killed by a cup of cold water, injudiciously drunk by him when overheated. Pope says the poet died of a fever occasioned by his exertions in the pursuit of a thief. And yet another version of the story declares, with at least equal likelihood of unequal politeness, that Otway was not the pursuer but the pursued.

The deaths of literary men have often met with a poetical treatment, in which such discordant accounts are given by various artists as remind the perplexed reader of the series of contradictory circumstances represented as attendant upon the funeral of Dryden. To take a single instance. French and Italian histories of men of letters owe no trifling debt to Goldsmith for some information about

authors of their respective nations of which they appear to have been grossly ignorant. In his *Citizen of the World* he informs his readers that Vaugelas was surnamed the Owl from his being obliged to keep in all day and daring to venture out only at night, through fear of his creditors, and that he was exceptionally honest enough to order his body to be sold for their benefit. He is represented as saying, "If I could not while living, at least when dead I may be useful." Not a word of all this appears in the best French biographies. Equally oblivious have Italian editors been of Bentivoglio's ultimate mishap. "Bentivoglio, poor Bentivoglio!" so mourns the man of whom, says Macaulay, strict veracity was never one of the virtues, chiefly demands our pity. The author whose comedies, we are informed, will last with the Italian language, dissipated, according to honest Goldsmith, whom Boswell loved to hear talking away carelessly, a noble fortune in acts of charity and benevolence; but, falling into misery in his old age, was refused admittance into a hospital which he himself had erected.

What, however, Goldsmith says concerning the circumstances of the death of François Cassandre, the translator of Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, seems to be generally supported. Cassandre was Boileau's Damon, the great author who amused for so long both town and country, but at last, tired of losing in rhyming both his labor and his means of living, of borrowing everywhere and earning naught, without clothes, money, or resources, made his exit overwhelmed with misery. The deathbed scenes of such men as Voltaire and Payne are not invariably drawn in the same way. The philosophic version represents them passing quietly in contemplative repose; in the religious tract they utter wild cries for a clergyman, and end their infidel existence in raging convulsions of unutterable horror and remorse. Many a literary skeptic has been stuck up in the garden of the true believer as a theological scarecrow or Aunt Sally who died, it may be, with more placidity than the most pious and orthodox of Christians. There are those who believe that the Earl of Rochester did not use his last breath in denouncing Hobbes's philosophy. Even the expiring exclamation of Pitt is considered a fable by Macaulay. The affecting "O my country!" is relegated by that historian to the region of Grub-street elegies and after-dinner speeches, prize declamations and Academic poems The lives no less than the deaths of men of letters have been embroidered by the hand of the artist. Their fame has brought into bold relief such evils as are to no class of men exclusively peculiar. The motes of dust which are universal are seen most distinctly in the sunbeam.

"Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail," including the "garret," for which the "patron" was substituted by Johnson as a delicate compliment to Chesterfield, assail other lives than that of the scholar. These ills are unhappily not confined to men of letters.

They are of the thousand shocks to which all human flesh is heir. They are the common calamities to which the universal race of man is born. It is not the author alone who is subject to defamation. Other laborers than those in the field of letters, as worthy or worthier, are defrauded of their hire. Disease and despair are the lot of fools as well as of philosophers. There is no reason, because a man has written a book, that he should be exempt any more than the peer and the peasant, the king and the cobbler, from ache, penury, imprisonment, and other whips and scorns of time, or be released from the unalterable conditions of suffering humanity. In the enumeration of the sorrows of a literary man as opposed to other men, only those should enter which naturally arise from the profession of letters and are beyoud his own control. Not of this kind are his most frequent assailants—the blindness of pride, the infection of envy, the sting of ambition, the sickness of evil speaking, the weight of avarice, and the deformity of strife.

Particular trades have certain well-defined injurious tendencies, arising from the absorption into the artisan's system of mineral, vegetable, or animal molecules, from constrained posture, from insufficient exercise of the body, or too great use of any portion of it. The plumber's colic is traceable to the action of the white lead with which he works; the painter's cough, the grinder's rot, the chimney-sweep's cancer or soot-wart, originate in nothing but their respective professions. The amaurosis of the founder and the watchmaker's myopia are the result in ninety-nine cases in a hundred of the flaming forge and the magnifying lens. The chief ills which appear necessarily to result from a constant devotion to literature may be reduced ultimately to a want of exercise or of fresh air, to a confined position of the body, or a too ardent exercise of the brain. But the three first of these inconveniences are also common to the tailor and the cobbler, and the whole of them to the city clerk. There are not then any ills exclusively proper to the literary man. No sole right has he in any bodily or mental suffering. The calamities of the man of letters are those of the individual, not of the occupation. It is scarcely fair to attribute Prynne's cropped ears to his numerous citations on the unloveliness of lovelocks. Toland's *Pantheisticon* and his *Tetradymus*, with all his other numerous publications, cannot be convicted of bringing him to his death in the poor carpenter's room at Putney, if, indeed, it was the carpenter's, for there are who say the whole house was his own. The spirit which prompted his very first work, *Christianity not Mysterious*, might have brought him to equal or greater grief had he never written a line. It was desistance from study, according to Dr. Johnson, that led to the madness of Swift. Was Steele's distress the result of his *Chistian Hero*, or his *Conscious Lovers*, rather than the natural consequence of his speculative scheming and careless generosity? The morbid tone and dissipated habits of

Collins, and not the composition of the *Ode to the Passions*, or the *Dirge in Cymbeline*, conducted him to his sad state of mental imbecility. Henry Carey, whether or no he had written the ballad of *Sally in our Alley*, which was praised by Addison, and the music of *God Save the Queen*, which excited the admiration of Gemminiani, would probably not have been able to procure for the day its daily bread. If he had been neither dramatist, poet, nor musician, his head would have been still houseless. It were a sleeveless tale to say that the drama of *Chrononhotontologos* caused him to cast forth his hated life by hanging himself in his house at Coldbath Fields.

Minerva, said an able etymologist, is so called, *quia minuat nervos*. Excess of study is of course, like any other excess, prejudicial to the system. The pursuit of letters, if carried beyond a certain point, is, like other pursuits, attended by physical inconveniences. These, which have been greatly magnified, ultimately result, as has been already said, from one of two causes—too much exercise of the mind, or too little exercise of the body. Insanity or indigestion, a disordered head or a disordered stomach, are the avenging Erinnyes of the lucubrations of literary libertinism. But the belly suffers far more often than the brain. How many men sit before their books day after day, immovable as the unhappy Indian Fakirs before their gods, deranging their animal economy without any advantage to themselves or society! How many of these sedentary victims lose their appetite without increasing their intelligence! How many, without improving their discernment, destroy their digestion! These are they whom Melancholy follows like a shadow, having marked them for her own. No need for them to drink the bloodless cumin. The least intemperate of them from excessive sensibility serves as a living barometer, and is purged of bile at much less seldom intervals than Horace. The most intemperate is a martyr, if we may believe physicians, to sleeplessness and somnambulism, to convulsions and catalepsy. These men have been known to sink, in a comparatively short period, from a voluminous constitution to nonagenarian caducity. Nay, they will even die away like a lamp, from wasting their light of life solely in the service of an ungrateful public. From time to time learned receipts have been given regarding a scholar's diet. But these bookworms will have none of them. They will not even follow the example of Aristotle, and bear about constantly on their belly, in order to assist digestion, a bladder of aromatic oil. They will not confine their food to milk and rice, eggs and oysters, fruit and farina. Illustrious examples are theirs, if they would but follow them. Anacreon is said, during his later years, to have lived on a regimen of raisins; Newton on bread and water, with wine and broiled chicken on some infrequent opportunity of festal cheer. But at least let the student beware of bacon, and cream, and cider. Nor are sheep's trotters ordinarily adapted to his

digestive powers. Tea is little likely to lengthen literary days; and a sucking-pig, especially with mustard and pepper, is a very Pandora's box of ills, in which not even Hope remains behind.

Wealth is not the exclusive appanage of fools, nor want only to be found among the wise. Nor is the latter altogether that night without a dawn. The *res angusta domi* has not seldom been an occasion of wide reputation abroad. Riches, we know on good authority, rather slacken virtue than urge it to do aught may merit praise. They certainly abate the edge of intelligent endeavor, and wisdom is more often the result of poverty than poverty the result of wisdom. But for poverty, the hand-maiden of philosophy, the midwife of genius, the founder of all arts, as of the Roman Empire, Horace had probably lived like the summer fly. What had the world known of his Songs and his Satires, had he not been compelled, as he himself avers, to make verses in consequence of the loss of his hereditary estate after the battle of Pharsalia? He whose purse is full of cobwebs will be ready to sing before a robber—or publisher, if, as Byron is recorded to have done in his presentation copy of the Bible, we may substitute the one for the other. The vast cloud of those who have followed Horace's example cannot all be expected to attain success. Some few there must certainly be who, like Mævius, for all their moiling, merit rather the birch than the bags. Some few there must be to whom the animadversion of the fox in Phædrus may be well applied: *O quanta species cerebrum non habet.* To insert these as examples of the indigence resulting from the profession of literature seems as inconsiderate as the insertion of such a man as Xylander, one particular star in the milky way of unfortunate men of letters, whose light has lately for a while shone with less feeble luster.

William Holtzmann, who, following the fashion of his time, chose to call himself Xylander, the Greek equivalent of his name, was a professor of that language at Heidelberg in the middle of the sixteenth century. Schoolboys should hold him in especial veneration, for he was the first to adorn the mathematical amenities of Euclid with a modern tongue. Of the number, indeed, of his translations from the Greek, as of those of Marolles, there appears no end. He translated Plutarch and Polybius. He translated Dion Cassius and Strabo. It is difficult to understand what moved him to this wholesale metamorphosis. He does not seem to have been driven to it by any absence of substantial nourishment. He was poor, but by no means destitute. Certainly he was in the condition of Sir Slingsby Bethel in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, "Cold was his kitchen, but his brains were hot," yet there was nothing to prevent his having a fire in it had he so chosen. It can only be said that he was infected with the itch of writing. He wearied others with every revolving year, himself he could not weary. But he died at a comparatively early age. Much sympathy

has folded him about like a garment. He was far from a total abstainer. He was a learned man, says the elder Scaliger, but how often he got drunk! His death was hastened apparently in equal proportions by ardent labor and ardent liquors. He left, it is almost needless to add, nothing behind him but his reputation, and to his widow and children, if he had either, the payment of his debts. Such a man as this seems scarcely a suitable example to be quoted in the calamities of authors. Even granting that the love for literature was the primary cause of his poverty, though there is no reason to suppose he would have become rich in any other profession, yet undoubtedly his straitened circumstances were made still more strait by his love of strong drink, just as the painter or grinder increases the inflammation of the disease to which his trade subjects him by his own individual intemperance.

The reader of the Iliad of sorrows which are supposed to be attendant on learning, after rejecting idle gossip, and discriminating between coincidence and cause and effect, should remember that nothing is on every side blessed, and that the seasons of sunshine in literary as in other life, though less noticed, are not perhaps more infrequent than those of storm. If Camoens died on a vetchy bed in a hospital, and Tasso languished in a loathly dungeon, Voltaire, on the other hand, passed a happy time of it with his niece at Ferney, and Goethe was the pet of the Court at Weimar. Against the list of ungenerous patrons may be set in opposition the names of Mecænas and Pollio, of Leo and the Medici at Florence, of Louis XIV. in France, of Halifax, the protector of the Whigs, and Oxford, of the Tories, in England. If Spenser died for lack of bread, as was asserted by Ben Jonson, Chaucer had his annuity from the royal exchequer, besides his pitcher of wine; and he who reads of Butler's death being a greater scandal than his poem on the age in which he wrote, may also read of Nat. Lee being supported in Bedlam by the bounty of James II. If the greatest philologist of his age earned his livelihood by the lowest literary drudgery in the time of Pitt, Crabbe profited by the liberality of Burke, and Scott by that of his political enemy, Lord Grey. If the son of Chatham left Cowper to starve, Burns gauged ale firkins at £70 a year, owing to the munificence of Dundas. If Tonson gave the sum we wot of to Dryden for his 10,000 verses, Andrew Millar, on the other hand, was the Mecænas of literature; if Rare Ben Jonson received only £20 for all his works, what was the sum received by Miss Dash for her last new novel? if Douglas Jerrold got only £10 for *Black-Eyed Susan*, the brilliant farces of the present fetch more than forty tlmes that amount; if the *Paradise Lost* of John Milton was sold for £5, was not Mrs. Rundell's *Domestic Cookery* sold for £2,000? Nor, indeed, is the price paid by the publisher for a work invariably all that the author gets by it. Many have baited their hook for subscribers, before and after Dr. Johnson's edition of

Shakespeare, and having taken their friends' cash, gone their several ways without issuing the object of their subscription. A Churchill is not always at hand to perform the Cæsarian operation, with the knife of upbraiding satire. Once upon a time, too, dedications were, it is well known, sold openly. Panegyric was purveyed by the pound. Spenser had no less than seventeen prefatory sonnets to his *Faery Queen*, addressed to various "renowned and valiant" lords, "virtuous and beautiful" ladies, and "noble and valorous" knights, for every one of which he verily received his reward. Dryden, to make the most of his translation of Virgil, dedicated the *Pastorals* to one Lord Clifford, Baron of Chudleigh, in whom courage, humanity, and probity were inherent, besides a mastery of the Latin language; the *Georgics* to Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, one of the least of whose excellencies appears to have been the comprehension of all things which are within the compass of human understanding; and the *Æneid* to John, Marquis of Normanby, Earl of Mulgrave, etc., to whom Dryden hesitates not to say such things as make us agree with the sentiment of Walpole, that nothing can exceed the flattery of a genealogist but that of a dedicator. How much the poet, "embrowned with native bronze," as Pope said of Orator Henley, obtained for his trumpeting is not clear. Doubtless, however, a sufficient sum to compensate for Tonson's meager pay for his fables. This economy of flattery, Dr. Johnson tells us, at once lavish and discreet, did not pass even at that time without observation. Seven out of nine *Night Thoughts* were dedicated to persons of position by a poet who, possessing such just conceptions of this world's vanity, pined for preferment all his life, and after declaring his world was dead, became Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales at fourscore.

Much has been said about the abnormal sensibility of literary men. But this is scarcely the necessary or a natural result of study. A great portion of the passion predicated of the *genus irritabile* of poets is common to all mankind. The votarist of controversial theology would possibly have been equally pugnacious in any other vocation. Others than great geniuses are found unsuited to domestic life. Prosaic household labor is beneath the dignity of others than poets. A writer of history cannot be shown in consequence of his business more sensitive than a seller of horses, nor is it self-evident that the mind of a man who composes poetry is more delicate than that of a pastry-cook. The melancholy Cowley wisely went only so far from the bustle of life as that he might easily find his way back, and Prior's propensity to sordid converse is well known. But allowing the greater sensibility of men of letters, they do not therefore necessarily fare, on the whole, the worse. If they have higher pains, they have also higher pleasures. If the poet, as Isaac Disraeli tells us, it is doubtful on what authority, feels neglect as an ordinary man would feel the sensation of being let down into

a sepulchre and buried alive, he obtains as much dreamy delight from multiplying his future fame as the Barber's Fifth Brother Alnaschar from the imagined increase of his inheritance of a hundred drachms of silver. For the ordinary literary man is only sensitive inasmuch as he is vain.

The literary constitution seems by nature surcharged with black bile. For one fellow of infinite jest, you shall find more than fourscore men of sorrows—in their books. But we know by experience that the printed versions of their own wretchedness are not always true. Some of their Complaints, their Epicedia, their In Memoriams, their Elegies, their mournful rhymes, would go near to break our hearts for very sympathy's sake, were it not for nature's suggestion that there can be but little suffering in so loud a symphony, and the recollection that our rhymers, like the old shepherd in the ballad, must sometimes feign themselves wretched to show they have wit. When Young, from whom had he been made a bishop the world would probably have had no *Complaint*, on the occasion of a family bereavement common to human kind, observed that midnight was sunshine compared to the color of his fate, the exaggeration of his expression casts a doubt on the sincerity of his sentiment. We look upon it as a mere stratagem of speech, and we are inclined to estimate nine-tenths of the wailing burden of his song at little more value than the chattering of a swallow on a barn. Young, however, was able to suffer in silence. He wrote an epitaph for his footman, describing him as a person of perfect piety and lamb-like patience, but we have from him no obituary evidence of the virtues of his wife. Poets have, of all literary personages, probably suffered the most, which is indeed only natural, as they are least wanted by a world which professes to honor them so highly. But if it is their vanity which makes the sentence of public opinion press hot and heavy upon them, like a tailor's goose, it is also their vanity which prevents that iron instrument uncurling a single hair of their self-satisfaction. A little more of censure, which another might easily ford, would indeed drown them, were they not sustained by an ary opinion of their own merits. Herrick was doubtless made miserable by the slow sale of his *Hesperides*, and mourned the meager revenue of his rhymes; but, on the other hand, he consoled himself with his vast superiority to his fellow-citizens of Devonshire, boors, rocky, currish, and churlish as their seas. What a crowd of indignant versifiers, who have supplied fuel for many a kitchen fire, have refreshed themselves with reflections on the gross stupidity of their age!

Curious schemes have been devised to ameliorate the condition of literary men. Some kind people would feel their vanity, others fill their purses, others build for them a sort of literary Refuge or Scholastic Home.

Thus a proposition was made in Parliament, about forty years

ago, that authors of merit should have assigned to them a blue riband of distinction, as the recognition by a grateful country of their literary service. The proposition was opposed by Sir Robert Peel. It is by no means clear that it would have conduced to the general advantage. Probably some disturbance would attend the distribution of the reward. "For myself," said Southey, "if we had a Guelphic order, I should prefer to remain a Ghibelline." Goldsmith would have regarded it as a solemn presentation of a pair of lace ruffles to a man without a shirt. Since then the idea of a kind of Victoria Cross order of literary merit has been, from time to time, revived by sanguine enthusiasts. It were indeed a pretty sight to see Goethe or Cervantes, Tasso or Camoens, Milton or Voltaire, decorated with a bit of colored ribbon and a metal disk, like some master of the ceremonies at a ball, or a parish beadle.

Kind-hearted folk have gone so far as to propose the erection in our metropolis of a hospital for invalided men of letters, an asylum for incurables, after the fashion of that Attic Bee, Urban VIII. Surely these have not considered that the Christian charity of a generous public has already nobly testified its sense of the eminent services and valuable works of scholars, distinguished in any branch of art or science, by the munificent sum of, it is said, at least £1,000, to be divided among three or four dozen recipients. Men who, by a scorn of delights, and a life of days of labor, have contributed to the renown and prosperity of their country, are not, at all events in England, without their reward. But the difficulty lies in inducing men of genius to avail themselves of any monetary emolument. The very idea of it distorts their faces like the Sardinian herb. You will not divert them from their one pursuit of human good by a golden apple. In their thirst for others' welfare, drops of wisdom are to them of more value than seas of wealth. They have taken learning not as a mistress for delight, not as a slave for profit, but as a wife for generation. Each of these citizens of an ideal republic has already found, or seems to himself to have found, the pearl of great price, and cares not a rotten nut for lesser treasure. But though the great heir of fame will not stretch forth his hand to receive our paltry pittance, yet is our recognition of literary desert none the less commendable. Nor is it a new thing among us. Erudition was not always without its reward in the old time before us. The celebrated antiquary Stowe lived in the reign of James I. He spent his life and means in a learned compilation of the chronicles of his country. In grateful remembrance of his deserts he was actually permitted, by letters patent of our most literary monarch, to collect, at the age of eighty, alms for himself. Nor was the nation slow to answer the appeal allowed by the kindness of its sovereign. One parish alone contributed *7s. 6d.* in the course of a single year. Such excellent cause had this patriotic tailor to thank God he was born an Englishman. This happened in a time when,

owing to a want of reflection rather than of good nature in the British public, the present literary fund for the relief of impecunious authors had not been provided. Will it be believed that to such institutions objections have been raised? The younger Pitt expressed his opinion that they were a mistake. He considered that literature and the fine arts ought to be left to find their own price in the market, like sago or loaf sugar. He doubted whether the public money could be employed worse than in bribing potentially good haberdashers to become bad historians, or in seducing a citizen, who served the State well as an excellent pork-butcher, to withdraw his services to his country by sinking into an execrable poet. Macaulay also has placed upon record his judgment that such asylums are fatal to literary integrity and independence. There might be some force in this objection if authors were, as a rule, a venal class of men. But it is well known that only the lowest sort of them is animated by the desire of lucre. The scorn with which Isaac Disraeli speaks of the professional author is shared by all those good men who, being unable to procure a price for their own work, see others prostituting the Muses, making a market of their meditations, and lowering the dignity of literature by selling it at so much a line. The nobler writers of every age and country have written for nothing. They have made books only for the pleasure of authorship, and the humane desire of benefiting their race. For them literature, like virtue in this ignorant and vicious world, was its own reward. They turned not their faces to the sight of gold, as the sunflower turns (in poetry) to the sun. They have not debased their genius by exposing it for hire, nor diluted the benefits they confer on a foolish generation by the degrading motive of the hope of profit.

The chief glory of every people arises from its authors, said Dr. Johnson, in the preface to his *Dictionary*. In a private conversation with Boswell, the same great authority expressed it as his opinion that the man who writes except for money is a fool. The nobler writers are quite prepared to indorse the former, but are far from being willing to accept the latter remark. It is but a poor mercenary soul at the best, they tell us, which will condescend to work for gold. That is not their promised land. It may be the low sordid aim and ambition of the cold calculating natures of the hewers of wood and drawers of water. It may requite the services of the statesman, the lawyer, the soldier, and the priest. But the literary genius of the best kind is content only with immortality. In the fever of the desire of fame that genius feels no famine, nay, it holds itself blessed by the accompaniment of wordly tribulation, and, in the words of Madame de Staël, *n'en veut qu'à la glorie*. Let the gross and unapprehensive dullard fall foul of fame as a foolish fire, and rail at reputation as an airy bubble, it is after these only that your men of genuine literary

genius gape. And if this fruit of their labors is forbidden them by the barbarous indifference or yet baser detraction of their age; if, in their case, as in that of the unlucky author of the *Polyalbion*, the devil has drawn a cloud over the world's judgment of their works, they console themselves with the consciousness of their own merit, and piously regard the utter neglect of their unselfish efforts for the world's improvement as one of those mysteries of Providence which no man can understand. Nay, they still steadfastly believe, with the strength of a lively and sincere faith, that, though during their earthly course toil and loss have been their only portion, yet after-death their talents will be esteemed and their assiduity admired by posterity. Then will their names be where they should be, engraven on the northern walls of the Temple of Fame, with those of the ingenious and enlightened, the wise and the good. Then at last, when all envy has passed away, and things may be seen as they really are, will the high-souled, though hitherto unappreciated, epic poet, shine out at once in effulgent splendor like an April sun from behind a dark bank of cloud, and the modest lyrist will incontinently burst the bonds of long and cold neglect as the humble violet breaks first out of winter's frost into purple blossom. If any good-natured friend remind them that this possibility of posthumous repute will at the best endure but a little while, they become deaf as adders to his address. They reck not that of the far greater majority of the literary heroes in Hallam's History of Europe's Literature, not a dozen of the present generation have ever read a line. They look over the index of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and chance upon such unfamiliar, but once famous names as Duke and Pomfret, Broome and Sprat, Stepney and Golden, but never dream their names too can ever be forgotten and out of mind like these. The few lines in the Biographical Dictionary, becoming fewer with every new edition and greater press of matter, may serve for others, but not for them. Theirs are not the fast-fading inscriptions on the tombstones in the intellectual churchyard. Their monuments will never be removed for those of others, will never lean on one side, will never become illegible. They will remain constant as the Polar Star in the firmament, and not like comets, moving in hyperbolic orbits, glitter only for a season and then fade away into distant space for ever.

The very sight of pens and ink fills some men immediately with a peculiar rapture. They will, for their own amusement or at the request of friends as well known as the "Old Soldier" was in charity lists, transcribe what has been too often already transcribed. They will translate what no man wishes translated, flattering themselves, after a cruel murder, that they have struck out the true sense, as indeed too often they have; they will copy what no man cares for; they will edit, with or without an introduction, what no man understands. Their malady tends to make others miserable,

but they themselves are happy. They are ready and willing to write on any subject under the sun. They pay little regard to the advice of Horace touching a nine year's delay, or the example of Boileau. They know not, neither do they care, whether their shoulders are suited to the burthen. Their ardor of composition far outshines their discretion. They have the hundred hands of Briareus, but less than the ordinary allotment of eyes. They will trust themselves to air before examining whether their wings are of wax. They love their works, however wearisome, as a fond mother loves her baby, however hideous. The writing of their books begets more pleasure than the reading; but, on the other hand, the sleep which they themselves lost lies hid for others beneath their leaves.

A man of this sort never reflects how serious a matter it is to put a writing into another man's hands, nor does he consider whether, after the publication of so many volumes, the exigencies of Church or State or the general public are likely to ask for one more composed by himself. His application is unwearied in cooking, in his own, or more frequently other men's caldrons, such food as it is given to few to devour and to none to digest The immensity of his voluminous folios, littered in an evil hour, tires the most active imagination. He longs to set his babes by the columns of the Sosii, to see them advertised for sale in Paternoster Row. But such a man is one of whom it behooves the boldest of the tribe of booksellers and publishers to beware. His assiduity will send them to the almshouse. He is not of those of whom it is said, They enriched others—meaning the booksellers—themselves they cannot enrich. Let the wary tradesman hesitate before he buys his wares. There is a tale told of Drayton's stationer, who published eighteen books of his herculean labor known as the *Polyalbion*, a work imperfectly appreciated, that the poor man refused from sheer want of resources to print the nineteenth. Mark the action of the aggrieved poet! He not only abused his own bookseller, but anathematized the race. He was not content to dwell in decencies. "They are," quoth he, "a company of base knaves, whom I scorn and kick at." Their chief offense appears to have been accepting works of other authors which would sell, works which the good Drayton alluded to as beastly and abominable trash. *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ.*

The victims of literary cacoethes will continue to write, though what they write be naught. They vomit emptiness, and feel—to borrow the expression of the great lexicographer—the convulsions of eructation without its plenitude. In prolific creation, at least, such literary spiders remind us of Thomas Aquinas with his seventeen folios, which have now, perhaps, scarce seventeen readers; of Voltaire, and Sir Walter Scott; of Jeremy Taylor and Richard Baxter; but, unfortunately, the quality of their work is in inverse

ratio to its quantity. They may be ridiculed for the vanity of their labors, but they will wear public scorn as a garland. They will not, as Anne Bullen did, think it better to dwell with humble livers in content than to be perked up in a glistening grief and wear a golden sorrow. You shall find those who will pride themselves on such novels as recall the *Clélie,* in ten volumes, of Madelène du Scudéri, or her *Grand Cyrus,* in twelve. Their publisher will duly admonish them that their works, if put into boards, will be spoiled for waste paper, and not be suitable even for the street which sells odors and incense ; they care not. If they obtain no reputation, they wish for none ; or, if they do wish for it, why then the desire is better than the fruition. As Uncle Toby in the construction of his mimic fortifications, his banquets, and several parapets in his bowling-green, conceived he was answering the great end of his creation, so these, in their scribbling, think they are answering theirs. In this happy delusion they live ; in this happy delusion they die, and, dying, leave no line they wish to blot.

In the categories of calamitous authors the names of such as these occupy a prominent place. They certainly suffer many things. The critics review their works unfavorably, or never review them at all ; their souls see the extremities of time and fortune, but they cannot despair ; they dedicate their books, in lurid irony, "to any that will read them," but no power of men can stop their writing them. It were all one to attempt to make rivers flow upward or flames descend. Surely nothing but an extreme delight can lend them such persistence in their labor. The satisfaction, too, is theirs of leaving the perverse generation that appreciates them not to the curses of posterity. Poor Michael Drayton drank deeply of the waters of this fountain of consolation. In the thirtieth song of his *Chorographical Description* he speaks of nine-tenths of the public of his time as a bestial rout, a boorish rabblement, stony dull, and with brains of slime, a fry of hell defiled in their own filth.

The wolf attacks with his tooth, the bull with his horn, and the man of letters with his pen. Examples are not rare. Dryden, being much disturbed in mind by the success of Settle's *Empress of Morocco,* characterized some part of that performance as "hodge-podge, Dutch grout, giblet porridge ;" while of another part, in which he thought he had detected some confusion of language, he elegantly observed that Settle "writ these lines, surely, aboard some smack in a storm, and being seasick spewed up a good lump of clotted nonsense at once." Warburton spoke of Zachary Grey's notes to *Hudibras* in much the same style. He had himself contributed to them, but afterward quarreled with Grey ; so he "hardly thinks there ever appeared so execrable a heap of nonsense under the name of Commentaries." Tom Nash, having taken umbrage at Gabriel Harvey, the Hobinol of Spenser, compared that gentleman's complexion to reasty bacon or a dried skate ; he spoke of his

father, a respectable manufacturer of ropes, as a halter-maker. He also made a mock of Gabriel's meat, which seems to have been altogether of a rude and inexpensive character. He fed, says the facetious Nash, on trotters, sheep's porknells, and buttered roots, in an hexameter meditation. The generous disposition of the delicate-worded Smollett disdained not to satirize Akenside in his description of the dinner after the ancients in *Peregrine Pickle.* Some amiable critic—the poet-priest Milman, or Southey, or Barrow—cut up Keats in the *Quarterly.* The results were untoward, if Shelley was not mistaken in this matter. If, however, with Byron, we think

> " 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
> Should let itself be snuffed out by an article,"

and attribute the death of the author of *Endymion* to consumption rather than criticism, we may yet regard the Review as contributing in no very great degree to his comfort. Pope, who placed Theobald at the head of his *Dunciad* for the sole crime of having revised Shakespeare more happily than himself, when attacked in his turn by Cibber, used to say, " These things are my diversion." But we all remember how Richardson one day, observing Pope's features writhing with anguish on the perusal of a sarcastic pamphlet of his antagonist, devoutly prayed to be preserved from such diversion as had been on that occasion the lot of Pope.

The flaying of the Phrygian piper Marsyas by Apollo is perhaps but a figure to represent the scathing effects of the scorn of the superior player on the nervous sensibility of Marsyas, overcome, in open day, in sight of all the Dryad maids of Nysa. But this is the action not only of literary but of human nature. The potter is not remarkable for his good will to his brother potter, nor the carpenter to his brother carpenter: as little the scribe to his brother scribe. Men of letters, as in other professions, reciprocally make —willingly on the one side, unwillingly on the other—each other's misery. Sometimes one writer of a little reputation introduces, with many kind and complimentary observations, another of less to an editor or publisher of discernment. In the course of time the introduced, by his superior sagacity, outshines the introducer. The introducer does not thereupon always embrace the introduced with the congratulations of sincere delight upon his well-merited success; he is not invariably pleased with the praises of his friend and protégé. The unhappy introduced having written a good book, and justified the kind observations of the introducer, innocently supposes that the links of their amity will become stronger. This is far from being the usual result. Cases have been known in which such a work has turned the milk of friendship into gall, changed the amiable intercourse of affectionate letters into libels teeming with virulent invective, and made out of a boon compan-

ion an enemy for life. The writer, solely on account of his success, is surprised to find the man of his own house—his own familiar friend—lifting up his heel against him. The smell of his good fame drives that other to distraction, as a cat, according to Plutarch, is driven mad by the smell of ointments. He is accused by his former benefactor of the basest ingratitude. He might have broken the aged neck of his benefactor's father and welcome, but his present offense is unpardonable. His meat is seasoned with the reproaches of his associate. He bears it all for a while in silence; but even the literary worm will turn at last. For a time he takes no notice till the nipping taunts of his famous work—like currents of cold air, or the tedious buzzings of an idle gnat—have grown into personal calumny, touching himself or his blameless ancestors—then he turns. Then a mighty contest commences—such a fight as was once fought between Dryden and Elkanah Settle, or between Theobald and Pope, or between Addison and Dennis—fights, formerly fashionable, which have long been relegated by literary men as productive of dishonor both to their profession and themselves. Then it little avails either party to have learned faithfully the ingenuous arts. They become ferocious, and their manners are the reverse of soft. The amiable Milton calls his antagonist Salmasius many hard names, such as runagate and superlative fool, harebrained blunderbuss and senseless bawler, cuckoo and dunghill cock. Salmasius, with equal urbanity, speaks of Milton as a homuncule, a fanatical robber, and an impure beast; holds his continued existence as a direct fraud on the hangman, and deems his execrable life ought to have ended long ago in boiling oil or burning pitch.

The controversy on "Free Will" has been the occasion of no little free speech. Erasmus wrote some bitter things about Luther in his *Hyperaspistes, or Defender of Free Will.* Luther thereon felt himself necessitated to say that Erasmus, of Rotterdam, was the vilest miscreant that ever disgraced the earth; "whatever I pray," he says in the *Table Talk,* "I pray for a curse upon Erasmus." Neither his holy life nor doctrine could protect Athanasius from being accused by Arius as a traitor and a poisoner, a sorcerer and a homicide. The early Christian writers concur in abusing each other like a pack of thieves. Pretty samples of ecclesiastical snarling may be collected from the works of Calvin. The quarrels of Jonson and Decker, Hobbes and Wallis, Swift and Steele, Warburton and Edwards, have been carefully collated by the industry of Isaac Disraeli. Pope said that Bentley made Horace dull and humbled Milton, and Bentley called Pope a portentous cub. Of such a nature were the amenities of language between the living; nor has the leonine tooth of literary censure been idle with regard to the dead. The learned crow is not without supreme difficulty detached from his selected carcass. That he never spared

asperity of reproach or brutality of insolence is not the worst thing said of Milton by Dr. Johnson, and the being whom Boswell regarded with awful reverence becomes little of a hero to Macaulay, while Walpole represents him as an odious and mean character, with a nature arrogant and overbearing, and with manners sordid, supercilious, and brutal! *Cornhill Magazine.*

ROMANCE OF LITERARY DISCOVERY.

SWIFT is said to have amused himself in one of his cynical moods in drawing up an elaborate catalogue of things which ought to have succeeded. Should any one in our day be inclined to draw up a list of books which ought to be written, but of which our libraries contain at present no trace, he ought undoubtedly to give a foremost place to a history of literary discoveries. Such a volume would assuredly be one of the most entertaining books in the world. It would be a perfect Odyssey of curious incidents. It would show us perhaps more than anything what an important part that power which in our ignorance we call Chance, has played as well in literature as in history; on what a frail thread fame hangs, how narrow the space between oblivion and a splendid immortality. Pascal has observed that if Cleopatra's nose had been an inch longer the history of the world would in all probability have been completely changed. This no one would hesitate to pronounce an exaggeration. But it would be no exaggeration to say that had the texture of a bit of parchment been porous, the greatest critic of antiquity would have been a mere name; had a mouse been a little more hungry, one of the most precious of Cicero's treatises would have been as irretrievably lost to us as the odes of Alcæus or the comedies of Menander.

There is one singular circumstance connected with the history of literary discovery, and it is this. Though many of these discoveries have been to all appearance the result of mere accident, occurring suddenly and unexpectedly, the majority of them, and those which are by far the most important, have been made just at the critical moment, been made at a time when further delay would have rendered them impossible. Had Poggio and those accomplished enthusiasts who surrounded him been born a few years later, we should in all probability have had to mourn the extinction of the Latin classics. Had Percy not applied himself to his researches at the time he did, many of the most precious of our old ballads would have vanished into oblivion. Had Malone confined himself to the study of the law, English poetry must inevitably have lost some of the masterpieces of the Elizabethan drama. We ought therefore to be doubly grateful, grateful to these indefatiga-

ble scholars who grudged neither time, money nor health in their arduous task, grateful also to Providence for the timely appearance of these our common benefactors. "To be great oneself," says Mr. Ruskin, "is but to add one great man to the world, whereas to exhibit the greatness of twelve other men is to enrich the world with twelve great men." And to whom could this praise apply more appropriately than to those who have not only exhibited the greatness but even preserved the being of men of genius?

First among romantic discoveries will come the curious story which Strabo tells about the preservation of Aristotle's works—a story which, in spite of its intrinsic improbability, is corroborated by Plutarch, Athenæus and Suidas. When the Prince of Philosophers died, he bequeathed his manuscripts to his disciple Theophrastus. Thence they passed into the hands of one Neleus. About the time they came into the possession of Neleus, the emissaries of the Attali—a very powerful family—were scouring Asia in search of manuscripts, and Neleus trembled for his treasure. Accordingly, he hid it in a cellar, and, dying soon afterwards, forgot to inform his friends of what he had done with the papers. For two centuries the precious documents remained in their subterranean prison. At last Apellicon—the famous book-collector of Teos—found them out. Damp, moths and worms had worked their will upon them—and in many places the text was illegible; but Apellicon, in ecstasy at his discovery, had them at once copied out, and hence the preservation of writings which have had more influence on the human mind than any other writings in existence. A still stranger story is the history of a work which has had no little influence on the romantic literature of Europe—the "History of the Trojan War," purporting to have been translated from the Greek of Eupraxis, who had in his turn translated it from the Phœnician. The preface to this book informs us that in the reign of Nero an earthquake took place in Crete, and that the effect of it was, among other things, to burst open the tomb of Dietys, one of the heroes who had fought in the Trojan war. Shortly after the shock, some peasants happened to be passing by the tomb, and, perceiving a gap, had the curiosity to peep in. They saw, to their great surprise, a chest, which they at once conveyed to their master Eupraxis. On opening it he found that it contained a manuscript, and that this manuscript was none other than a history of the War of Ilium, penned by one who had taken part in it. This story has usually been held to be an impudent fiction manufactured for the purpose of passing off an equally impudent forgery, that it is, in short, to be classed with Geoffrey of Monmouth's story of Gualtier's "discovery of the ancient Cimbric volume in Brittany," with Chatterton's "discovery" of Rowley's poems in the steeple of St. Mary Ratcliffe's, and with Ireland's discovery of "Vortigern." However this may be, the story was held to be true for many cen-

turies, and there are no means for positively refuting it. Let us turn now to undisputed facts. In a dark and filthy dungeon—"a place which was not even a fit residence for a condemned criminal"—Poggio found, begrimed with dirt, and rotting with damp, the priceless work of Quintilian. Groping about in the same noisome cavern he rescued also the three first, and part of the fourth, books of the "Argonautica" of Valerius Flaccus, one of the most vigorous and pleasing of the minor Latin poets, as well as the valuable "Commentaries" of Pedianus on Cicero. Many of Cicero's orations were discovered under similar circumstances, lurking in out-of-the-way corners, and becoming as each month rolled by more and more corroded and soiled. The oration for Cæcina, for example, he found in a monastery at Langres; the poem of Silius Italicus, and the grand and glorious masterpiece of Lucretius, in another monastery. Many other classics, among them Plautus, Tacitus, Manilius, Petronius, Arbiter, Calpurnius were stumbled upon in the monasteries of Germany, and it is difficult to peruse the rapturous exclamations in which the discoverers announce their good fortune without feeling, even at this distance of time, something of the enthusiasm which stirred so mightily their hearts. Propertius, the prince of the Latin elegiac poets, had a narrow escape indeed. The manuscript—and there is reason to believe the only manuscript that contained his poems—was found stained, squalid, and crumpled under the casks in a wine cellar. The whole story may be read in the "Geniales Dies," a pleasant collection of gossip and antiquarianism written by a Neapolitan lawyer in the fifteenth century, named Alexander ab Alexandro. In Westphalia a monk came accidentally upon the histories of Tacitus, and to this happy chance we are indebted for one of the most priceless volumes of antiquity, a work which has had more influence on modern prose literature than any single book in the world. Miserable was the plight in which the best poems of Statius—the "Sylvæ"—were found, tattered, distorted and scarcely legible. The most interesting treatise which Cicero has bequeathed to us was discovered amid a heap of refuse and rubbish near Milan, by a Bishop of Lodi, early in the fifteenth century; and the only valuable manuscript of Dioscorides was, when found in a similar state, "so thoroughly riddled with insects," writes Lambecius, "that one would have scarcely stooped to pick it up in the streets had one seen it lying there." Had the insects been able to enjoy a heartier meal, the "botany of the ancients" would have been almost a blank to us. Livy—or, rather, what remains of him (for out of one hundred and forty-two books we have, alas, only thirty-five)—was picked up piecemeal. Thus part of the fourth decade was found in the cathedral church of St. Martin at Mayence; another portion, containing books forty-one to forty-four, in an out-of-the-way corner in Switzerland, while part of book ninety-one was found lurking under the writing of another

manuscript in the Vatican. One of Horace's Odes (book iv. ode 8) was found sticking to an early impression of Cicero's "Offices," though not of course a unique impression, still the earliest we have. Part of the "Odyssey" of Homer, i.e. three hundred lines of book eighteen, was found grasped in the hands of a mummy at Monfalout. A very singular discovery in the fifteenth century created for the moment the impression that the lost books of Livy were on the point of turning up again. The tutor of a French nobleman, the Marquis de Ronville, chanced to be playing tennis. In the course of the game he noticed that his racquet-bat was made of parchment which was covered with writing. He had the curiosity to attempt to decipher it, and in a short time he discovered that it was a piece of historical Latin prose. He was a good and widely-read scholar, he saw that the style was the style of Livy, and as soon found that the fragment was evidently part of the lost books. He instantly hurried off to the racquet-maker. But all was in vain, the man could only tell him that he had fallen in with a mass of parchment, and that all the parchment had long since been "used up"—had passed into racquet-bats.

At the beginning of the present century it was fondly hoped that as the excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii proceeded, many precious manuscripts might be discovered. Many supposed that the lost comedies of Menander, the odes of Sappho and Alcæus, or at least some relics of Roman literature, might be found embedded in the solidified lava. The Romans we know often kept their manuscript treasures in chests, and if those chests chanced to be made of some metal impervious to fire there was no reason why the most sanguine expectations should not be realized. But the hopes of scholars were destined to be disappointed: all that came to light were a few fragments of some of the later philosophers, a scrap or two of Philodemus and Epicurus, which were scarcely worth the elaborate pains necessary to unroll and decipher them. For the preservation of the celebrated digest of the Emperor Justinian we are indebted to some Pisan soldiers who came upon it amid the *débris* of a city which they had besieged and taken in Calabria; and the preservation of the "Ethiopica" of Heliodorus, a Christian bishop of the fourth century, is little short of miraculous. During the sack of Ofen in 1526, a common soldier saw a manuscript lying in the streets, begrimed with dirt and trampled under the feet of his comrades, who were intent on plundering the houses. Noticing, however, that it was richly bound, he picked it up and conveyed it into Germany, where it was shortly aftewards printed, and became one of the most popular romances of modern times. Not less singular was the rescue of the works of Agobard, a learned prelate of the ninth century who has left some valuable details about the times in which he lived. A scholar named Masso chanced one afternoon to enter a

bookbinder's shop in Paris. Noticing that the man was about to cut up a mass of manuscript, he begged leave to inspect it. He soon saw its value, and saved the good bishop from oblivion. Before we leave ancient literature to come to more modern times, we must notice two other curious methods of discovery. Not many years ago Cardinal Mai, the eminent Italian scholar, had observed that *behind* the writing of many medieval manuscripts there were traces of former letters. It occurred to him that as parchment was by no means abundant during the middle ages, it was just possible that the monks may have possessed themselves of pagan manuscripts, deliberately erased the compositions inscribed on them, and used the parchment for their own purposes. His suspicions were soon confirmed. A microscopic examination enabled him not only to discern, but even in many cases to decipher, the original letters, and thus arose some of the most interesting literary discoveries of modern days. Behind the letters of a history of the Council of Chalcedon he discovered the epistles of Fronto and some of the orations of Symmachus, and behind the letters of a commentary of Saint Augustine on the Psalms, he made the glorious discovery of at least one-third of the long-lost work of Cicero, the "De Republica"—a work which up till the time of Mai's discovery was only known to us by one long fragment, and two or three isolated scraps. In 1817, the "Institues" of Gaius were discovered in the same way in the Library of the Chapter at Verona, under the letters of a manuscript containing the epistles of Saint Jerome. The herculean labor involved in such a task as this may be imagined! Another way by which fragments from the wreck of antiquity have been arrested has been by the identification of stolen passages. Thus Porson was enabled to restore much of a play of Euripides by perceiving that a reverend father of the church had taken the liberty to transfer whole lines from the Attic dramatist to adorn his own Christian play. In times when great works were unique, it was, we regret to say, by no means uncommon for the possessor of a manuscript to transcribe whole passages, and, destroying the original, to make them pass for his own. Thus Leonardo Aretino, believing himself to be the sole possessor of a history of the Gothic War, by Procopius, translated it into Latin and passed himself off for the original author. Thus there is good reason to believe that Petrus Alcyonius transcribed into a treatise of his own whole paragraphs from the "De Gloria" of Cicero, and then made away with it that his base plagiarism might not be detected. In this way also Sulpicius Severus, the ecclesiastical historian, is said to have dealt with the fourth book of the histories of Tacitus, after plundering the great Roman's account of the capture of Jerusalem. But it is time now to transfer our gossip to more modern times.

Everyone knows how Sir Robert Cotton rescued the original manuscript of Magna Charta from the hands of a common tailor who

was cutting it up for patterns. As this copy was certainly not unique, we should only have had to regret the loss of a curiosity. The valuable collection of the Thurloe state papers would probably have remained a secret to the world had it not been for the tumbling-in of the ceiling of some old chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where those documents had for some reason or other been concealed. In the secret drawer of a chest the curious manuscripts of Dr. Dee, the occult philosopher, lurked unsuspected for years. Many of the charming letters of Lady Mary Montagu, letters which are among the most delightful compositions ever penned, and which have long taken their place among English classics, were found in the false bottom of an old trunk. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography was all but lost to the world. It was known that when Lord Herbert died there were two copies of the work, one written with his own hand, and one transcribed by an amanuensis. But neither of them could be found. At last in the midst of a mass of worm-eaten, mouldy old papers at Lymore in Montgomeryshire, a gentleman came upon the original copy. Several leaves had been torn out, many others had been so stained by damp as to be all but illegible. Enough could be deciphered, however, to show the value of the work. The only hope was that if the duplicate could be secured, it might supply the lacumæ of the original. But years rolled by and no duplicate turned up. In 1737 an estate belonging to the Herberts was sold. Some few books, pictures and lumber were stored away in an attic, too worthless apparently for the purchaser to take away—and lo! among these was found the long lost and much desired duplicate. And thus did English Literature possess itself of one of the most interesting autobiographies it can boast. Indeed, the late Lord Lytton used to say that there was no single book, of this kind at least, that he treasured so highly. Still more romantic was the discovery of Luther's "Table Talk."

In the year 1626 a German gentleman named Casparus van Sparr was engaged in building a new house, the foundation of which was based on a cottage which had formerly belonged to his grandfather. In the course of their excavations the workmen came upon a small square parcel wrapped in strong linen cloth, which had been carefully plastered all over with beeswax. On opening and examining the parcel, a volume was discovered. And this volume was Luther's work, the only copy in existence. It had evidently been buried by Van Sparr's grandfather to escape the penalty of an edict issued by Rudolph II. at the instigation of Pope Gregory XIII., making it death for any one to possess the work. Great indeed is our debt of gratitude to this prudent old gentleman, for the loss of this book would not only have deprived us of a work which is in itself singularly interesting, but we should never have understood the character of the great reformer half so well, never have known his rich humor, his shrewd, genial spirit, his tender-heartedness,

never have known what he was when surrounded by his family and his friends. A man's public life is a poor test of his private worth, and letters are a poor substitute for the records of familiar conversation.

If we are to believe an old commentator on Dante, one of the cantos of the "Paradiso" was drawn from its lurking-place (it had slipped behind a window-sill) in consequence of an intimation received in a dream; which reminds us of a similar story told by Slr Walter Scott touching some valuable family documents. An interesting prose work of Milton, the "Tractate on the Doctrines of Christianity," was unearthed from the midst of a bundle of dispatches and state papers, by a Mr. Lemon, deputy keeper of the Rolls papers, in 1823, a discovery to which we are indebted for Macaulay's brilliant article in the "Edinburgh." How the manuscript could have found its way into such uncongenial company remains a mystery to the present day. Mr. Masson's discovery of a poem by Milton—if it was by Milton, for the subject is still hotly disputed—was not less extraordinary. The secret history of Sir George Mackenzie had been sold for waste-paper to a grocer, but fortunately before cutting the leaves up, struck by the old handwriting, he had the curiosity to read a few pages. Satisfied that they were papers of importance, he put them in the hands of Dr. McCrie, and thus was this valuable history saved from destruction. By far the most important manuscript of Benvenuto's celebrated memoirs of himself was accidentally discovered among the refuse of a second-hand bookshop in Florence, by Signor Poirot in 1810, and the Porson papers were picked up in the same way on a stall at Cambridge. The existence of Laurence Minot, the spirited chronicler of Edward III.'s wars, the poet-laureate of the great French wars in the fourteenth century, was not even suspected till the end of the eighteenth century. Tyrwhitt, the Chaucerian scholar, had been much struck with the difference between the tone and style of a series of ballads attributed to Chaucer, and the usual style of Chaucer's poetry. This led him to examine very minutely the manuscript. He then found that the name on the manuscript was the name, not of the author, but of the possessor of the poems—that it was not, as the index-makers had supposed, Geoffrey Chaucer, but Richard Chaufer. Further investigation revealed the secret. Thus the sagacity and good fortune of a critic in the eighteenth century established the fame, and revealed the existence, of a poet in the fourteenth. It is not often a man of genius owes so much to a commentator.

The discovery of that pleasant work, Montaigne's "Journal" of his travels in Italy, is also another event for which the admirers of the immortal essayist ought to be devoutly thankful. It happened thus. The existence of the work had long been suspected, but many years had rolled away since the essayist's death, and no trace

of the manuscript had been discovered. At last a prebendary of Perigord made his way to the old chateau with a letter of introduction to the gentleman—a descendant of Montaigne—who resided there. On inquiring whether there were any family archives, he was shown an old coffer covered with dust and corroded by dry-rot. Thence he drew out a mass of papers, and among them turned up the "Journal." Its authenticity was beyond dispute, as two-thirds of it was in the handwriting of Montaigne, and the rest in the handwriting of his amanuensis.

The appearance of Sir Kenelm Digby's curious volume entitled "Loose Fantasies," which Sir Harris Nicolas came upon among the Harleian manuscripts, was another discovery which all lovers of biography will deeply appreciate. Its eccentric author probably little dreamed when he penned his frank confessions that the eyes of his countrymen would ever peruse them in print, and that his arduous courtship of Venetia Stanley would provoke the smiles of future generations. But one of the most interesting and extraordinary literary discoveries of modern times was made not many years ago by the late Mr. Dilke. Being engaged in accumulating materials for an edition of Pope, he bethought him of examining the documents which had been in the possession of the Caryll family, thinking it not unlikely that there might be something which would bear on Pope, as John Caryll had been on very intimate terms with the poet. Accordingly he was permitted to inspect the family archives. There, among a mass of mouldy and tattered manuscripts, consisting for the most part of old account books, farm registers and the like, amounting in all to a dozen folios, he came across a bundle of papers differing little in appearance from their uninteresting surroundings. But in that bundle had lurked for more than eighty years a damning secret, a secret which, were it possible for the dead to feel, would have made the sensitive poet writhe in his grave. It will be remembered that in the course of his life Pope was anxious to publish his correspondence, and that to furnish himself with a decent pretext for so doing, he permitted Curll to print an imperfect and surreptitious edition; that on the appearance of this edition he at once put himself in communication with his various correspondents, expatiated indignantly on the "foul outrage" which had been done him, and asserted that in self defense, and at whatever cost to his own feelings, he felt himself bound to publish a correct copy. Accordingly he called in his letters. Among those with whom he had had a voluminous correspondence was John Caryll, who happened at that time to be in very precarious health. Caryll returned his correspondence, but, unknown to Pope, kept a copy. Pope constantly delayed the promised publication, expecting no doubt the death of Caryll. At last Caryll died, and out came Pope's "genuine correspondence." It excited some surprise at the time, that out of the whole collection

there were only four addressed to Mr. Caryll. Mr. Dilke's discovery cleared up everything. Pope had not only almost rewritten the letters, but had composed out of them a whole mass of fictitious correspondence with illustrious men then dead. He had also redirected a great number, and addressed them to others. Caryll was not in his estimation a person of sufficient consequence to fill a large space in a large collection of epistles which were to take their place by those of Cicero and Pliny. "The whirligig of Time does indeed bring its revenges," and yet one scarcely envies Mr. Dilke his "discovery." There are men perhaps who would, in loving gratitude for what Pope has done for posterity, have been not unwilling to suppress this contemptible and derogatory incident. As years roll on and curiosity is more and more awakened, important literary discoveries must of course become rarer. The enterprise of individual scholars of antiquarian societies and of government commissions have left few corners unexplored. Still it is by no means improbable that some precious documents are still lurking in places where their existence is least suspected. Malone used to say that he saw no reason why the original manuscripts of some of Shakespeare's dramas should not turn up. Scholars still cling to the hope that they may one day see a comedy of Menander or an ode of Alcæus in their entirety. The chances are, it must be confessed, very much against such an occurrence, though perhaps it is neither chimerical nor over-sanguine to hope that some lucky accident may yet bring to light the famous copy of the "vellum, gilt" Junius which Woodfall sent in accordance with the request of his mysterious correspondent. We know from Junius himself that it was received by him. It is scarcely likely that he destroyed it.

Temple Bar.